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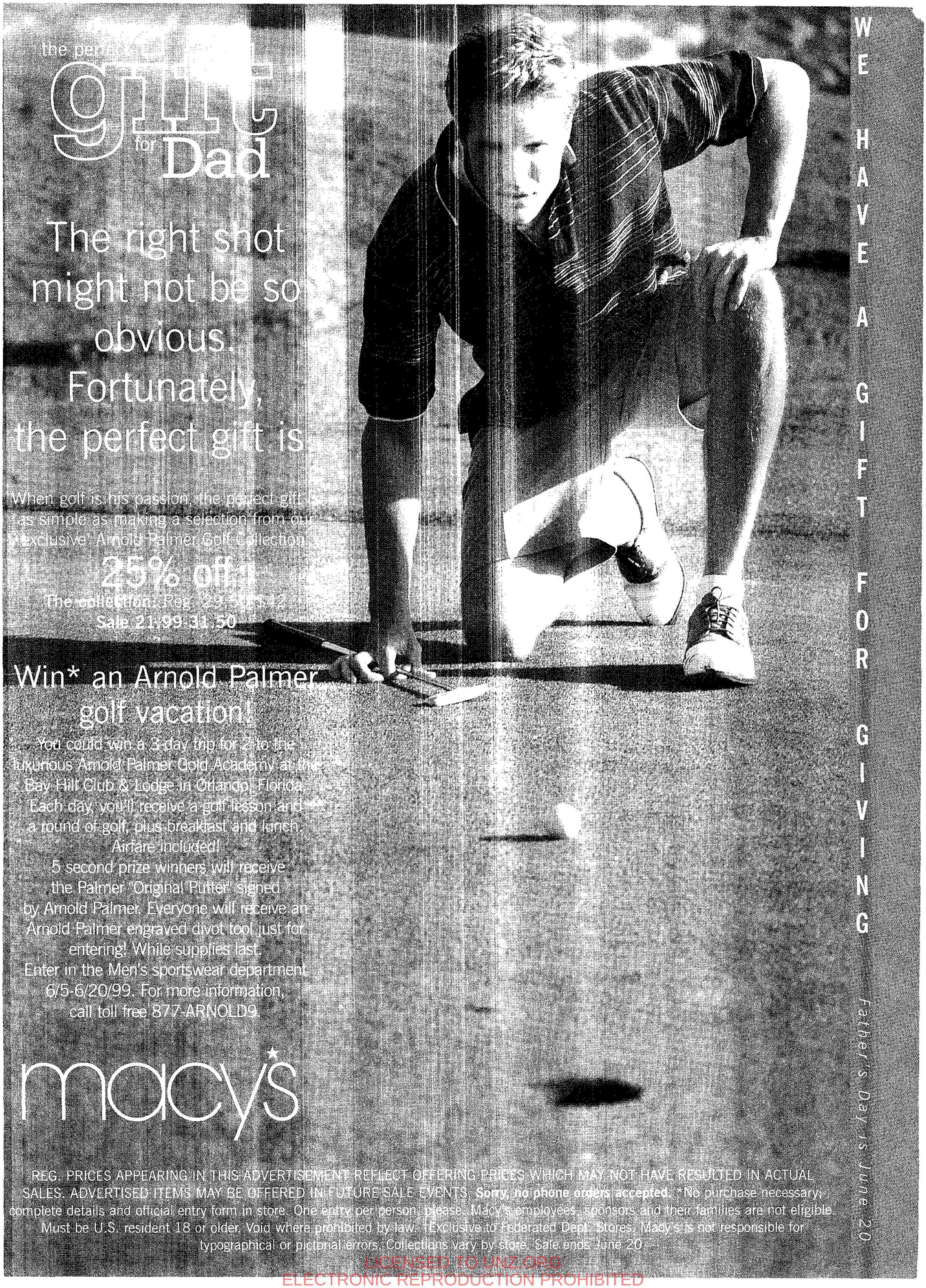

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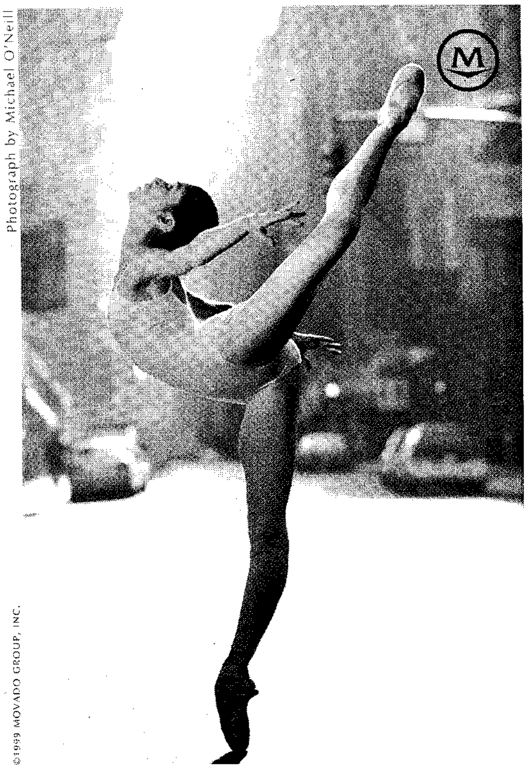

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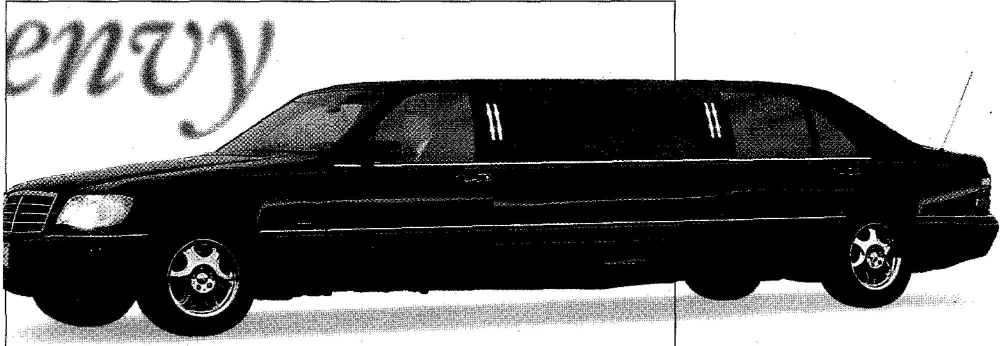
A NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST, PAGE 22



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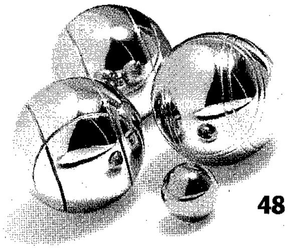
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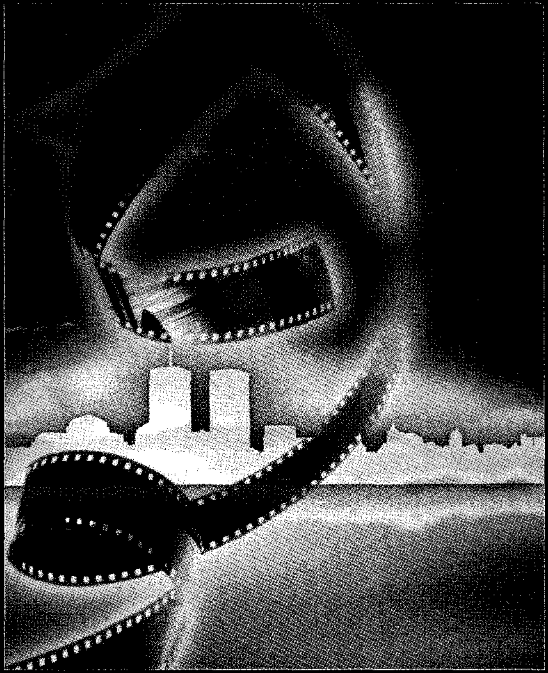

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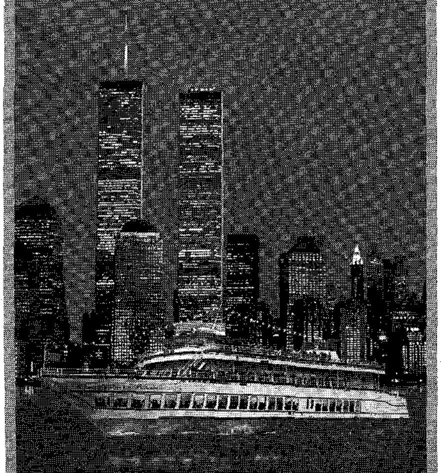

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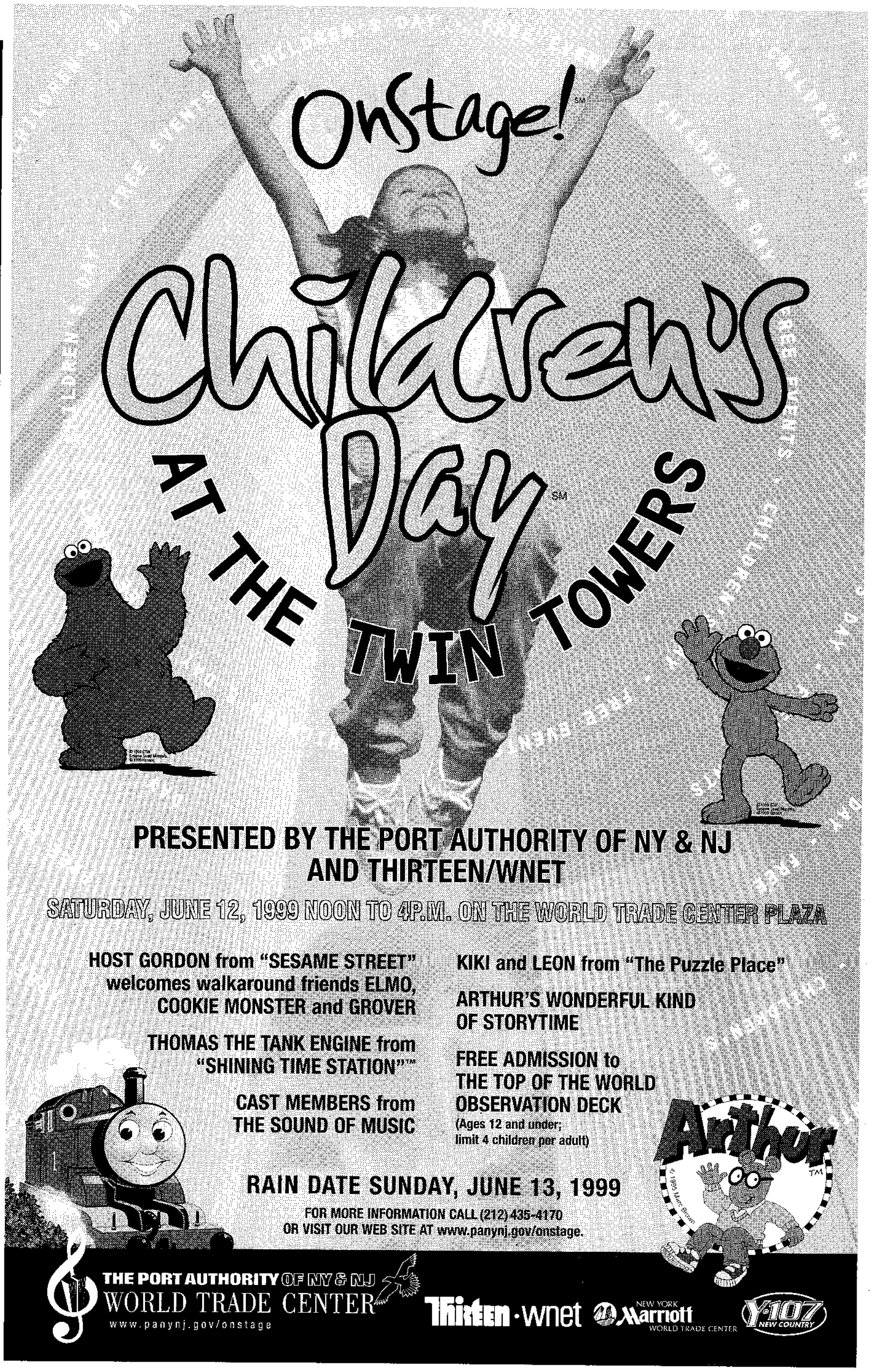
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Misspent Youth

Cliquish suburban conformity may corrode the teenage psyche, but guns up the ante; the generation gap is hardly news.

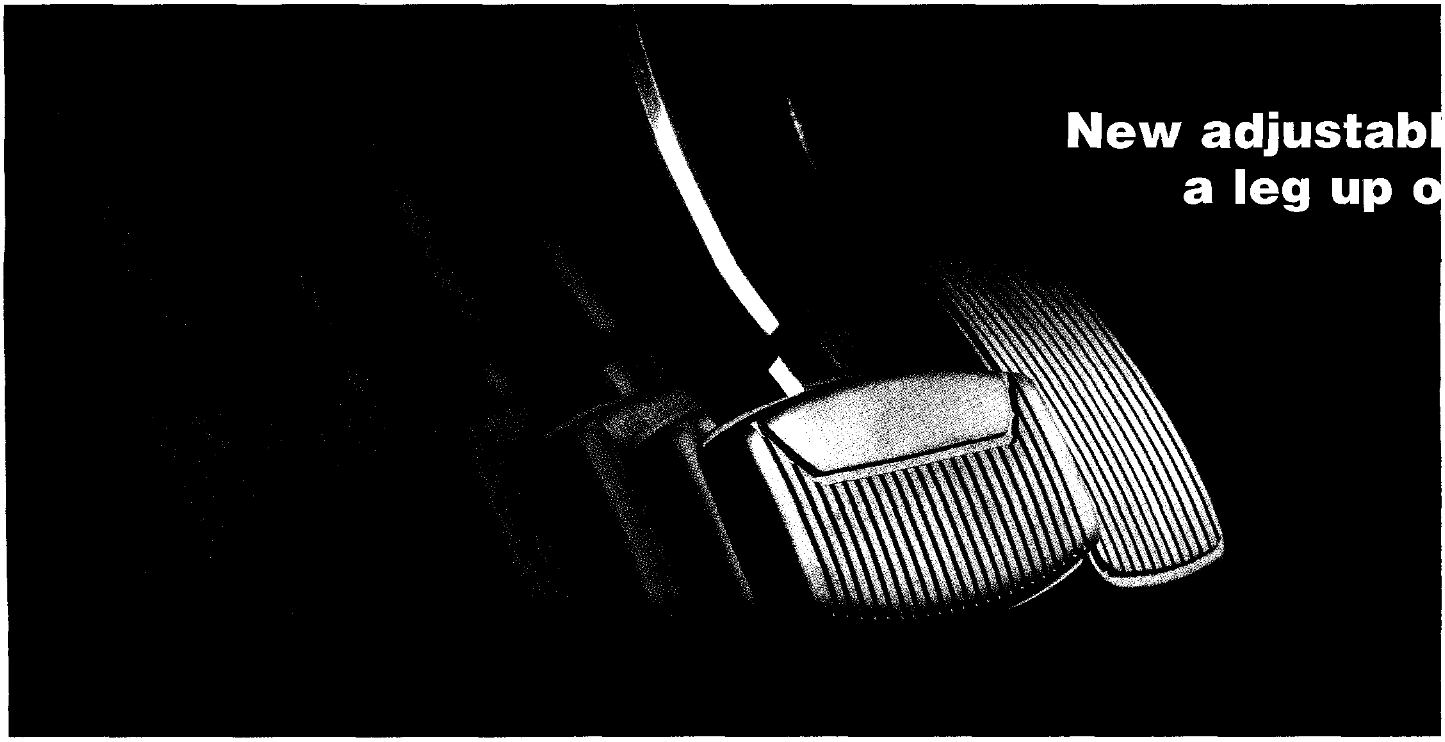
I'M INCLINED TO AGREE THAT THE Columbine event wouldn't happen in New York ["Kid Culture in the Age of Columbine," by Mark Jacobson, Nancy Jo Sales, and Michael Wolff, May 17]. America, never rooted in a sense of place, instead ever-mobile, is increasingly losing an anchor to home, place, community, church, social intercourse, and loyalty to anything. This profound disconnection is having a devastating effect on adolescents. For all its size, cultural warp and weft, and sensory overload, New York is probably the most rooted place in the country. With such a deep sense of loyalty, it is unlikely that New York kids would commit such a hostile act against their "place." In the rest of the country, teens wander through an indifferent land in loosely formed caravans, searching for an oasis to refresh their parched souls. Like all people who have been reduced to being invisible, our teens are using whatever means possible to be seen, whether it's pierced tongues, pink hair, or lethal weapons.

Bonnie Kenny
Director, Healthy Teens Center and Adam's House
LANDOVER, MD.

WE TEND TO FORGET THAT ADOLESCENTS are prone to both emotional and physical outburst, part and parcel of human development. The difference between my adolescence and now is that suburban kids are discovering gun shows, as Harris and Klebold did. Where fists, sticks, pens, and the occasional knife were to be found, we have instead a machine pistol, sawed-off shotguns, *and* 900 rounds of ammo. This has happened before. During the crack wars of the eighties, inner-city schools were a locus for guns and the mayhem that accompanied them. But because they were Crips, Bloods, and Latin Kings, psychoanalysis and presidential initiative were conveniently forgotten. I believe what we did was build more jail cells and satisfy the infamous "three strikes" law. Should we expect the same in Colorado? Are white suburban kids any less "lost" than their inner-city counterparts? Stop the madness. Exact meaningful gun-control laws, nationally!

L. Magsajo
QUEENS

ONE REASON WE FIND VIOLENCE IN SUBURBAN and rural communities is that life in these communities is completely centered around the schools, whereas in New York City, school constitutes only about 40 percent of a child's life. Heaven help the child who doesn't fit the



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mold. Here in New York, one can switch and transfer from one school to another if things don't work out. There are friends from the neighborhood, from one's building, and most after-school and weekend activities are not connected to the school. In addition, many suburban issues are not issues in New York: homosexuality, color, religion, weight. Most kids seem to be able to cope, manage to get through, and ultimately outgrow their unpopular status. One wonders: Had the Columbine killers been in a more diverse setting, would this tragedy still have occurred?

Pat Gallant
MANHATTAN

MARK JACOBSON'S "THE GENERATION GAP in my Living Room" simply restated what parents have been saying for ages. All that talk of "goth style" sounds an awful lot like complaints about kids listening to "colored music" in the early days of rock and roll. Fact is, you're preaching to the converted. Other parents feel just as you do, and they don't need to hear it yet again, wrapped up in clever, bemused mag-language. As for kids, well, they aren't listening. If they were, the tidal wave of magazine articles just like "The Generation Gap," which flooded the media several years ago after the first few school shootings, might have reached kids like the Columbine killers. Nobody cares if you don't understand AOL or Pokémon or black lipstick; and if you did, it would not give you insight into the minds of the Columbine killers. Any kid who uses the Internet or goes out dancing, and who was outraged and baffled at the killings, can tell you that much. Bottom line: If Columbine says anything, it says, *Please, for your kids' sake, try something new.*

Sally Hankins
BALDWIN, N.Y.

WHEN YOUR MAY 17 ISSUE FELL ON MY doorstep, I picked it up and sighed. Yet again, the media had painted a false portrait of my generation. Kid culture? The authors of the three pieces should have checked the dictionary, because they would see that the word *culture* is too broad for the group of kids described. The four thumbnail shots on the cover are not symbolic of New York youth. Indeed, by focusing on the so-called outcasts, *New York* Magazine is merely reenforcing the feeling that some kids are just "different." The articles did not present the wide spectrum of young people in this city. I expected a description of my peers—what I received was a glimpse of the minority.

Justin Zaremby
The Dalton School
MANHATTAN

I WAS QUOTED IN NANCY JO SALES'S ARTICLE "Why New York Kids Say It Couldn't Happen Here." My quote was misunderstood by many members of my high school. I mentioned my school's bridge club to form a comparison after being asked by Ms. Sales to state the similarities between the school in Colorado, where the terrible shootings took place, and Trinity School. After explaining that it would not be feasible for the shootings to occur at Trinity, I remembered that the youths from Columbine like to play cards. This reminded me of our bridge club. I am not saying that Ms. Sales misquoted me; however, I think the context of the conversation was lost.

David Wexler
MANHATTAN

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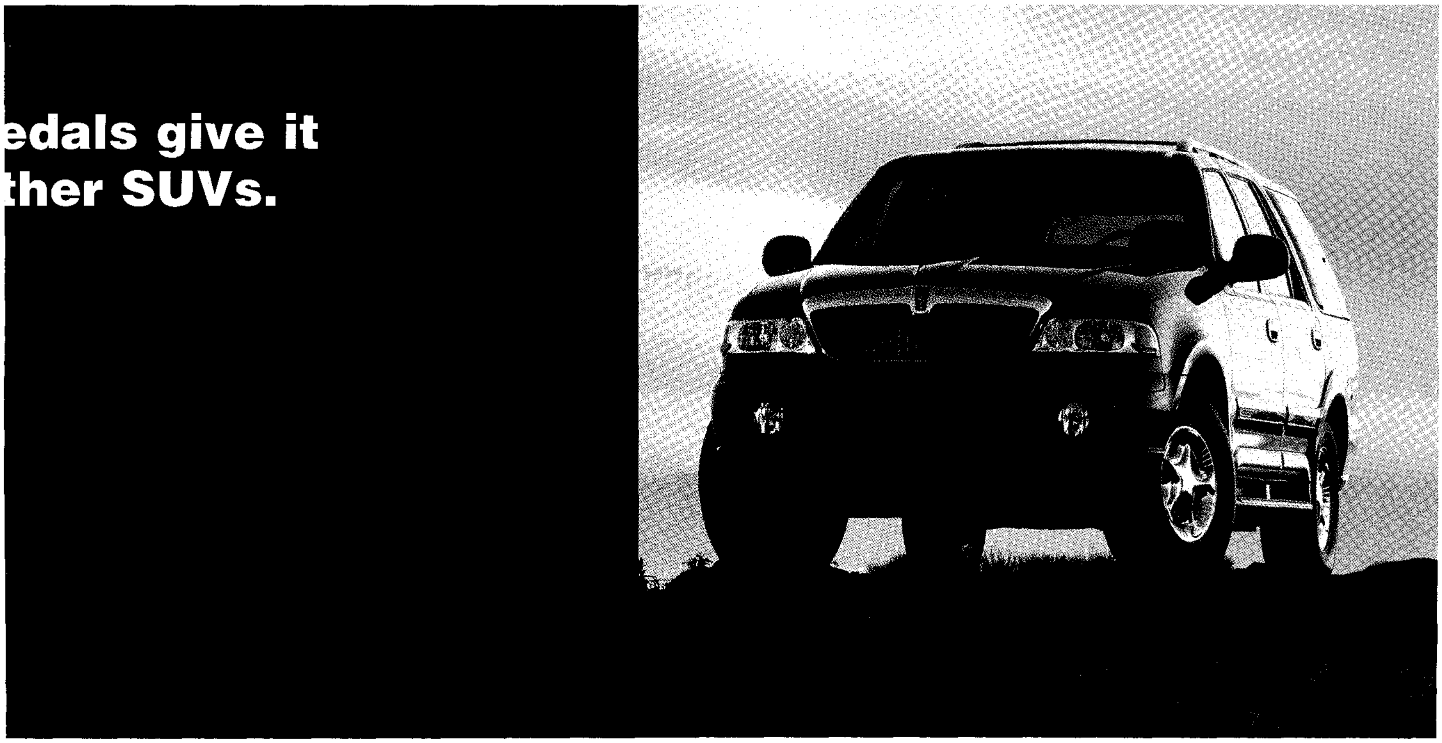

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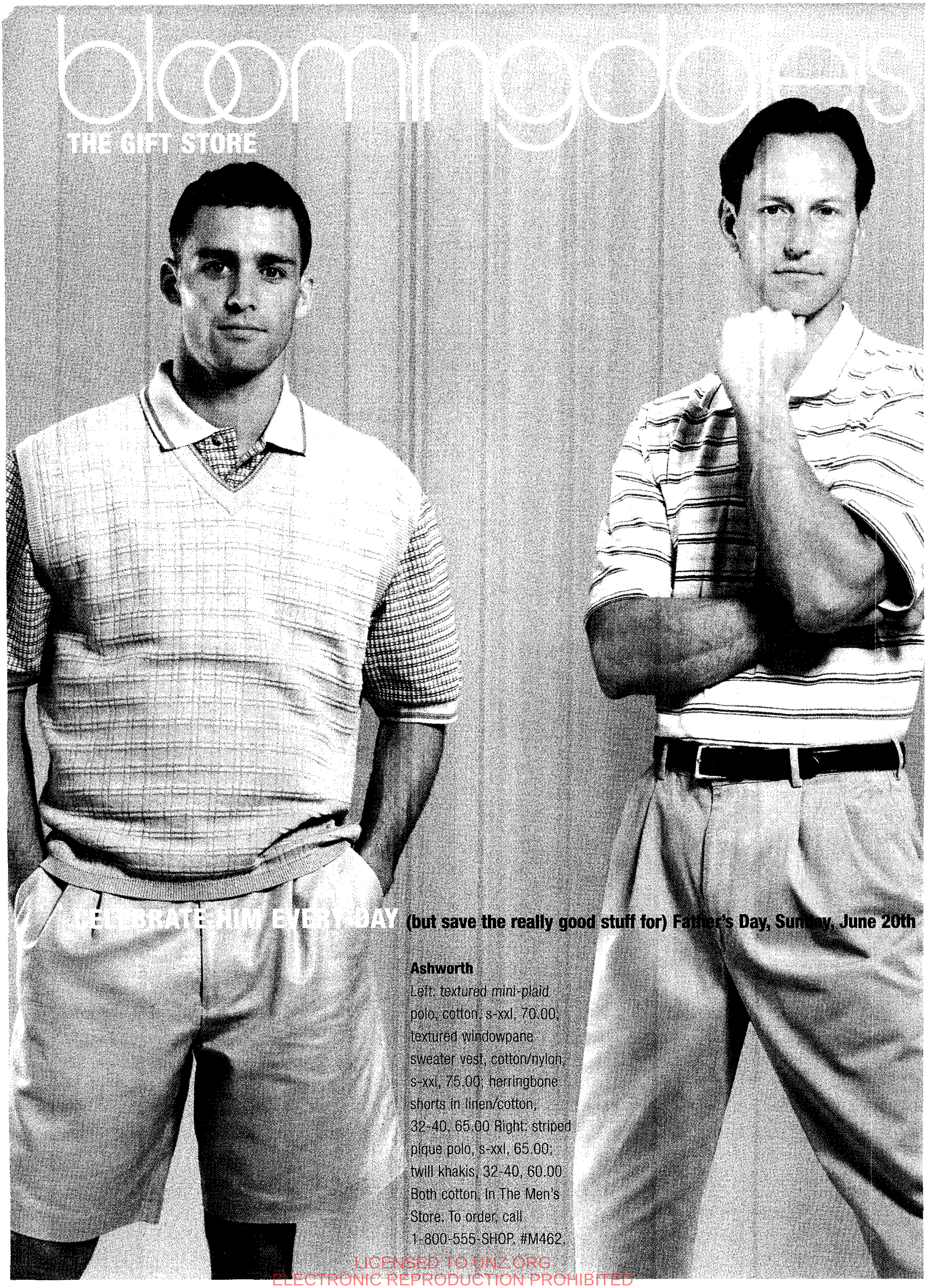

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BY BETH LANDMAN KEIL AND DEBORAH MITCHELL

INTELLIGENCER

WINTOUR OF DISCONTENT?

After a series of teasing half-blind items in the tabs, *Vogue* editor **Anna Wintour**'s love life is fast becoming a public drama. According to publishing-world insiders, the svelte, perpetually sunglassed editrix had been seriously seeing a millionaire Democratic fund-raiser for more than seven months, a none-too-secret dalliance that has raised eyebrows all over town. Though some say the affair recently ended, legal sources report that Wintour's husband, **David Schaffer**, a child psychiatrist, has finally met with a lawyer to discuss ending their crumbling marriage. Now, though Anna and David have been making weekend pilgrimages with their children to their Belleport home, sources say they usually bring friends along to buffer the tense atmosphere. "I have no plans to get divorced, and I hope Anna has no plans to get divorced," says Dr. Schaffer, who denies that he has seen a lawyer. Wintour declined to comment, but her spokesman, attorney **Ed Hayes**, says, "I am the only lawyer retained by this family, and I promise you that I'm not doing a divorce. They're together, they love their children, and they're going to stay together." But many observers aren't convinced. Says a *Vogue* insider, "The affair is all anyone can talk about."

BLONDIE'S AXMAN HAS A NEW BELLE

Just because there's a Blondie reunion doesn't mean former lovers **Debbie Harry** and **Chris Stein** will be reigniting the old flame. The band's 49-year-old guitarist has just married **Barbara Sicuranza**, a Queens-bred actress 24 years his junior. Three months after they met at a club downtown, the couple tied the knot in a small ceremony in Las Vegas and were on opposite ends of the country the very next day—Stein playing a concert in L.A. and Sicuranza performing in *I'm So Relaxed* at SoHo's HERE performance space. The newlyweds could not be reached for comment.

THE BLOWUP AT THE BREARLEY SCHOOL

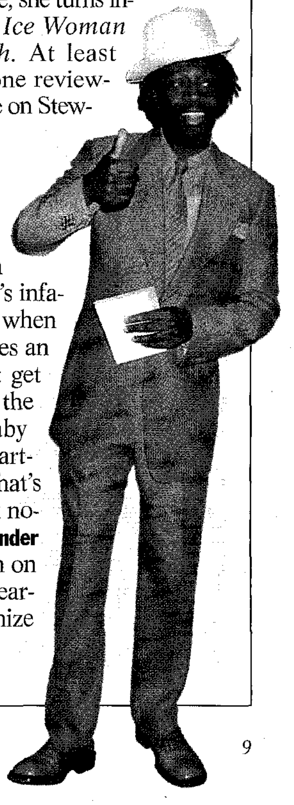
The Columbine tragedy has unnerved parents all over the nation. That's one way to explain the panic that's been set off at the Brearley School, where some parents are up in arms over a particularly imaginative sixth-grade clique. The girls, some of them the offspring of extremely prominent parents, came up with a literally *fantastic* way to end the school year, worthy of a *Heathers* sequel, according to one parent. The idea was that they'd all go to bed at the same time and "dream a collective dream" to destroy the school and wreak revenge on their classmates on June 3. "There's a cult called IFFL, pronounced *if-full,*" says one Brearley parent, "and we heard this wild story that the school [was] going to be blown up on June 3." But the rumors of a blue-tunic mafia are dismissed by another school parent, who reports that "there are some concerns some sixth-grade parents had about a group." The clique, according to a third involved parent, is mean and exclusionary, "a slightly worse version of what happens consistently at this age." This parent adds that the girls have a private sign language, taunt their peers, and "cast spells on children they dislike." School administrators phoned the ringleaders' parents and met with them to discuss the brouhaha. The parents' position was that "their children are simply natural leaders and imaginative," sources close to the situation say, but they were concerned "that other kids and parents were upset," and "put a stop to" the misunderstood activity.

MARTHA STEWART'S OPERATIC EXIT

When **Martha Stewart** takes to the stage, she turns into *The Ice Woman Cometh.* At least that's one reviewer's take on Stew-

RE-FUGEE ALL-STAR REFUSED ENTRY

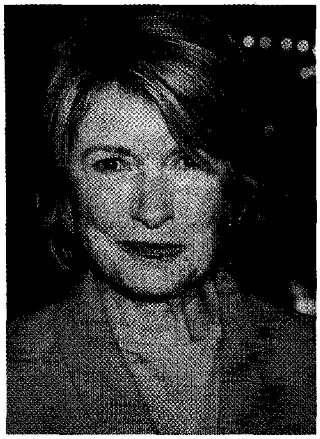
Hip-hop nightspot Baby Jupiter has grown so shabby chic that merely being one of the hottest acts in the business isn't enough to get you through the door. When Fugees member **Wyclef Jean** showed up recently, the club's infamously hard-eyed doormen demanded I.D. and turned the rapper away when he couldn't produce any. "They have such assholes working there," fumes an eyewitness to the snubbing who commends Wyclef's cool. "He didn't get mad," she says. "He just hung around outside talking to people." As the crowd on the sidewalk thickened around Wyclef, partiers inside Baby Jupiter began to wave at him through the club's glass front. "Everyone started flipping out," says the witness. "They were all saying, 'Oh, my God, that's the guy from the Fugees!' " After about an hour, a doorman finally took notice and invited the patient rapper inside. Baby Jupiter owner **Gary Auslander** says he's sorry about the incident, adding, "They're really cracking down on bars lately, so we have to check everyone." In fact, Auslander admits he nearly spurned an I.D.-less **Gwyneth Paltrow** last month when he failed to recognize *her.* "I hadn't seen *Shakespeare in Love,*" he explains.



Photographs: top, Robin Platzer/Twin Images; bottom, Walter Weissman/Globe Photos.

art's performance at a recent dinner party thrown by framer-to-the-stars **Eli Wilner**—a high-spirited affair complete with belly dancers and opera singers. But when tenor **Matthew Lord** called on Stewart to be his Mimi while he sang an aria from *La Bohème,* the Kmart queen looked as comfortable as **Monica Lewinsky** in a vegan restaurant. "She was the ultimate ice princess," says one dinner guest of Stewart's dour demeanor. "Martha is *not* a funzie. She was like, 'Get me out of here.' " But Lord denies any bad karma. "I'm kind of intimidating-looking," he says, and adds that he looks like a biker with a shaved head and goatee. Of course she was "a little embarrassed" at the beginning. "I don't know her from Adam, but she was sweet and a very good sport."

Martha Stewart:
Cold shoulder?



ROCK OF (OLD) AGES

Kindly **Pat Boone** is taking up the plight of the sort of fellow musicians who these days are associated with the word *hip* only when it's followed by the word *replacement.* Boone has launched the Gold Label, to which he plans to sign only artists above the age of 45. "My dream has been to have a roster of legendary artists who have been overlooked and neglected by record companies," he says. Middle age is not the only criterion, however: Gold Label artists must have at least two gold records. **Sha Na Na** and **Jack Jones** have signed on, and the label's currently in talks with **Eddie Fisher** and **Steve Lawrence**. But wait—there's more: A Gold Label spokesperson says that "the ink's about to dry" on contracts for **Robert Goulet** and the **Mills Brothers**.

A DOV BRANCH FOR NITA LOWEY

Congresswoman **Nita Lowey** is a popular woman these days. Eager to to jump-start his "Anyone but Hillary" campaign, Assemblyman **Dov Hikind** persuaded Lowey to be the guest speaker at the June 13 dinner for his new United New York Democratic Club. And before she took herself out of the running for the Senate primary last Thursday, Lowey had accepted his offer. Her decision to run for reelection to the House hasn't dissuaded Hikind. "Nothing changes, as far as I'm concerned," he says. "The problem is Hillary . . . and hopefully someone else in the Democratic Party will step forward." Does he still expect Lowey to show for the dinner? "We still would *love* to have her," says Hikind. But the event has always rankled some Democratic Party stalwarts. "A strengthened Dov Hikind is a problem for all progressive people," says one party regular of the assemblyman, who was acquitted last year on bribery charges. "He's trying to cleanse himself, and so she would be a very important part of his strategy." Lowey's spokesman would say only that she hasn't yet had a chance to reevaluate her campaign schedule.

STATEN ISLAND'S CHINA SYNDROME

The nation's first authentic Chinese Scholar's Garden hasn't even opened yet—and it's founders are already being accused of historical revisionism. The garden, which opens on June 10, includes a lotus pond, a "Billowing Pine Court," and a "Court of Uncommon Reeds," all painstakingly re-created in the Staten Island Botanical Garden. But during the fourteen years it took to complete the $5.2 million project, its lead architect, **Demetri Sarantitis**,was callously shunted aside, his friends say. "They don't seem to want to acknowledge his work," one friend explains. "Demetri's not looking for money. He'd like to be invited to the opening and listed on the program." Instead, Staten Island Botanical Garden head **Fran Huber** seems intent on stressing the garden's Chinese roots, crediting the late architect Gongwu Zou as the designer. The New York *Times* even ran a photo of Chinese artisans posing with **I. M. Pei**. (Although the famed architect was not involved in the project, his stepmother, **Aileen Pei**, did help raise money for it.) Huber calls Sarantitis the city's "consulting architect" and says he simply worked on the infrastructure. "But what you see," she stresses, "was all done by the Chinese." Sarantitis, she adds, "wrote me a letter of complaint about six months ago. I don't know what's going on." Sarantitis agrees that he collaborated closely with the Chinese, but insists that he was always the "lead architect."

Nita Lowey:
Party line

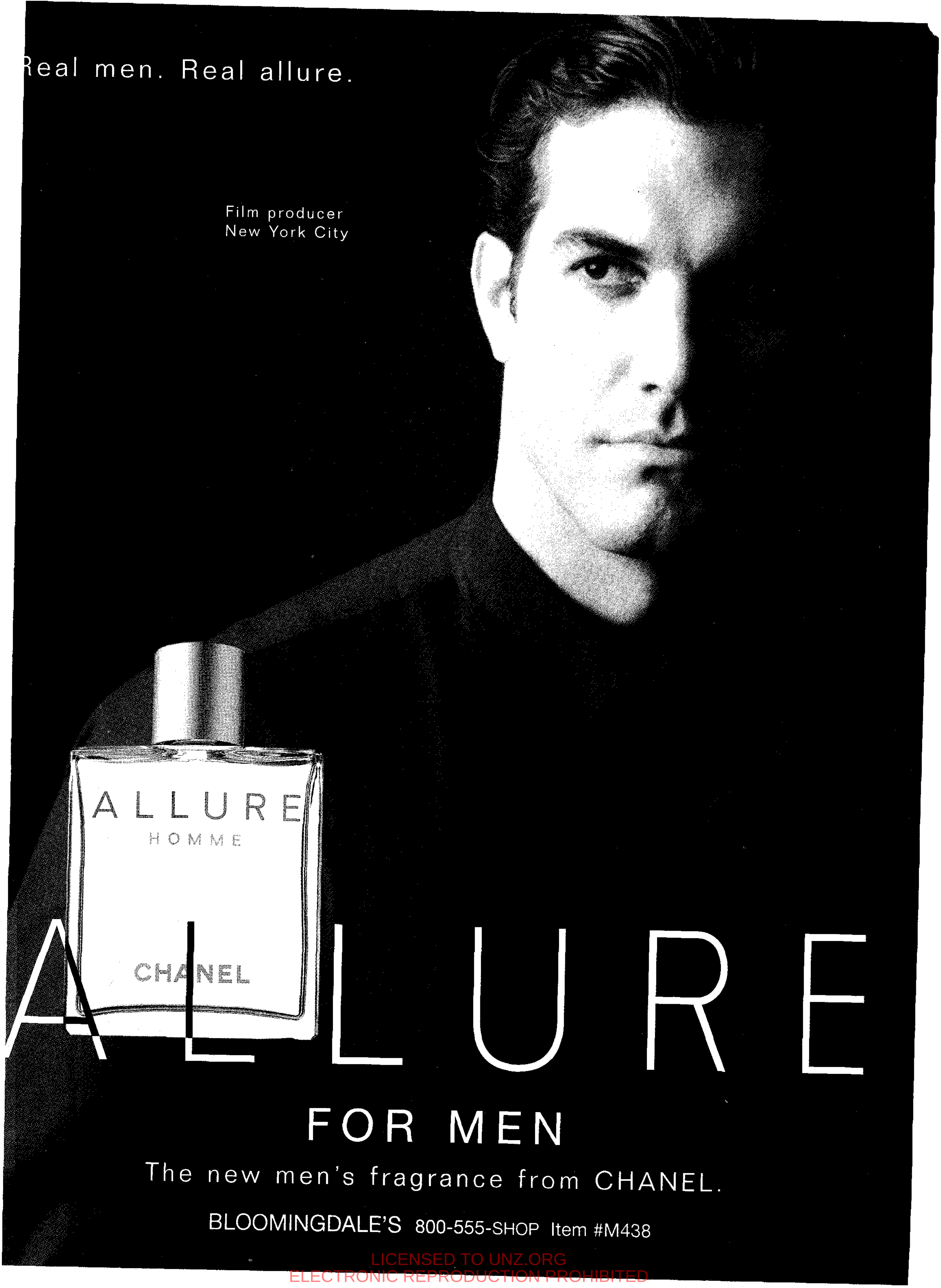
MOVING PROBLEMS; PROBLEMS MOVING

FURIOUS GEORGE: Can **George Michael** fill the space left behind by the recently retired **Wayne Gretzky**? Nope. Now that Gretzky and his wife are moving to California, the penthouse apartment they rented in the East Sixties overlooking Central Park is up for grabs, and a real-estate insider says Michael's bid of more than $3 million "just wasn't enough." Guess *Faith*'s not all it's cracked up to be.

FUN WITH DICK AND NEIL: **Andy Dick** and **Vince Neil**, workout partners? Unlikely, maybe, but the two have been on side-by-side treadmills of late at Pacific Athletic Club in L.A. Turns out the former *NewsRadio* star and the Mötley Crüe lead singer are both enrolled in Promises, the Malibu-based rehab program that is popular with young Hollywood, including the likes of **Charlie Sheen** and **Christian Slater**. "It's pretty funny to see them," remarks one observer. "They come in on buses, basically stand on the treadmills, and periodically stop their 'cardio' to go outside and smoke."

Additional reporting by Ian Spiegelman.

Photographs: left, Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; right, Rose Hartman/Globe Photos.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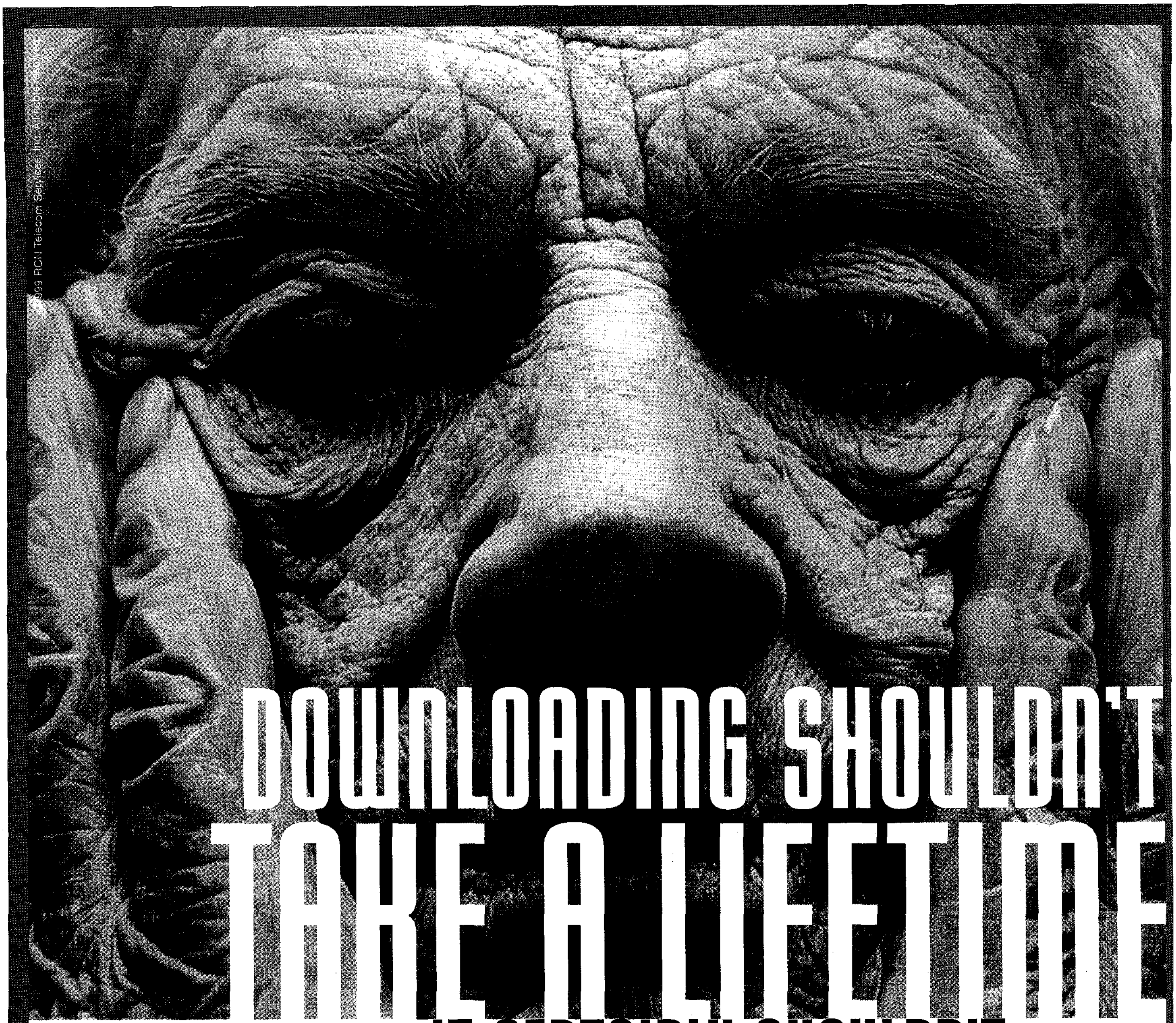

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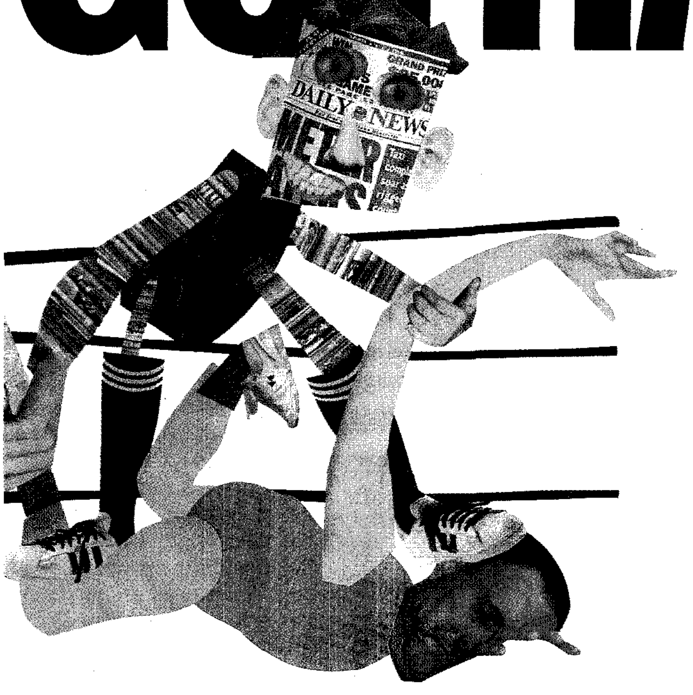


Hard-Pressed

The first step in Rudy's Senate run? Make peace with the media.

After years of playing tough with City Hall demonstrators, limiting press access to public records, and riling the ACLU with anti-porn zoning, Rudy Giuliani is about to show civil libertarians his warm, cuddly side. This week, as he gears up for a Senate campaign that could bring his term to an early end, the mayor is considering issuing an executive order that could finally put an end to police interference with the press. The order would acknowledge that for several years police have blocked photographers' lenses, placed reporters behind remote barricades, and seized press cards at crime scenes and other news locations. With City Hall negotiating the language of an order drafted by First Amendment lawyer Floyd Abrams, representing a coalition of news organizations, the mayor and the media appear to be on the verge of glasnost.

Unless, that is, you talk with certain members of that very coalition. The *Daily News* originally hired Abrams and formed the coalition last year to sue the pants off the mayor, not chat with him—until a private April 22 meeting attended by *Daily News* owner Mort Zuckerman, Giuliani, and Howard Safir led to an unexpected smoking of the peace pipe. Now, others in the coalition, which includes the *Times, Newsday,* the Associated Press, and the New York Press Club, are steamed they didn't have their day in court. "I don't like the word *negotiation,*" barks Press Club president and NBC eminence Gabe Pressman. "You don't *negotiate* the First Amendment."

Zuckerman, for his part, can't understand the outcry. "There seems to be some brouhaha, which I must say astonishes me," he says. "We—the *Daily News*—have always had a policy of trying to accomplish our goals with negotiation first." How did Giuliani react when Zuckerman told him police were hampering the press? "I think he was not fully aware of what in fact had been taking place," Zuckerman says, "so I went through the issues and I gave him some specifics."

Other coalition members have trouble with that story. "Some of the people at the corporation counsel's office said, 'Gee, we didn't know this was going on.' That is total bullshit," says one source. "I think Rudy is a duplicitous son of a bitch, and whatever he agrees to when he's running for office, who knows if he'll keep it?"

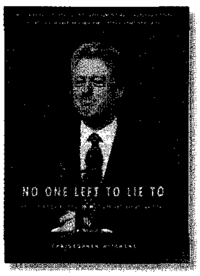
Is Giuliani paying lip service to Zuckerman to boost his Senate bid? Or, worse yet, did Zuckerman hold the meeting so as not to risk offending a mayor he relies on in his real-estate dealings? "The unknowable question is, what would happen if we sued first and negotiated later?" says another source close to the talks. "Zuckerman essentially took that issue off the table."

Even Abrams admits to having been out of the loop about the meeting. But he calls it "probably very useful, putting aside etiquette. We'll either reach a settlement, or if we don't after a sincere effort, that's useful for us, too."

Coalition or no coalition, Abrams seems to be enjoying the mayor's fresh outlook on the First Amendment. He remembers discussing a case with Giuliani back in the seventies, when the future mayor's law clients included the *Daily News.* "I was arguing for greater protections for journalists in libel suits," Abrams says. "He was unpersuaded." Robert Kolker

The Strange Politics of the *Left*

It's no surprise that Christopher Hitchens's anti-Clinton treatise *No One Left to Lie To* hit the *Times* best-seller list last Sunday. What *is* surprising, however, is that the success of the lefty author and Verso, his tiny lefty publisher, comes courtesy of the tome's *right*-wing fans. The self-proclaimed "imprint of New Left Books" (for which Hitchens's print run of 100,000 is an anomaly) has booked the writer into readings in the ordinarily inhospitable southern market and countless conservative radio shows when he's not shuttling between appearances on MSNBC's *Equal Time* with Oliver North and conservative Webcasts like Talkspot.com, hosted by Rush Limbaugh's former producer. Even Limbaugh's own people requested advance copies. But Hitchens is hardly grateful to his newfound admirer. "I can't watch him or listen to him. He's a blowhard," carps the author. "He can't find my G-spot, try as he may." To be fair, Hitchens doesn't credit his own cross-country shilling with moving copies, either. "I don't know who's buying it," he says. "I like to think that Clinton is selling it himself." Sarah Bernard



istration by Stephen Kroninger.

Bar Necessity

Is long-lost Yuengling beer—once a local cult favorite—returning to New York?

THE DISTINCTIVE RED neon sign still hangs in the windows of a few saloons around town, torturing ever-hopeful loyalists with its alluring promise. "When I first moved to New York," says filmmaker James Bartolomeo, "I saw a Yuengling sign at a bar on Second Avenue and thought, *Wow, you can get it in the city!* But you couldn't."

After a brief, heady run, Yuengling's family of beers disappeared from New York's bars and bodegas in 1993, leaving as reminders only the neon signs and the smoky aftertaste of that sublime porter. Bartolomeo wanted to know where his favorite beer had gone, and the answer can be found in *Yuengling From Pottsville: The Story of America's Oldest Brewery,* his new documentary filmed on-site at the ancient bottler—the oldest in the nation—in Pottsville, Pennsylvania.

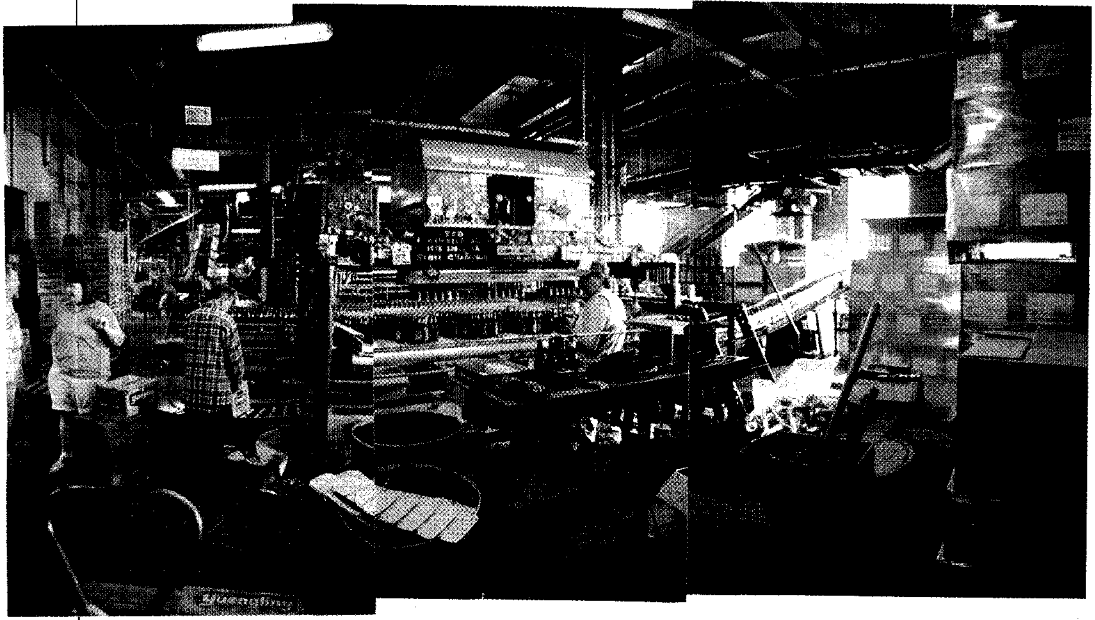
Yuengling achieved cult status in the microbrew-crazed early nineties when beer scion Dick Yuengling cranked up distribution to include the Eastern Seaboard; for one gloriously sudsy moment, you could find Yuengling from North Carolina to southern Maine. But demand outpaced supply as the balky old brewery struggled to keep up, and Pennsylvania consumers, who'd accounted for 90 percent of Yuengling's sales, were screaming betrayal. In crisis, Yuengling dried up the ambitious distribution routes, modernized the Pottsville plant, and focused on slaking the industrial-size regional thirst.

The Pottsville plant will soon go into semi-retirement when a new $50 million brewery starts rolling out a million barrels a year in nearby Mill Creek. After that, New Yorkers who once enjoyed tap porter at the South Street Seaport and bottles of Lord Chesterfield at the Knitting Factory will once again be Yuenglingized. "We'd love to be back in New York," says Dick Yuengling, "and we're planning on it."

There are other signs of a Yuengling resurgence. Last October, the company successfully fought off a trademark challenge from Canadian giant Molson, which had tried to block Yuengling's "America's Oldest Brewery" tag. Also, the company just took over a Stroh's brewery in Tampa, which, along with the new brewery, will increase output from 800,000 to more than 3 million barrels a year.

And now there's Bartolomeo's documentary paean, which the 33-year-old made for $14,000 while working as an assistant cameraman for HBO. He's trying to persuade WNET to air *Yuengling From Pottsville* and is entering it in festivals. The film's portrayal of the company's small-town-family cachet has already pleased one audience. "I showed it to the Stroh's employees in Tampa," says Yuengling. "I thought he really did a nice job." Meanwhile, Bartolomeo is looking for a local venue to sponsor a Yuengling movie night. "I'll bring the kegs," he says.

TOM GOGOLA

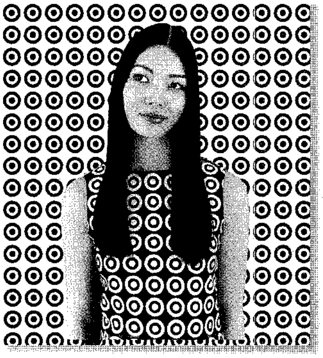


Bottle feeding: For now, this shot of Yuengling beer coming down the conveyor belt is the only taste New Yorkers can get.

BRAND X

On Target

BRAND: TARGET CREATIVE DIRECTOR: DAVE PETERSON ART DIRECTOR: MINDA GRALNEK



KMART, GOD BLESS IT, CONTINUES TO sell a hell of a lot of seriously sleek Martha Stewart toothbrush holders and towel sets, but let's give credit where credit is due: Target was hip first. And *this* discount department store didn't need an omni-media-genic queen to get style-fetishist street cred. The heroes of this retail success story are the anonymous Target execs back at Minneapolis HQ—the buyers, marketing managers, and store planners who figured out how to make housewares and sundries sexy and wardrobe basics quietly thrilling (think Gap, but cheaper—therein lies the thrill). The rest of the country knew this before New Yorkers, of course; Target didn't open stores here until 1996. Now it's burnishing its brand with a cleverly self-deprecating identity campaign that trades on the obsessively repetitive use of the iconic bull's-eye logo. The joke is dead-on: The store where you get discounted Charmin and Gatorade is pretending it's Gucci or Chanel—a lust-worthy A-list brand. (The joke's on us, too, for engaging in label worship.) Even better, though, the ads, in which *Wallpaper**-worthy models in Target-logo clothing pose against reversed-out Target-logo backgrounds, happen to look damn good. It's quite a deal, actually: You get your basics and your bargains . . . and they throw in the status symbol for free.

SIMON DUMENCO

Photographs: left, Jim Bartolom

THE SMOKING GUN

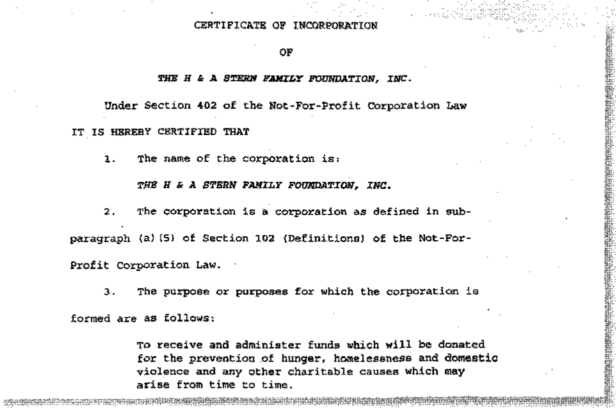
Jock Shock

Is Howard Stern secretly helping the very same people he mocks?

EVEN A CASUAL "HOWARD STERN SHOW" LISTENER IS PROBably familiar with a recurring bit known as "The Homeless Game." The popular contest is simple: Stern and his cohorts wager among themselves whether an addled street denizen knows the answers to simple questions like, say, whose face is on the $5 bill or how many feet are in a yard. Rarely is Stern as giddy as he is when betting with Robin, Fred, Jackie, and Gary on the outcome of these impromptu curbside IQ tests.

It might come as a surprise, then, that even as the shock jock is using street people as comedic foils, Stern and his wife, Alison, are the directors of a not-for-profit organization formed to donate money for "the prevention of hunger, homelessness and domestic violence." Of course, we can't be *entirely* sure that Stern's heart is in the right place, since the details of the H & A Stern Family Foundation's philanthropic history are still unknown: Though incorporated in April 1997, the group has not filed financial-disclosure reports with either the Internal Revenue Service or the New York State attorney general. (Under certain conditions, filing may not be necessary.)

Along with the Sterns, the foundation's other director is Mark Garten, Stern's accountant, who last year helped arrange his purchase of a $5.75 million West Side condominium, in addition to joining his clients in combating the urban ill of poverty. Neither Garten nor Don Buchwald, Stern's agent, returned calls seeking comment on the radio host's charitable endeavors.



CERTIFICATE OF INCORPORATION

OF

THE H & A STERN FAMILY FOUNDATION, INC.

Under Section 402 of the Not-For-Profit Corporation Law

IT IS HEREBY CERTIFIED THAT

1. The name of the corporation is:

THE H & A STERN FAMILY FOUNDATION, INC.

2. The corporation is a corporation as defined in subparagraph (a)(5) of Section 102 (Definitions) of the Not-For-Profit Corporation Law.

3. The purpose or purposes for which the corporation is formed are as follows:

To receive and administer funds which will be donated
for the prevention of hunger, homelessness and domestic
violence and any other charitable causes which may
arise from time to time.

For more intriguing documents, visit 'The Smoking Gun' online at **thesmokinggun.com**.

Trump Plaza

All hands on deck for the bridge battle royal!

THE CONVERSATION IN Grand Salon B at the Financial Center Marriott has already faded into the hushed murmur of nearly wordless card playing. The coffee bar in the lobby is closing up shop for the night, and the free-candy platters are almost depleted. A few stragglers talk last-minute strategy and sneak final smokes in the stairwell. Running late, Ron Fischer throws a drop cloth over his tabletop bookstore—where he sells titles like *Bridge Below the Belt* and *Forgive Me, Partner*—and hustles off to his game.

Fischer is one of more than 400 men and women spending their Memorial Day weekend holed up in this windowless conference room, competing in the Eastern States Regional bridge tournament. Dressed air-conditioning casual and largely of retirement age, most of the crowd wouldn't look out of place hitting the slots in Atlantic City. There's no betting here, though, so the casino's primal crackle of fear and danger is notably absent. These players are in search of a more cerebral challenge.

Well, some of them, anyway. "Over half the field is pro-client teams," estimates Russell Laverdiere, a baseball-capped 31-year-old professional from Manhattan's Honors Bridge Club. The going rate to buy your way into one of these teams is $300 to $1,000 a day. Officially, only master points are at stake. But there's another factor, says Laverdiere. "It's the prestige. They get to say, 'I played with *blank*. I got this many points.' " Other noteworthy hired guns here tonight are Judi Radin and Irina Levitina, among the world's top-ranked women in bridge.

Once the sharps and their less-accomplished partners have taken their compass-oriented positions, "directors" circulate to enforce the rules and settle disputes. The tournament literature's numerous exhortations to "practice active ethics" are apparently effective: The only trouble tonight is a cell phone that begins bleating during the final hand of the session.

By 10:30 P.M., the lopsided pro-amateur teams have proved no match for two players who *didn't* pay for the privilege of playing together: The open-pairs competition has been won decisively by Craig Ganzer, a 27-year-old stock-option trader from Wyckoff, New Jersey, and Gene Prosnitz, a Bronx lawyer in his sixties. The professionals remain unfazed. "We love the regionals," says one who prefers to remain nameless. "We get paid well to praise our partners all day long and tell 'em they played great—even though they didn't." In other words, nobody here needs to say *Forgive me, partner.*

ETHAN SMITH

tographs: top, Evan Agostini/Gamma Liaison; bottom, C. Taylor Crothers.

THE SCENE

Bronx Bombshell

Photographs by Patrick McMullan

FLOAT WAS BUOYANT ON MAY 26, FILLED WITH FRIENDS, FANS, and family celebrating Jennifer Lopez's new album, *On the 6,* the Latin beauty queen's musical debut and a tribute to her teenage days as just another girl on the IRT. The club's video monitors looped the album's hip-hop-flavored single "If You Had My Love." But if everyone knew the song after fifteen minutes, little else was clear: When cameras flashed and fingers pointed at a dark-haired glamour gal making her entrance, some attendees mistook the almost-unrecognizable Sheila E. for the guest of honor. One surprised observer wondered aloud, "Sheila E.? I haven't seen her since Magic's show." (Miss E. led the house band on Johnson's ill-fated program.) Rapper Fat Joe, who makes a cameo on Lopez's album, seemed a bit perplexed by all the fuss over his fellow Bronx native. A possibly uninvited Milla Jovovich ("She was not on my guest list," one hostess muttered) appeared lost. But when Lopez finally strutted into the room in a skimpy white top, her hair a mane of wild curls, there was no confusion. She hugged her mom, greeted pals like Marc Anthony and Maxwell, and got ready to shake that world-famous booty like the *In Living Color* Fly Girl she once was. MAURA EGAN

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7
Woman of the Year
KATIE COURIC
City of Hope

1. Tommy Mottola, Jennifer Lopez, and Danny Yarbrough at the launch party for Lopez's record *On the 6* at Float. 2. Rita Moreno and City Councilman Guillermo Linares at the National Council of La Raza ALMA awards preview at Cheetah. 3. Jann Wenner and Michael Douglas at Sardi's for the publication of *In the Wings: A Memoir,* by Diana Douglas Darrid, Michael's mom. 4. Tony Bennett, Karen Bierce, Shirley Horn, and Adam Arkin at the Nature Conservancy's "It Ain't Easy Being Green" launch party for its Preservation Collection, a new line of neckwear, at the Supper Club.

5. *Harper's Bazaar* acting editor-in-chief Karin Upton Baker, Evelyn H. Lauder, and Anne Sutherland Fuchs at the Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center Awards for Excellence at the new Christie's.

6. Ruben and Isabel Toledo, Chris Lehrecke, and Ralph Pucci at their joint show at Pucci International.

7. Katie Couric honored at the City of Hope Spirit of Life Award luncheon.

8. David Straithairn and Frances McDormand at Pucci International.

9. Artist Hiro Yamagata, Robin Tunney, and Arnold Schwarzenegger at Yamagata's exhibition at the Marlborough Chelsea gallery.

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GOTHAMSTYLE

Support Group

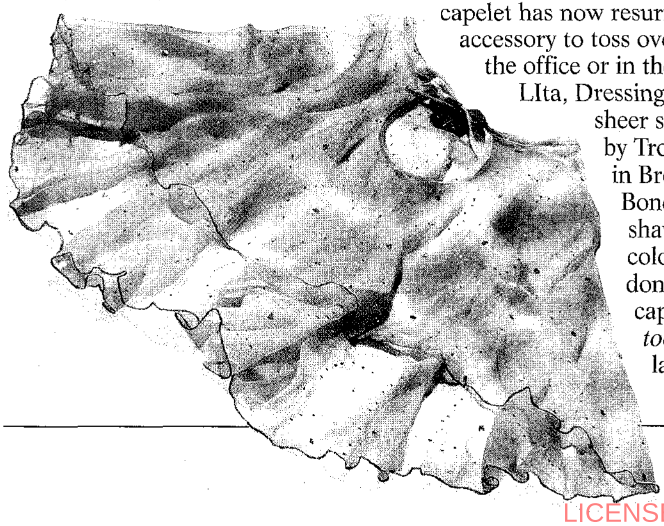
This summer, any woman, no matter what her measurements, can go bare under the de rigueur spaghetti-strap tank. "I wanted D-cup women to be able to wear a tiny tank top and feel comfortable," explains Linda Meltzer, the designer for Tease Tee's, who has just added a built-in-bra style for bigger girls to her line. The sewn-in elastic wraps entirely around the top to ensure maximum support for the stacked, pushing breasts front and center rather than letting them go precariously free-style. For the less-curvy crowd, Meltzer offers a Wonderbra-type tank that gives extra lift (both styles $44–$48, available at Scoop, Barneys, and Saks). Now for some help with those hip-huggers. MAURA EGAN

Carry a Tune

Do you regret throwing out all your old eight-tracks and cassettes? Now you can wear Lucy Lu's lyrical jewelry ($55–$98 at Barneys) and recall your favorite hits. Designer Lucy Reeves, a Scrabble enthusiast and sketch comedian, started stringing the beaded necklaces and bracelets (which look like the friendship strands you made at camp, back when you actually listened to Top 40 radio) for her friends as inexpensive gifts. After she fashioned Tom Tom Club's classic "Genius of Love" title into a necklace, the requests poured in. Disco anthems like Gloria Gaynor's "I Will Survive" and Abba's "Dancing Queen" are both favorites for their catchy and timeless mantras, but even flash-in-the-pan tunes like Vanilla Ice's "Ice Ice Baby" have found a kitsch-loving market. "It's fun when the song lyrics have a double entendre," says Reeves. Sure—if only we could decode the hidden meaning of the Hall and Oates song "Maneater." M.E.

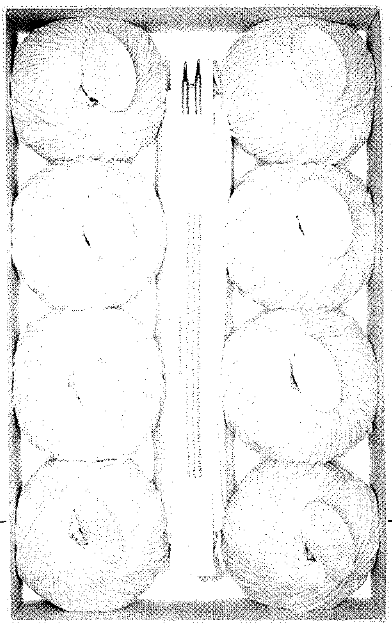
The Great Fashion Caper

Designers like Anna Sui and Rebecca Danenberg convinced us this year that the poncho—that cumbersome cover-up traditionally favored by aging hippies and overachieving Brownies—was indeed fashionable once again. So it seems quite natural, given late spring's high temperatures, that a skimpier version would emerge: the capelet. First seen grazing the shoulders of Victorian women, the capelet has now resurfaced as a clever accessory to toss over sundresses at the office or in the evening. In NoLIta, Dressing Room offers a sheer sari-fabric version by Troy Smith for $88; in Brooklyn, Hoyt & Bond has a crocheted shawl style in pastel colors for $65. Just don't expect to see the capelet around for *too* long—remember last season's shrug? GIGI GUERRA



Knitting Factory

So that cashmere hot-water bottle was a *bit* rich for your budget last winter, but you still long for more of Malo's luxurious fabric? The Italian cashmere company is preparing a knitting kit (in a limited edition, of course), complete with eight skeins of yarn, two sewing needles, and a storage bag to hold the work-in-progress. At something like $1,000 (the price for the kits, which will arrive by August, isn't set yet), it will lead to a finished product that's sure to be more plush than your grandmother's woolly creations. And you'll have just enough time to finish before sweater weather. M.E.



THE CITY POLITIC MICHAEL TOMASKY

Centrist Casting

Rudy Giuliani isn't the only sort-of-moderate Republican looking to rent a Senate seat; meet Suffolk County congressman Rick Lazio, preaching the unlikely gospel of inclusion.

LAST WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON, the not-quite-yet candidate stood before likely supporters and delivered a speech that sure sounded like a candidate's speech. Hillary Clinton at the City College commencement ceremony? Well, yes, she did it, too, but a few of us who decided it was time to advance the B-plot just a little found our way out to Babylon, on the semi-posh end of Suffolk County, to check in with Rick Lazio.

Rick who? From the CV, we see that Lazio is a four-term Republican congressman from the state's second district, basically the western half of Suffolk. He's 41, Catholic, married; went to Vassar and American University; was a Suffolk assistant district attorney, county legislator, and lawyer until 1992, when he pulled off what was for the time (pre-Contract, pre-rise-of-Newt) a surprising upset of a well-known Democratic incumbent, Tom Downey, who'd outspent Lazio by more than five to one.

That was then. Last week, he stood before 425 friends and backers at one of those kinda nice, kinda cheesy waterfront eateries, the Robert Moses Causeway announcing itself across the gassy horizon, and tugged at the world's sleeve, reminding us that this Mother of All Races will likely have a third contender. As he spoke—and as Oklahoma congressman J. C. Watts, who flew in for what amounted to Lazio's coming-out party, pleaded with him to enter the Senate race and was greeted with a standing ovation—one was struck by Lazio's casual decency and by the fact that, if he is to climb this greasy pole successfully, said decency may not survive in its current form.

FIRST, ON DECENCY: ABOUT FOUR YEARS ago, I had lunch with Lazio at a semi-pricey Manhattan restaurant at the urging of an intermediary who's always after me to get in touch with my inner moderate Republican. As the lunch took place shortly after the House had passed new rules maxing honoraria at $50—and as *New York* was picking up the tab—Lazio insisted on examining the check to be sure that his portion of the total didn't exceed the offending figure. He even factored in his share of the tip! (Would that all those people who "only had a salad" and left early hewed to Lazio's standards.) An act for my benefit? Call me gullible, but it didn't come across that way.

Testing: Lazio (with J. C. Watts, left) in Babylon last week.

And this, I'm guessing, is how he'll seem to you as you watch him campaign—humble (without being phony about it), direct, unpretentious, plainspoken to the point of awkwardness with his attempts at rhetorical flight: At one point last Wednesday, he insisted that the Republican Party had to be inclusive of "people of all backgrounds and all colors and all [!] genders." He is emphatically not, like so many of those elected two years after he was in the Newt Sweep, a right-wing nail-spitter. He does not, like a certain probable Republican-primary opponent, believe that anyone who disagrees with him is a socialistic ninny.

The voting record? By Washington standards, he's very much a moderate. He backed most of the provisions of the Contract With America, and on tax and fiscal matters, it's pretty much the Full Milton (Friedman). And he did—retain this one, should he actually defeat Giuliani and meet Mrs. Clinton—vote for two of the four impeachment counts. Other than that, he boldly goes where few Republicans have gone before (since the Reagan era, anyway). He works on issues like . . . disabled rights. And Native American housing, of all odd things. Last Wednesday, his litany of priorities went like this: "inclusiveness," "reaching out," "clean air," "clean water," "new-generation methods" (creeping Gore-ism!), "gang violence," "good schools," "taxes," "opportunity," "ethics," "morality."

That kind of talk is useful in defeating a nine-term Democratic incumbent and holding on to a swing district. But if he runs for Senate, such talk might turn into a nuisance.

Rudy Giuliani is, by national Republican standards, a centrist—pro-choice, pro-gun control, sort-of-pro–gay rights. Naturally, those aren't positions that will translate favorably to a conservative Republican-primary electorate. And so the working assumption among insiders is that whoever runs against Giuliani next year will have to run at him from the right. Lazio is seeking George Pataki's backing, and the support of the state Conservative Party. Michael Long, who heads that party, is on the fence, but sounded favorably inclined toward Lazio when we spoke last week. "I don't have to endorse anybody until a year from June," Long says, "but when he called me, I told him, 'Go see our people around the state.' I will say he's doing that, and the mayor's not doing that. So if he does announce and run, that tends to work as a credit in his favor."

Photograph by Richard Levine.

Lazio's record is not exactly the stuff of Conservative Party handbills. In addition to all the above, he's pro-choice in broad terms (though he voted for the partial-birth ban, and on other votes his record is mixed) and pro–gun control. But if he becomes the basket in which Pataki and Long and Al D'Amato (not dead yet) and state GOP chair William Powers decide to deposit their anti-Giuliani eggs, then it would not be shocking to see—how to say it?—a few "modifications" on some of these positions "after much soul-searching."

Lazio insists this won't happen. "I had conversations with a couple of friends in the House who've run for the Senate unsuccessfully," he told me after the lunch in a private room where he finally got to eat. "And they said the same thing: Be true to yourself. Let the chips fall where they may, based on who you are and what you believe in. This is not just about achieving another job. This is an opportunity for me to put up or shut up: to put out that kind of message about the need for more inclusiveness that I've called for from other folks."

> *"Let the chips fall where they may," says Lazio. "This is* **not just about achieving another job.** *This is an opportunity for me to put up or shut up about the need for more inclusiveness."*

If Lazio lets himself be overhandled and repackaged as a conservative howling tiger, the inauthenticity will hang over him like the odor of old milk, and he'll curdle. But if he follows his own advice, he is not to be underestimated against Giuliani, especially if he can do that while securing Pataki's support and, consequently, the dollars the governor can help him amass and the legwork of the vast majority of GOP county organizations. Far-fetched? The idea that Chuck Schumer would beat Gerry Ferraro and D'Amato seemed far-fetched in the summer of 1997, remember. Lazio doesn't have Schumer's killer drive, but he has a nice-guy appeal that, given the competition, may end up counting for quite a lot. Let's see if he holds on to it. ▬

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MEDIA MICHAEL WOLFF

It's the [?], Stupid!

Before the candidates can compete for votes, they need themes (that's where the media comes in) and public personalities (come in, Al Gore).

THIS IS MY RACE 2000, OR CAMPAIGN2K, or DECISION00 kick-off column. Pundits everywhere are starting to get this process under way (as are graphics departments). While nothing of remotely any consequence to the general public happens during this period of a presidential campaign—the spring and summer before the Labor Day before the primary season—it is a crucial period for the media.

Assignments are being made, budgets being set (in 1996, the three networks spent more than $100 million covering the presidential race—how will that change in the Mel Karmazin age?), story lines plotted. No doubt some harder questions are being asked, too, at many news organizations: Why bother with the campaign at all? Why squander expensive talent on low-ratings events? Why not let cable have it all? (Indeed, does cable want it?)

Fortunately for we reporters, it is not so easy to dismantle the great American presidential-campaign media machine.

Al Gore has a secret: Beneath that wooden public manner lurks an actual person.

But the pressure is on. It's our job to develop the event in a media-ready way: emotion, conflict, universal themes. That's why these summer months are so important.

It's the time for working out the packaging. This involves a collaborative process between campaign organizations—which are primarily run by political consultants—and news organizations, which, often, are staffed by former political consultants. Nothing is more important for the candidate—and for the media—than to find this season's hot button, to be able to articulate the political Zeitgeist. The vision thing.

But the bonding between reporters and candidates (Sidney Blumenthal and Bill Clinton famously bonded during the early phase of the 1992 Clinton campaign; it helps if we can fall in love) and the search for a flagship emotionally loaded theme are not going very well this year.

There's the political-spouse theme, which is cast as a fifties-style comedy (certainly there's something deeply retro about the Doles, not to mention the notion of Bill out there in the doghouse). Then there's the Clinton-fatigue theme, which comes packaged as a moral position but is really just the lame-duck haplessness that besets every second-termer (no power, no appeal). Then Gore fatigue, a subset of Clinton fatigue. Then the privacy issue—which is, specifically, about whether or not the press should delve into George W. Bush's heavy-partying, possibly cocaine-taking, possibly table-dancing past (by the time it's revealed, it will be old hat, anyway). There's guns; there's blaming Hollywood; there's hand-wringing about the nation's schools; there's faraway wars; and there's the character issue—i.e., *I am not Clinton.* But there is clearly no theme that really defines a candidate, no moment-in-time, turn-of-the-century (a.k.a. TOC) theme. A Tim Russert look-you-in-the-eye theme.

That's part of the reason Bill Clinton—a man born to big themes—called the New York *Times* in such frustration with Al Gore. The Clinton style of campaigning involves a manic tossing out of themes—all kinds of passionately propounded themes—then going with the ones that stick and abandoning the ones that tank. Clinton (like nobody else) understands that you can't be cautious if you want the media's attention. If you want your message, your essence, your heat, to break through the clutter, well, then, a certain order of reckless emoting and one-on-one touching and hugging and, yes, flirting is the order of the day.

The process of getting to this level of thematic emotional resonance is what *Times* columnist Bob Herbert has in mind when he says, in frustration, "The Vice President needs a couple of crackerjack speechwriters and he needs a ruthless editor." (As though you can just order up a rootin' tootin' theme.) And it's what *Newsweek*'s Jonathan Alter is talking about when he faults the Gore campaign for hiring Tony Coelho to run the operation instead of a "message" guy like James Carville.

Now it is not just the message, of course, that's at issue. Not just the words—not just speechifying. It's something broader we—the media—

Photograph by Cynthia Johnson/Gamma Liaison.

want the candidate to convey. In private, everyone reports, Gore is a warm and open and funny guy. But in public, we're concerned and irritated that he's stiff, formal, tight. What we're really annoyed about is that he's dividing his private and public self (keeping one whole self from us). What is he thinking? Hasn't the man ever watched television? Politics is about personal warmth! Obviously Gore knows that, so it's doubly annoying.

Our alternative, of course, is Bill Bradley—and there is increasing talk of a mass pundit defection to him. But it is not very helpful to the cause of great themes and dramatic campaigning that Bill Bradley has taken themelessness as his very theme. Big themes, emotional blah-blahing, are for superficial glamour boys like Clinton. Whereas Bradley is so boring—so much more boring than Gore—that, he wants us to conclude, he must be virtuous (i.e., not Bill Clinton). I have a friend who went to one of Bradley's Hollywood fund-raisers and described how she literally began to feel pain—clinical depression-quality pain—midway through Bradley's talk. That's how boring he is—bored not just with politics but with life, possibly.

> *"The big challenge now is how to reconcile the fact than many in the media still love this stuff—stump speeches, polling reports, the press plane—with the overwhelming evidence that* most Americans are not at all interested *in any of it."*

On the Republican side, there is W (with his clever branding advantage), who not only has no theme but is invisible. Here is the man who, according to all polls, will almost certainly be his party's nominee to be the next president of the world's most media-saturated nation at its most media-saturated moment, and most of us have only the vaguest idea of what he really looks like (a blurry version of his father). It's quite possible that most Americans have never even seen W on the television; I cannot now imagine his voice—no, I don't think I have ever heard him speak. He's announced he's headed for New Hampshire and is reported to have said he really likes to look people in the eye. Call me cynical, but I'll bet he just hates to look people in the eye. The Bushes, of course, have always had a covert side: buried Wasp emotions combined with George Sr.'s stint running the CIA. Such reticence or control has been out of fashion for some time, but things come back around. Obviously it makes sense that if you have something to hide—and W has said as much—you hide. Duh.

From the media perspective, part of the problem is that we have been so terribly spoiled. Clinton certainly never hid from us. He was always out there. There was never a chin farther out. He blabbed; he wept; he suffered; he ate; he even lied openly. He publicly accepted humiliation; he publicly recovered from humiliation (long before anyone ever heard of Monica Lewinsky). But all this turned out to be a pretty classic devil's bargain: The thing that elected him—that sheer manic need for attention, the need to be loved, to be exposed—trumped him, too. You can count on the press: What it knows, it uses.

To their credit or not, neither Gore nor Bush seems to want it that badly. So far, the me-me-me is missing. Or perhaps they do want it badly, and out of that desire comes a greater calculation. They both seem focused on a key strategic lesson to emerge from the Clinton experience. Modulate the expectations of the media. Play a little cat-and-mouse. Demur. Because if you whip it into a frenzy, it becomes a mob. Better to bore it. The maxim appears to be: Whoever stays most hidden from the media longest wins.

WHICH BRINGS THE CAMPAIGN YEAR TO Hillary. The waning of Clinton's term is depressing to media outlets everywhere. The whole frenzied press pursuit of Hillary to New York—indeed, the whole unlikely turn of events that has brought the Hillary campaign nearly into being—is an effort to continue the story of Bill Clinton. Certainly the relationship of Bill and Hillary is a key part of the story, and Hillary's running for the Senate offers a fine opportunity to stay in our seats and see what happens: Does the marriage survive? On what terms? Under what roof? How does Bill deal with it—the reversal (she's the candidate, not him), the reduction (he's the spouse, not her)? Does Bill Clinton become Denis Thatcher? It's delicious. As shallow as it seems, these are issues that are not unfamiliar and not uninstructive in each of our boomer lives (more engaging than school vouchers, for sure).

On the other hand, the story of Bill Clinton, and the story of Bill and Hillary, has never really been about Hillary herself. In story terms, she's pure foil. In personal terms, she is as armored and remote as anyone running this year. The reason she hasn't had her own political career is, quite evidently, not because of the primacy of Bill's career—but because she isn't a politician. Compared to Hillary, Al Gore is Mr. Saturday Night.

Personally, I don't see how she sustains a campaign. I don't see how she doesn't invite a terrible backlash when the press finds out that this is really about her and not about being married to him.

Except that, weirdly, she too—she most of all—might have it in mind to become the opposite of Bill Clinton. Well-tempered implacability becomes her reason for being. In other words, the less she gives us, the less harm we do. She, like Gore and Bush, will wear nothing on her sleeve. There will be no big themes, no gripping emotional undertow, no feeling of the pain.

I DON'T KNOW OF A REporter—at least of my generation—who hasn't imagined him- or herself stomping around in the snows of New Hampshire. That was our big career challenge, because only the best of breed got that assignment.

The big challenge now is of a different order. It's how to reconcile the fact that many of us still love this stuff—New Hampshire, caucuses, stump speeches, polling reports, the press plane, and in general the verve and sloppiness of a political campaign—with the overwhelming evidence that most Americans are not at all interested in any of these things.

The Clinton drama (and comedy) has surely helped keep the presidential media machine—the infrastructure of Washington bureaus and campaign correspondents and even evening news shows—afloat. But more than likely, that was a last hurrah.

Politicians and political pundits are almost certainly in for a downsizing. And this one, really, could be the last prime-time campaign. ▬

E-mail: michael@burnrate.com

envy

BY RALPH GARDNER JR.

Class Struggle on Park Avenue

The Upper East Side is where those on the way up—bidding up real estate, wearing too much jewelry—are in constant conflict with those on the way down. A new chapter in the age-old war between new money and shabby gentility.

ANN RECENTLY OVERHEARD HER DAUGHTERS PLAYING "Barbies" and was shocked. Ken wasn't encouraging Barbie to engage in inappropriate physical contact. It was even worse than that—especially for someone like Ann, who was raised during the sixties on the quaint and hopelessly outdated notion, at least if you live in Manhattan, that there are more important things in life than money.

"They named the dad Moonves, after the president of CBS," she recalls. "And they made him an investment banker. When I was their age, I'd never even heard of investment bankers."

Her children's choice of role models shouldn't come as a surprise. Half of the dads at their school seem to be investment bankers, and *their* kids are the ones flying off to the Caribbean for the weekend and throwing the best birthday parties. What's especially poignant and perhaps a little depressing to Ann is the realization of how far her own fortunes have tumbled relative to those of many of the people with whom she socializes.

When she was growing up, Ann, who's a psychologist, made the trip from her parents' Fifth Avenue triplex to school in a chauffeur-driven station wagon, but only because she was too embarrassed to be seen in the family Rolls. Today, her daughters attend the same tony private girls' school, but just about everything else in their life has changed, and not for the better.

Ann's parents divorced, and when her father died, he left his estate not to Ann's mother but to his next wife. The triplex, a magnificent apartment with terraces and gardens, is gone—sold for a song during the seventies—and Ann; her husband David, a teacher; and their children now live in a warren of small rooms in a rented Carnegie Hill walk-up.

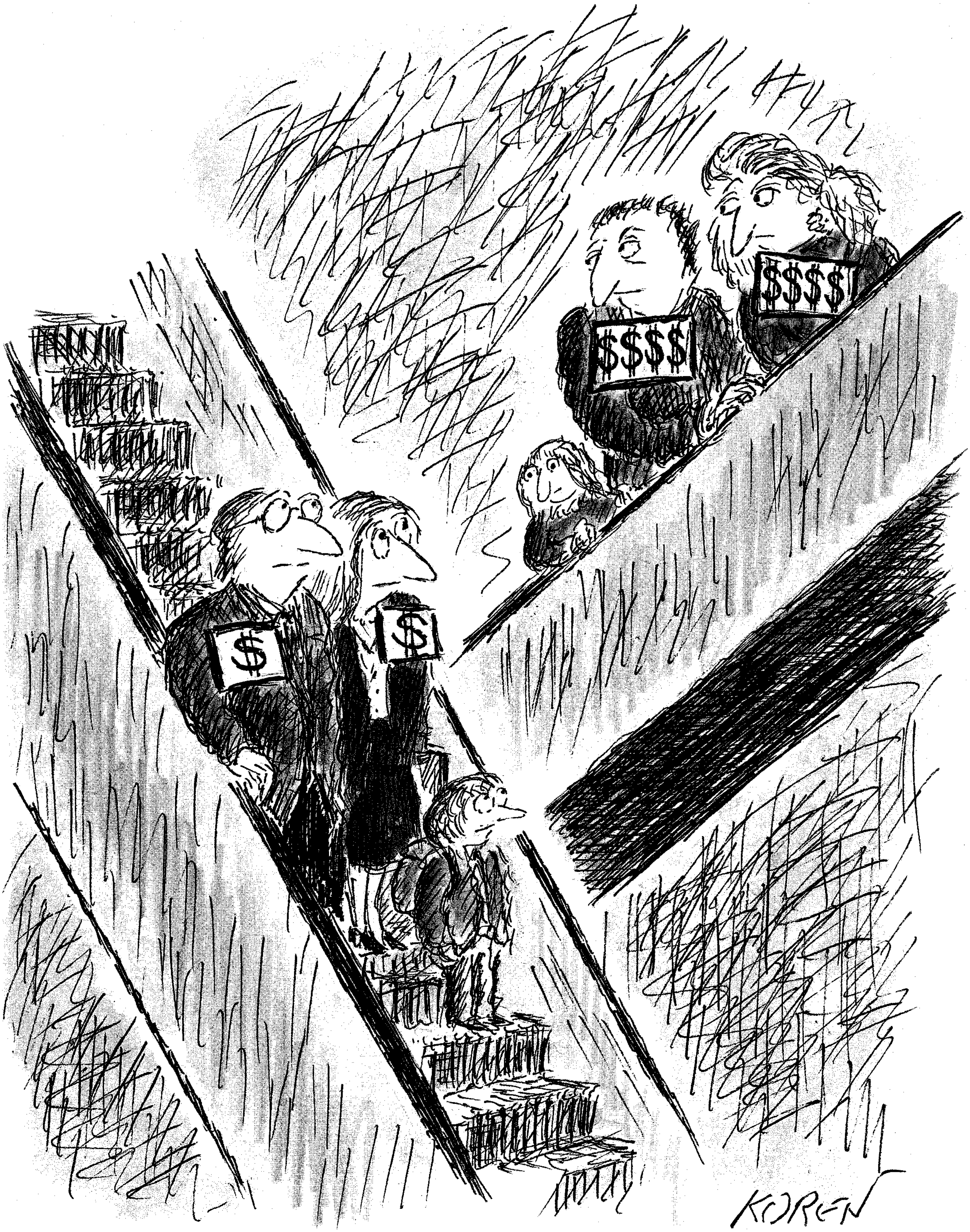
"Little did I know when my parents sold their triplex it would be the last time I'd set foot in one," says Ann, whose sense of irony may be her saving grace as the walls literally close in around her. (To give the girls their own rooms, the family divided what were small rooms into even tinier ones.) "I literally don't own anything."

She's even given herself and her friends in similarly straightened circumstances an acronym—DUMPIES. "It means downwardly and unhappily mobile professionals," she explains over lunch at Demarchelier on a recent afternoon. "Notice *young* is no longer in it, either."

The world doesn't feel sorry for Ann, nor should it. The family's combined annual income is "way over" $100,000, according to David. Their children enjoy the best education money can buy. They have a weekend house in the Hamptons, albeit not on the beach like most of their children's friends do. And they spent spring break in the Bahamas.

But relative to almost everyone else they know, relative to the freshly minted multimillionaires and billionaires Ann rubs shoulders with at school functions, she feels impoverished.

ILLUSTRATION BY ED KOREN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"It sounds almost comical to be in the upper 2 percent of earners in the nation and to find it's difficult to live in Manhattan," says David, who ticks off $200,000 a year in "fixed" expenses—including $60,000 for rent, $60,000 for tuitions, and $15,000 for a baby-sitter. "You can't save money, and you go into debt. We know some people who are really quite bitter about it."

Perhaps it wouldn't be so galling if everybody else around you didn't seem to be doing quite so well. "I feel like I've put her in a world where we don't fit, and yet I don't know where else to put her," laments Ann, referring to her seventh-grader. "One kid wears a $3,000 watch to gym and gives kids $200 birthday presents. The wealthy parents have followed suit. Even though I grew up in this world, I no longer belong here."

With the stock market rocketing toward Mars and the real-estate market panting to keep up ("It doesn't matter whether it's a $7 million or $700,000 apartment. Everybody feels poor in this market," says Kirk Henckels, a broker with Stribling & Associates. "One reason to feel really poor is to be the broker who sees these financials"), the middle class has been cleansed from large parts of Manhattan, the well-to-do are feeling insecure, and those with "real money"—$100 million seems to be the generally accepted cut-off—rule with what people in Ann's unfortunate situation consider a telling lack of taste.

"Even though I grew up in this world," says one longtime East Side resident, "I feel like I no longer belong."

"When I went to school, I would have rather died before I showed up in a limo," she says, stressing that she made her chauffeur wait around the corner, when she let him pick her up at all. "Now it's the opposite."

She's referring to the armada of chauffeur-driven Town Cars—the obligatory accessory of the rich trying to juggle the competing demands of parenthood and wealth management—that roll up to her daughters' school each morning, dispensing sneakered heiresses at the front door without any hint of mortification.

A well-meaning speech Ann's daughters' head of school gave a couple of years ago still stings. "She said, 'It's important you not let your household help pick up after your kids all the time,' " the psychologist remembers. "The assumption was that everybody there had household help—and they did. The irony was that she could talk to an entire parent body without a trace of irony in this matter."

THE GROWING CHASM BETWEEN the really rich and everyone else may be felt most keenly not by the truly poor but by the well-to-do, particularly those who grew up here and who cling to the childish notion that the city should remain theirs.

"I might not be able to continue to live in my home town," says a 40-year-old book publisher who lives with his wife and small daughter among fellow indigent liberal-arts majors—artists, writers, musicians, opera singers—in a stolid prewar apartment with limited light near Columbia University.

"I don't have any more right than anybody else, but it's my own home," he continues, sounding contrite. "If you grew up in Manhattan, it's just like growing up any other place. Home is a very primal thing."

Perhaps most damaging of all to the self-esteem of people of his provenance is the realization that new money—who in former days relished the opportunity to mingle with impoverished old money—no longer seems to attach much importance to pedigree or refinement. To paraphrase one embittered English major: Since these people don't have a single book in the house, why should they respect those who are well-read?

"You look to your left and you look to your right, and everybody is richer than you are," observes a newspaper columnist who used to think she was doing well. "You say, 'We have a larger apartment,' and then you realize they have an estate in Bedford where they go on weekends.

"They're probably spending the same amount as you on telephone and electricity. The difference is in discretionary income. If someone has $100,000 more than you, that buys a lot of trips to Europe. But they don't have $100,000 more than you; they have $100 million more than you.

"You walk into ABC Carpet, and some little thing that doesn't even have a name costs $45," she goes on. "You can spend thousands of dollars outfitting your bed. You go in there and think, I can buy a nice pair of sheets, and you realize you're $2,400 short.

"And you go into other people's homes and they have twenty extra pillows, and you feel really depressed. I have a friend who said to me, 'I've already done three Ralph beds.' I'm thinking, 'I have so much catch-up here.' "

Paul Spector, a psychiatrist, says that in the last couple of years he's seen increasing numbers of patients complaining of amorphous aches and pains, feeling older than their chronological age, and faltering sexual potency.

"Somebody can feel quite good about themselves, and all of a sudden what's become their marker of success has changed," he observes, referring to those new young e-millionaires. It's something like the queasy feeling you get reading the annual giving report from your child's school and spotting the name of someone you dismissed as ordinary perched atop the $1 million–plus category while you're lost in the $250-to-$500 group. "There's not necessarily a decrease in lifestyle," says Spector. "There's a decrease in where they are in the hierarchy."

"There's a couple of parents who don't speak to me because we don't have enough money," Ann says flatly. Most of her good friends are people like David and her—they went to the best prep schools and colleges and managed to preserve their self-esteem, at least until recently, with the help of family money. "The sophisticated rich recognize people who are interesting. But the people who are just rich have no interest in us."

THOSE JERKS ARE EASY enough to identify and snub before they snub you. It's the very rich without blatant spiritual flaws, those who manage their wealth with understated grace and whose kids somehow remain unspoiled even though they haven't flown commercial since Dad's IPO, who cause the real *agita*. The problem isn't competing, which is obviously out of the question; it's reciprocating.

"We would like to invite the parents of one of our daughter's friends to dinner," Ann confides. After all, the family has invited them several times—to the Ba-

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Certain names and identifying details in this piece have been changed.

ILLUSTRATION BY DANNY SHANAHAN

hamas. "We're not really embarrassed about the apartment. But there are holes in the fabric of the couch. We can't afford to get it reupholstered right now. I'm probably not giving them enough credit."

At least Ann has a thriving psychology practice to distract her from her predicament. Her friend Wendy, a stay-at-home mom who grew up in a rambling Park Avenue apartment but now lives at a less-fashionable address on the fringes of the Upper East Side, appears to be doing somewhat less well. At one point, Wendy even started creating conspiracy theories about her daughter's class.

"She felt the power structure of the class was divided along money lines," Ann explains, meaning that those children who could afford to fly the whole class to Disney World for their birthday enjoyed greater popularity than those who could only afford a sleepover. "The heads of cliques, the kids in control, were backed by money. She felt the kids were getting personal power by how rich they felt they were."

When I asked Wendy whether she was suggesting that the bull market had spawned a new and even more chilling phenomenon than Masters of the Universe—preteen Masters of the Universe—she confessed she may have been overreacting. She'd shared her fears with her daughter, who, in that unembellished way 12-year-olds have, assured her that she was out of her mind.

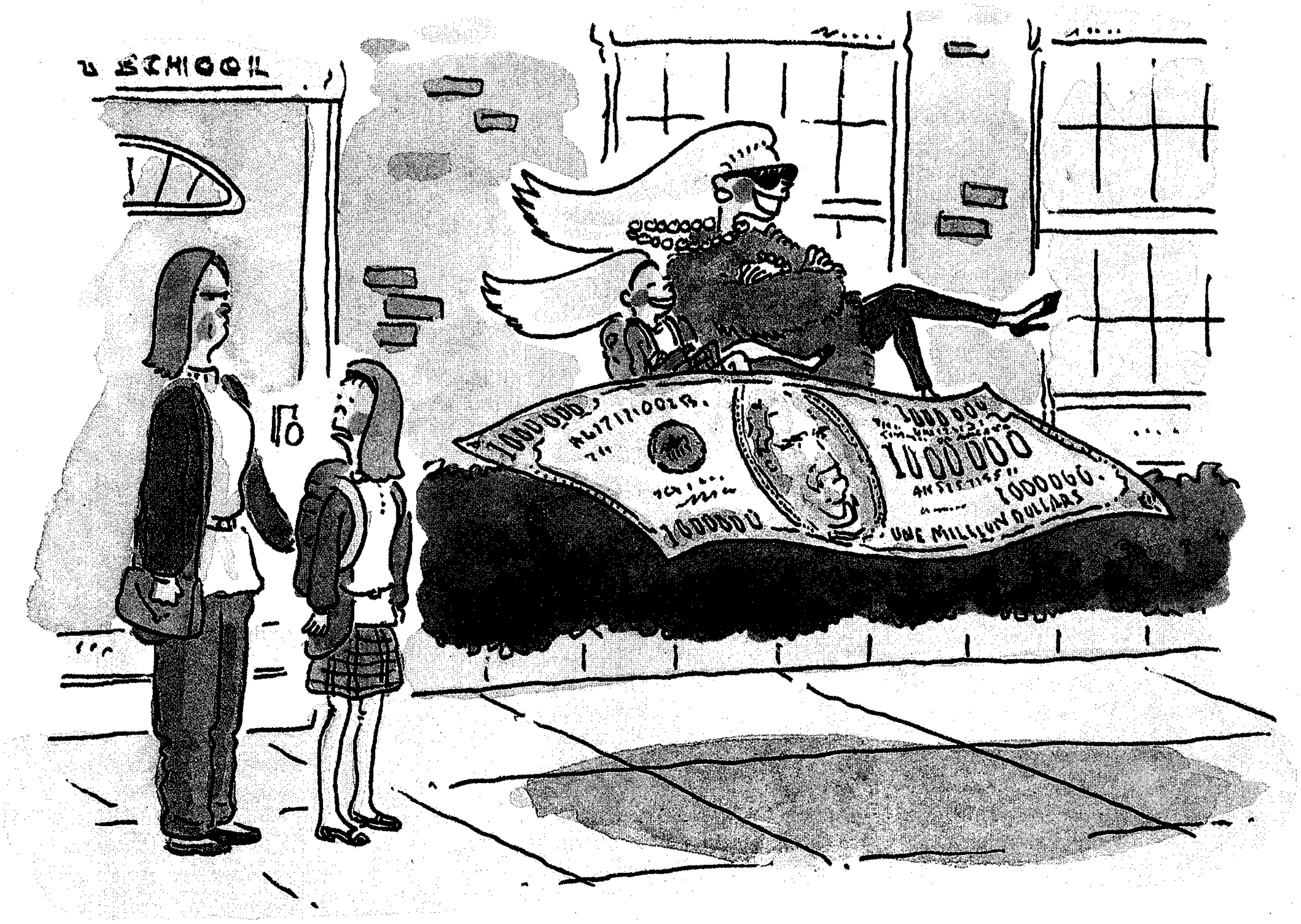
One of the class leaders did, indeed, come from a criminally wealthy family. But another one had followed a more traditional path to greatness—she just happened to be really cool.

"I decided it was my own paranoia and decided to revert to my own idealistic view of things," Wendy says unconvincingly. An Ivy League–educated comp-lit scholar, she finds her advanced degree comes in handy these days mostly as a way to place what she describes as "a massive sense of vulnerability" in a historical and literary context. She sees parallels between herself and Lily Bart, the heroine of Edith Wharton's *The House of Mirth.*

"Lily was somebody who had exquisite taste but could no longer afford it," Wendy explains, sitting in Sarabeth's Kitchen on Madison Avenue on a recent morning, nibbling on a scone and staring out the window at passing well-heeled moms.

Wendy actually resembles a character from a Wharton novel. There's the elegant John Singer Sargent profile, the impeccable manners, and, also, a subtle air of defeat. "She had better taste than the people who had the money," Wendy says of Lily. "It's hard to come out and say that, though. Taste and good manners aren't necessarily consistent with the ruthless aggressiveness it takes to succeed in American society."

It's bad enough not to be rich in New York. What's even worse is when people have no idea you once were. Wendy shared the fleeting humiliation she felt when she picked up her daughter at a Park Avenue birthday party and the birthday girl's mother attempted to give Wendy a tutorial in the ways of the rich.



"Try to ignore them, Mom."

envy

"She said, 'The doorman will get you a cab,' as if I didn't know. What kind of clothes do I have on? I was the one who had to find out most buildings don't have doormen."

THINGS MAY NOT BE QUITE as dire as Wendy makes them sound. Her husband's a businessman, and while they can't afford to live on Fifth Avenue, they recently combined their apartment with the one next door. If things really got desperate, Wendy could always emigrate to the West Side, as her younger brother Mark did.

"I bit the bullet and moved to 116th Street," he says cheerfully. Then again, he's a musician. He's supposed to be living in genteel poverty. He didn't even take it personally when his children's head of school suggested he wait until kindergarten to send his youngest there, saying of the preschool, "That's for rich people."

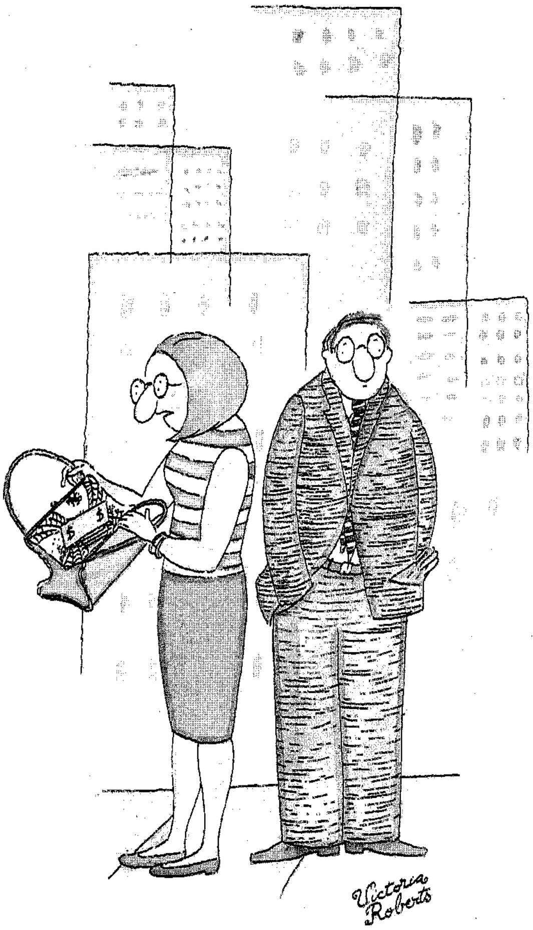
"I told her she should move to the West Side, where there are millions of people like her," Mark recalls. "Except now you can't afford it anymore."

There are even some displaced native East Siders who contend that parts of the West Side more closely resemble the Carnegie Hill of their youth—a quiet, unpretentious neighborhood filled with little-old-lady coffee shops and stores where the merchants knew every member of your family—than does the Rodeo Drive for the toddler set that Madison Avenue in the nineties has become.

"Now it's where rich people can spend $300 for imported Italian Little Lord Fauntleroy blue shorts with the suspenders," snorts Betsy, a costume designer who grew up at Park and 93rd and now lives in Washington Heights. "Who wears that stuff? Up here, everybody dresses in Patagonia. And I have a better super than I did on Park Avenue."

Unfortunately, the West Side isn't an island. One must occasionally return to the East Side, particularly if, despite proletarian leanings, a parent insists on sending his or her kids to a Dalton, Brearley, or Spence.

"I felt I had literally crossed the border from the West Side to the East Side," confides a West Sider, referring to the scene at dismissal time at Diller-Quaile, the East 95th Street music school whose drum-whacking classes for 2-year-olds are considered by some to be essential preparation for admission to the Ivy League. "It's the experience of standing in Diller-Quaile at two on a Wednesday in a pair of jeans and watching all these 92-pound trophy wives picking up their children in mink coats and stiletto heels," she explains. "Where are they going? It's a level of saturation in nail polish and hair color. And then I sit in the waiting room and hear these conversations—'We like the Filipinos.' I feel like a stranger in my own country."



"All I've got is a tiny bit of old money on me—you?"

Of course, West End Avenue and Riverside Drive, not to mention Central Park West, are no longer the Wild West. Joanna Wolper, an independent TV producer, recalls a recent encounter with a Columbus Avenue florist when she was purchasing an azalea. "She said, 'When you're finished, you can plant it outside,'" Joanna remembers. "I'm thinking, 'This is Manhattan. Where am I going to plant this?' She said, 'You're not responding to what I said.' She just assumed I had a country house."

"It's a little idealistic to think where junior sixes are going for $600,000 is the Left Bank," observes one Riverside Drive writer. "When I go to visit my sister in Brooklyn, you still get the sloppy families looking really intelligent and cool. My spiritual home might be Park Slope."

THE REAL QUESTION, A PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTION to which, frankly, there may be no right or wrong answer, is whether the new rich are truly more tacky than those whose places they've usurped on the social ladder. Is their lack of class and fixation on hair and makeup something truly unprecedented? Or is that just a story the middle class and the impoverished rich tell themselves to salvage their self-esteem?

Molly Ferrer, a real-estate broker in the Hamptons, Chapin School graduate, and the inspiration for Sally Fowler, the lead character in Whit Stillman's *Metropolitan,* thinks they really are that tacky. "The trophy brides are the bane of my existence," she says. "These people who didn't have money last month and are climbing the social ladder are looking for somebody to have under their thumb."

She recalls a recent client who seemed to regard Molly as occupying a position on her staff perhaps slightly above her handyman but certainly below her fitness trainer. "She did not get off the cell phone the entire appointment," the real-estate

ILLUSTRATION BY VICTORIA ROBERTS

agent complains. “She was not talking about her kid having a tonsillectomy but ‘Did you see that guy? Was he with a date?’ And their kids leave soda cans in the back of my car. It’s a disregard for basic manners.”

Their behavior improves only after they discover that while Molly can’t afford a $10 million house on the beach, which this woman was shopping for, her class and bloodlines still confer certain privileges. “I’m a member of the beach club out here,” she explains, adding that her clients hope she can help them get in, especially when they find out her brother’s on the board.

Rebecca, a lawyer, shares Molly’s contempt for the new overclass. She recently withdrew her daughter from her school, Rebecca’s own alma mater no less. It wasn’t the education she objected to. It was the social scene among her fellow moms at dismissal time.

“These people were awful,” she claims. “You can quote me by name. They wore all their jewelry to pick up their children. They had no manners, no class. Just a huge amount of money.

“The nannies are nice,” she continues. “Now I wonder whether I’ve slipped so far out of the middle class that I relate more to them than what would seem to be my peers.”

“These people climbing the social ladder are looking for somebody to have under their thumb.”

Not that she’s completely thrown in the towel. She’s discovered that her long legs still pass for currency of a sort. “It’s why I stay thin,” she confides. “It’s the one thing I’ve got. Sex is a great leveler. It’s class-free. It’s just DNA, and my DNA looks good. I like to have their husbands flirt with me and make their wives eat their liver.”

HANDLING ONE’S FALL from social grace wouldn’t be so painful were it not for the children. Not because their soaring tuitions could be better spent reupholstering the couch, throwing dinner parties, and keeping up appearances. But because it’s hard to explain to a child why their classmates have so much more than they do and why you made the misguided, albeit idealistic, financially unrewarding career choices you did.

“She’s invited to all the same bar and bas mitzvahs as all the other kids, and she can’t buy the same presents and buy a new dress for every occasion,” Ann says. “She borrows clothes from the rich kids. Her friends are sympathetic to her like she’s got some serious handicap. She definitely feels left out that she’s not part of the dominant crowd.

“Some of these kids have regulations where they can wear their diamond necklaces,” she adds. “This is the kind of thing that’s being negotiated at their houses, as opposed to our home where we’re negotiating whether or not they need to buy new shorts at the Gap.”

“Our car embarrasses them,” Ann’s husband, David, says. “It’s a ten-year-old car we park on the street. They don’t want to give their friends rides out to the country.”

Wendy considers the Gap a godsend, about the only social equalizer she sees. “Everyone goes to the Gap,” she says cheerfully. “Even people who could afford to go anywhere go to the Gap.”

Unfortunately, it takes more than a new pair of khakis to make the average 12-year-old feel good about herself. “My older daughter was trying to figure out why people had more money and were they better—because she definitely likes us,” Wendy says. “I explained that Dad and I were interested in poetry and literature and pursued advanced degrees that weren’t lucrative. I don’t want the children to feel insecure. I want them to know you choose your life.”

Once upon a time, you could at least take solace in the notion that the best-paying jobs—those in banking, finance, and real estate—also seemed to be the most boring. But these days, the people making the big bucks also seem to be having the most fun.

“It can be a really lonely life devoting yourself to earning money,” Wendy says, then, realizing she’s just repeating her generation’s party line, amends her comments to reflect current reality: “I also know a lot of people who are happy with their incredibly lucrative jobs.”

What’s sad, though some would say it’s a sign of maturity, is that the sixties values on which they were raised during the sixties and seventies—a belief in the life of the mind, in public service, and that there are more important things than money—have been replaced by remorse.

Ann’s ailing mother may have put it best when she turned to David in the car one day and stated, apropos of nothing, “Money is life’s report card.”

“If you think of it in those terms, one can be pretty bitter living in New York,” David observed.

Betsy, the costume designer, says she doesn’t resent the family who bought her parents’ Park Avenue apartment, or their kid who came up to her at a Christmas party and told her that her old bedroom, which he inherited, “is the best room in the place.” Rather, she resents “the system that brought me up and didn’t discuss money.”

Wendy doesn’t wish she married for money—but she doesn’t deny she might have given the matter more thought. “There was a certain person who was interested in me, but nobody pushed anything,” she remembers. “I do sometimes think I could be a little more realistic.”

Ann continues to be proud of the choices she’s made—“My parents’ lives as rich people were emptier than mine,” she states flatly. “But I worry about whether my values can be well communicated to my children in this atmosphere.”

Part of the problem, apart from the ostentation all around them, is that Ann’s life might not look that appealing to a kid. In fact, she spends so much time struggling to support her family that she has no time to pursue the lofty goals of helping the poor that attracted her to psychology in the first place. Ironically, she spends her days servicing the rich, the only people who can afford her rates, while they do more actual good than she does, if only by attending charity galas.

“Because of my financial struggle, I have less time to exercise my social conscience than these rich people,” she admits. “I give less to charity and serve on fewer committees.”

Nonetheless, she says she’d feel like a failure if her kids chose their careers based on their earning potential. “I hope their educations will give them some financial stability, but my sixties values still predominate,” she insists. “I would love it if at least one of them was an artist.”

On the other hand, it wouldn’t kill her if one of the others joined Goldman, Sachs. “If they’re interested in banking—go for it,” she says, adding, not entirely facetiously, “and I hope they can marry the brother of one of their well-heeled school friends.”

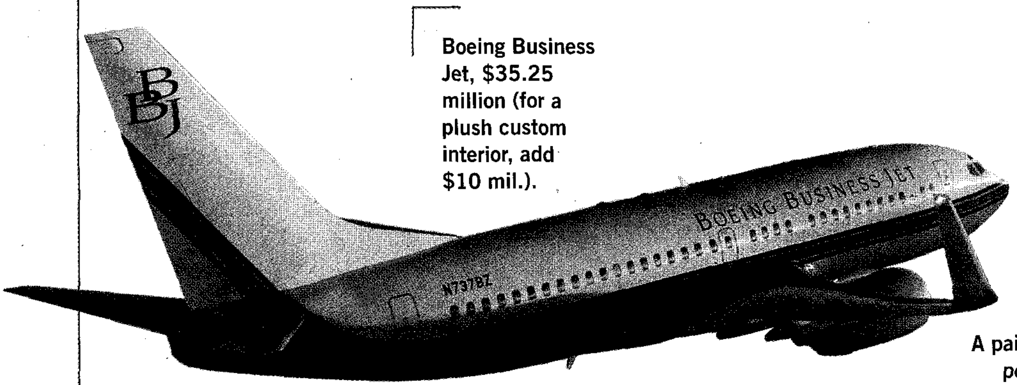
But many in the next generation seem to have no desire to repeat the well-intentioned mistakes of the previous one. “Most of my students are extremely wealthy, and their ambition is to remain extremely wealthy,” David says. “They talk about how rich they are relative to each other. That’s all they think about. There’s not a thought given to public service.” ▬

envy

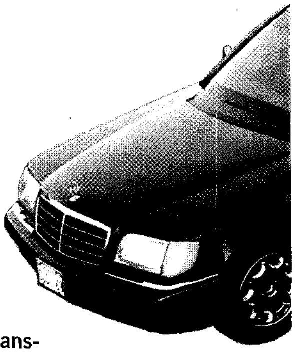
BY RENE CHUN

Spree Well

Wall Street's spending habits have never been so irrationally exuberant. Take a chauffeur-driven Mercedes CLS sedan to your Boeing jet and make it out to your South Fork McMansion just in time for dinner at Nick & Toni's. It's all about keeping up with Ron Perelman.



Boeing Business Jet, $35.25 million (for a plush custom interior, add $10 mil.).



A pair of CLS Trans-*portation Benzes* (minus their Hugo Boss–suited drivers).

EVERY WEEK BRINGS YET another Internet IPO and a raft of Silicon Alley employees who suddenly find themselves awash in a sea of mizuma. But the paper moguls are still a conservative lot; flaunting it generally means shelling out for a new Palm VII. The heavy-duty product placement hasn't really started yet, as any significant liquidation by principal shareholders would make the next CNBC newscast. And not knowing whether the company stock will be in the shredder a year from now is a powerful argument for diversifying, say, into a two-bedroom apartment in Park Slope or *Star Wars* memorabilia instead of a redesigned Porsche.

So who's spending all the big money in New York? Wall Street money still skulks behind every act of in-your-face shopping in this town, whether it be that sunken tennis court in Georgica (to muffle the sound of bouncing Slazengers) or a membership at Westchester's new Hudson National Golf Club in Croton-on-Hudson (initiation fee: $317,000). Throwing money around is becoming a new sort of performance art, and economists have coined a word to describe the genre: *hyperconsumption.*

Just what would possess a sane person to spend a quarter of a million dollars on a Hamptons rental (*sans* cable), or install an underground garage for 200 cars in this same neck of the woods (as Ira Rennert is doing at this very moment, spurring others to dig their own)? "This is a classic case of discomfort anxiety," says psychologist Dr. Albert Ellis, president of the Albert Ellis Institute, a facility celebrated for its pioneering cognitive-behavior therapy. "Wall Streeters think that if they're deprived of anything, they'll be too uncomfortable. They cannot tolerate any type of deprivation. It's all ego anxiety to impress others. What we're talking about here is a bunch of 200-pound babies."

Jets Host the Giants

Last year's needful appliance was the Gulfstream V. Priced at $38 million, the GV is still limited to the certifiably filthy rich, *Fortune* 500 guys. But today's flush hedge-fund managers are having REM visions of their very own **Boeing Business Jet** kissing the tarmac at JFK. Known among tail-number groupies simply as the BBJ, this executive jet is redefining the high life.

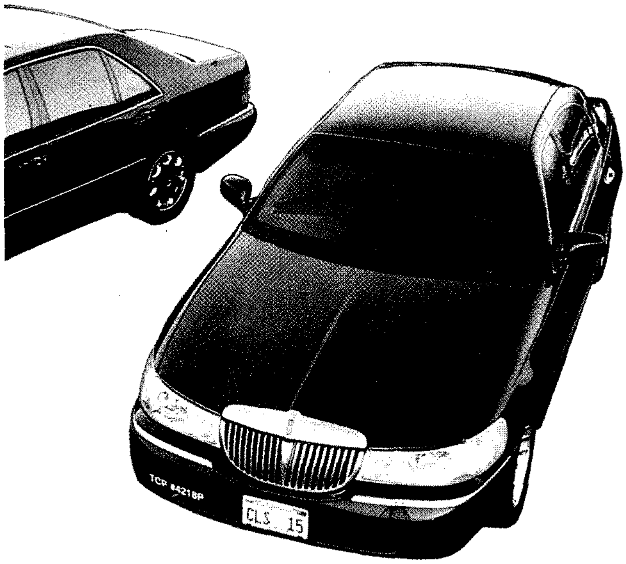
What, exactly, sets the BBJ apart from the GV? The BBJ is big. Make that *huge.* It's essentially a customized Boeing 737 whose design has been tweaked for better performance (tell-tale winglets distinguish it from its commercial counterpart). The BBJ's cabin is nearly three times the size of the GV's, a palatial 807 square feet versus a puny 210. Not only can the BBJ cruise at Mach .82, but it can also transport an entire office party from New York to Beijing without refueling. Cost: $35.25 million, minus the amenities inside like a master-bedroom suite, a conference room, a lounge area, and a media room tricked out with DirecTV and 42-inch plasma flat-screen monitors, which typically add another $10 million to the sticker price. (Note to the thrifty: Any interior that sets you back less than $10 mil is considered "very vanilla" by the boys at Raytheon, the conversion center that snares the lion's share of BBJ business.)

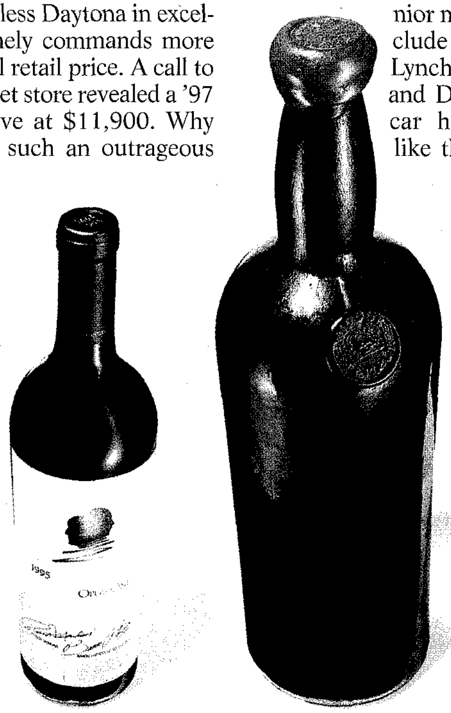
Boeing optimistically projected five orders this first year of availability. Instead, as of today, 46 BBJs were on order, the first of which will be delivered with its Raytheon-outfitted interior in mid-July to General Electric CEO Jack Welch. As weight restrictions prohibit BBJs from landing at East Hampton Airport, those who summer on the South Fork will have to touch down at Westhampton's Gabreski Airport (not necessarily a bad thing, considering this is where *Air Force One* is cleared for landing if the Clintons do Shelter Island this summer). Have the Sikorsky copter gassed and waiting for the second leg.

Cellar I.D.

"Wall Streeters are partial to big California wines, things like **Opus One** ['95, $175] and **Joseph Phelps Insignia** ['94, $210]," says Mauro Maccioni, son of Sirio and co-owner of Circo, an upscale Tuscan restaurant in midtown. "Unless they're with a girlfriend they want to impress. Then they order French. Usually a first growth, something really expensive, like a **Latour** ['85, $600] or an **Haut Brion** ['85, $625]."

Of course, to impress the truly high-maintenance dinner date, a Wall Streeter will need to make a trip to Morrell & Company at 535 Madison Avenue to pick up a couple bottles of the **1870 Château Lafite Rothschild**, a wine considered by oenophiles to be the greatest Lafite in history. Industry wine snob Michael Broadbent gives the 1870 vintage his five-star rating, praising it as "the Lafite blockbuster of all time." And at $10,000 a bottle ($120,000 per case), it had better be. Peter Morrell has sold four cases of this incredibly rare wine, three of them to Wall Streeters. At press time, there was one case left in stock, considerably more than even the venerable Château Lafite has in its own cellar. "This is crazy!" Morrell says incredulously. "I've never sold anything this expensive in my life. Thank God for the bull market."





Left, Opus One '95, $175—because you're worth it. Right, the $10,000 1870 Lafite Rothschild.

Talk to the Hand

At $25,000, a white-gold Frank Müller or Patek Philippe may be considerably more expensive than a **stainless Rolex Daytona**, but they are not nearly as coveted by style-conscious brokers and investment bankers. "It all has to do with sight recognition," explains Tom Pozsgay, a Tourneau salesperson attuned to horological trends on the Street. "You see a Daytona from across the room and your eyes immediately home in on it."

What stokes the Daytona's cachet even more than its high Q-rating is the fact that it is nearly impossible to find. The $5,100 Swiss automatic has been on back order at Tourneau since 1993. Indeed, the store has been so inundated with requests that it no longer accepts orders.

Since the retail market is virtually nonexistent, the secondary market has gone ballistic. A used stainless Daytona in excellent condition routinely commands more than twice its original retail price. A call to Tourneau's 52nd Street store revealed a '97 model priced to move at $11,900. Why would anybody pay such an outrageous premium for a used watch? "Instant gratification," answers Wesley Wang, an emerging-markets-group manager at Euro Brokers. "Besides, who's to say what a watch is worth? It's like stocks—the retail price is just an arbitrary number."

The other timepiece seen peeking out from under Turnbull & Asser cuffs lately is **Bulgari's Scuba Chrono**; the model that's been flashing around trading floors like sell tickets is the **SC38SV**, with a stainless-steel case and automatic movement (quartz is considered bush league; strictly for day traders). At $4,600, the Scuba Chrono is far from a bargain, considering its Seiko-like rubber strap and unremarkable movement (with only two functions—seconds and minutes—versus the standard three). But this sort of registered-in-the–Cayman Islands swank is somewhat more attainable than the Daytona; at press time, not a single Bulgari store in the country had an SC38SV in stock, but the waiting list is only two to six months.

Star Vehicles

Even the most yahoo traders from Queens know that the limo thing is history. The company that has the monopoly on the low-key car-and-driver trend in Manhattan is **CLS Transportation**. Behind the tinted windows of those Mercedes Benz 500 and 600 S-Class sedans sit the likes of Carl Icahn, George Soros, and Ron Perelman, who keep CLS cars with their Hugo Boss–clad drivers idling curbside. And in case a heart attack strikes after that bunless burger at Cipriani, it's good to know the driver is also trained in CPR. Banking houses that use CLS to ferry their more senior money men around include J.P. Morgan, Merrill Lynch, Morgan Stanley, and Deutsche Bank. Every car has reading material like the *Robb Report* and the *duPont Registry* in the back. At $68 per hour (two-hour minimum), a CLS car represents asset-management at its finest.

Money Bags

The neglected wife. The ex-wife. The mistress who knows how to be discreet. The 12-year-old daughter who should see her father more often than alternate weekends but doesn't. Every female in the Wall Streeter's complex life must somehow be appeased, pacified, placated. But how? According to an informal survey of store clerks working in fancy Manhattan boutiques, the guilt gift du jour on Wall Street is an expensive handbag.

Not just any expensive handbag, of course. Young girls, for instance, go gaga over **Kate Spade's messenger bag**. Give them one, and they will forgive practically any parental transgression, like climbing Everest and missing grade-school gradua-

Photographs: center, David Zaitz/CLS Transportation; right, Steve Wisbauer.

tion. Get the smaller size in silver slate ($160), the one with the Velcro closure that's constantly out of stock.

To atone for more serious sins against womankind—like sleeping with your wife's Lotte Berk instructor—only a Tod's "Lady D." bag will do. The same people who make those cushy Italian driving shoes with the rubber pebbles imbedded in the sole offer this answer to the Kelly bag. It was immediately adopted by another princess—Diana—after it was introduced in August 1997. Lady D. enthusiasts include Uma, Gwyneth, and Julia. Everyone seems to want one in the natural "Vachetta" leather—$1,300 for the medium size. Handmade in Central Italy, each Lady D. usually takes about six months to fabricate. Why so long? The hides are buried underground to give the leather its unrivaled patina.

Do You Know the Way to Y2K?

To get **Fisher Travel**'s unlisted number, you need to cough up more than his standard $10,000 membership fee. You need a personal reference from a Fisher Travel client in good standing. Someone like Tom Cruise, Ian Schrager, Jonathan Tisch, Donna Karan, Diane Sawyer, Calvin Klein, or one of the many I-bankers whose itineraries Bill Fisher, 65, plots like intricate flow charts. To ensure personalized service, the exclusive client list maintains a steady head count of 500. Nothing much fazes Fisher and his beeper-clad staff of eighteen, who routinely meet clients at airport curbs and whisk them to their gates on electric carts.

Need a room at the Gritti Palace during this summer's Biennale? Done. Want a Place Vendôme suite at the Ritz for this millennial New Year's Eve? Ho-hum. For an extra $10,000, he'll get you over there on the Concorde, secure a chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royce ($6,000 a day), connect you with a personal shopper who will trundle you through the couture houses ($2,000 a day), and rent a helicopter ($5,000) to take you to the three-star Boxer restaurant in Reims for lunch before the $3,000-a-person Bal Du Roy at Versailles that evening. Not a bad show for a guy from Brooklyn who used to book Club Med vacations for a living.

Paintings by Numbers

Kim Heirston's Wall Street clients don't gravitate toward idyllic and overpriced sun-dappled landscapes. Under the tutelage of people like Heirston, an **"art adviser"** whose client list is 20 percent investment-banking money, they learn to appreciate far more adventuresome work, preferring to leave the so-called pretty pictures to the buyers just now careening into the art market via Silicon Valley. "Decorative art is not what my clients are interested in," Heirston says matter-of-factly. "They want edgy stuff that is relevant to their lives."

Edgy means artists like Robert Gober, Jenny Holzer, David Salle, Julian Schnabel, and Chris Wool. Heirston's specialty is post-sixties art, with an emphasis on eighties and nineties photography, sculpture, and multimedia. The six-foot Yale graduate with an equally edgy wardrobe and hit list of parties to attend every night honed her art education at Chelsea and 57th Street galleries like Pace, Robert Miller, and Stux. For those clients with an eye toward investment, Heirston, who launched her own business in the early nineties, has not disappointed. In 1992, she purchased Cindy Sherman film stills in the $10,000 range for a client and Damien Hirst dot paintings for others at $8,000 apiece; comparable works are now selling in the six figures at auction.

"It's nice when the art I buy appreciates, but the most gratifying thing for me is when there is critical acceptance," Heirston says earnestly. "The Whitney recently had a Charles Ray retrospective, and the MOMA has acquired an entire set of Sherman film stills. I was into these artists long before the museums were willing to take a chance on them."

Estate Planning

Jeffrey A. Collé has taken the **"McMansion"** concept (six-figure, "near-custom" suburban spec houses) and has airlifted it to South Fork. But not without making a few modifications. "My spec houses don't have anything to do with what's going on anywhere else in the country, or anywhere else in the Hamptons, for that matter," the 47-year-old contractor says emphatically. "They're bigger, the detailing is first-rate, and everything is totally custom. Most spec houses are garbage."

Wainscott "McMansion" built by Jeffrey Collé, $6.5 million.

This past year, Collé began construction on five houses, three of which are finished and sold: a "budget" project for $2.5 mil on Hedges Lane in Sagaponack, a six-bedroom with maid's quarters on Ox Pasture Lane for $4 million, and another house on Further Lane, which fetched $4.75 million. The remaining two properties, which are currently being completed, are a $5.2 million dacha with a gambrel roof on Hither Lane in East Hampton and a $6.5 million plantation-style manse with 400 feet of horse-field frontage and ocean views in Wainscott on Town Line Road.

With a client list that includes Alec Baldwin, Donna Karan, and Billy Joel, Collé is not hurting for celebrity references. And say what you will about the vulgarity of it all—Collé's creations are imposing structures, great, sprawling compounds with andro practically coursing through the plumbing. How big? The typical Collé spec house is 10,000 square feet (a six-bedroom, seven-bath), sits on a two-acre parcel, and features a gunite pool and such personal touches as wide-plank antique flooring ripped from New England farmhouses and vintage bathroom fixtures. Other standards include wraparound porches, two-story foyers, French doors, terraces, 1,200-square-foot master-bedroom suites, herringbone brick-inlaid fireboxes, and hundreds of feet of pine wainscoting.

Collé downplays the cost of his "traditional shingle-style" homes, pointing out that, in the end, buying his product will actually save the prospective home buyer money. "Lots of things go wrong when you build a big house," he says ominously. "Costs add up, unexpected expenses are incurred. With one of my houses, you know exactly how much you're in for." Which is anywhere from $4 million to $6.5 million. Asked why his spec houses are so popular with the Wall Street crowd, Collé replied: "These are busy people. They don't have time to get a variance or meet with their landscape artist. The time they waste supervising the construction of the house could be spent making another billion dollars."

ROLEX
OYSTER PERPETUAL
UNITS PER HOUR

Daytona stainless-steel watch by Rolex, $5,100.

Messenger bag by Kate Spade, $160.

Range Rovers

"All my Wall Street clients are maintaining multiple residences," gushes interior designer Victoria Hagan. "Aspen, the Hamptons, Greenwich, Nantucket. But the thing that everybody really wants is a **ranch in Wyoming**. It's all about privacy and simplifying one's lifestyle."

A call to Ila Rogers in Sotheby's International Jackson Hole real-estate office confirms this recent migration: Once a bargain compared with their Montana counterparts (now perceived to have been ruined by the influx of movie stars), decent Wyoming ranches have since gone up in value. So what will a prime, Redfordly ranch—with fly fishing and horses—set you back? Anywhere from $4 million to $30 million. For that kind of serious bonus money, you'd get 5,000 to 90,000 acres, panoramic mountain views, and a "fishable" body of water. Of course, with 10,000 acres, you could build your own private airstrip. Warning: Most of the structures on these ranches are either dilapidated or in urgent need of renovation. Best to just hand architect Peter Marino a blank check and call in periodically between deals.

Better than Bloomberg

The new electronic gadget that every Timothy Featherstone wants desperately isn't the Palm VII. When it comes right down to it, wireless Internet access is as overhyped as *The Phantom Menace.* The next big interface thing goes way beyond reading Weather Channel updates on a postage-stamp-size screen. Known among hardware geeks simply as **PHAST (Practical Home Automation System Technology)**, this incredibly sophisticated system allows you to control every conceivable element in your home by simply touching its ATM-like screen.

Press the PARTY ON icon, for instance, and your house swings into instant *Austin Powers* mode: The light levels are lowered, the security gate opens, the hot tub kicks on, the gas fireplace gets going, a Burt Bacharach tune wafts through the rooms, the home-theater screen descends from the ceiling, and vintage Mary Quant runway footage starts up on the projector. PHAST is dauntingly versatile: You can turn on your coffee machine from a cellular phone or monitor the nursery from your PC. The price for having your house wired for PHAST starts at $10,000 (including programming) and can go well into six figures. "This is the way we're going to be living in the next century," says Cello Music & Film Systems system designer Nick Lucci, whose company is the city's premier authorized PHAST dealer. "In the future, everybody will be a control freak."

Pier Pressure

Anyone who has been to the Hamptons in the summer months has noticed the proliferation of yachts anchored offshore, bobbing gently on the slate-blue surface like great, bloated, fiberglass whales. "It's quite amazing," says superstar real-estate agent Peter Hallock. "Sag Harbor is littered with so many yachts, it looks like Portofino or St. Barts." And each year, the pleasure craft get slightly larger. Last season, old-money residents complained about a yacht of such obscene proportions that the owner was required to attach a beacon to the top of the mast to ward off low-flying planes.

Although there are about twenty builders of luxury yachts in the world, the gold standard is **Feadship**, the same Dutch yard that handcrafted the late Malcolm Forbes's beloved *Highlander.* But what really sets Feadship apart from, say, the sleek Italian yachts is superior engineering. A Benetti, for example, may have fantastic-looking woodwork and Carerra-marble baths, but the less-glamorous details—plumbing, pumps, wiring, etc.—leave much to be desired.

The venerable company is delivering only three boats this year, with twelve currently under contract. Place an order now, and you're looking at a 2002 ready date. "I've got a 35-year-old managing director who works for Soros and has been trading up for the past several years," says Michael Rafferty, a broker at North Palm Beach's Gilman Yachts. "He ultimately wants to get a Feadship." New Yorkers who plan on making the local "milk run" (Sag Harbor, the Vineyard, Newport, Nantucket) should limit themselves to a 150-footer, which runs a cool $26 million. ▬

Photograph: right, Steve Wisbauer.

envy

BY ALEX WILLIAMS

To Have and Have More

You *thought* you were succeeding, with your good job, your apartment, your summer share—until the stock-market boom and the Internet came along and redefined success.

IF YOU ARE STANDING STILL WHILE OTHERS ARE getting richer, are you in fact getting poorer?

This question might be considered New York Zen, a modern, urban riff on the age-old "If a tree falls in a forest" koan, except that in 1999 New York, this question may indeed have an answer, even if the poverty in question is only in our minds.

We're nearing the end of the greatest stock-market boom in world history, and as the Dow has marched from around 2,500 in 1991 to 11,000, the Myth of the Roaring Nineties has developed. Unlike the insidery, elitist, Boesky-remote eighties boom, this was supposed to be our day in the sun. They called it the People's Boom. It was a market run of, by, and for the "little guy," which crept "from Wall Street to Main Street," as we heard all too often. In the nineties, everyone got in the game.

Never mind that most of us got in the game—to the degree we did at all—simply by channeling off a tiny bit of our biweekly paychecks into some stodgy blue-chip fund for our retirement. The Myth quickly centered on the Jed Clampetts of NASDAQ, the neophytes—or "newbies," in the current day-trader terminology—who struck oil with the ease of a keystroke on Datek. These days, the air is thick with stories of the florist who abandoned her day job to pull down $150,000 a year day-trading, or the Jersey kids who left college and sold out their Website for millions, or most notably, the 32-year-old journalist—journalist!—who went from futon-living to Roger Clemens's income bracket the day his company went public.

In this climate, we've incessantly been told, *everyone* could get rich.

Except that not everyone *did* get rich. Few people I know even felt the heady rush of life inside the Boom. A friend of mine, a successful publishing executive, wears Hugo Boss suits and summers at an East Hampton rental. Still, there's something missing: "I've got a cousin up in New Hampshire who bought eBay at like $8, and it went up to, whatever, $164 overnight. Meanwhile, my wife and I have been sitting on the side, keeping our money in these safe, boring investments, trying to hoard enough for a down payment on a place on the Upper West Side. But the apartments that we're looking at have gone up 40 percent in the past year. By the time we can afford the down payment, we can't afford the apartment. Now my wife and I are like, 'What happened?' We feel like the Boom's almost over, the crash has got to come one of these days, and we just missed it."

Does he feel envy or resentment?

"No, I don't feel resentment," he says firmly. Then he stops. Reconsiders. "Well, *envy*? Maybe. Yes, I feel envy. It's like, 'Where were we while all this was going on?' "

Of course, stocks as a whole are far from dead. Lately, guys on *Wall Street Week* have even begun talking about a Dow 40,000 with a straight face. But what suddenly feels as if it's on life support is the definitive nineties dream, the vision of overnight wealth without work.

THE PEOPLE WHO FEEL LEFT OUT OF THE WHOLE MANIA are something of a new subclass. They're ambitious people from good schools with good jobs who assumed, back when the nineties started, that they would just sort of matriculate into the upper middle

ILLUSTRATION BY ISTVAN BANYAI

Istvan Banyai

envy

class, only to find that the Boom changed the rules of entry. First, the reality of the Boom changed the price of housing, which is any New Yorker's clearest prism through which to view his own success in life. The confidence that didn't get splattered when we had to downsize our housing dreams was further diminished when the very definitions of the words *wealth* and *success* started to change the way we looked at ourselves. We became, somehow, members of a new silent majority. A “majority” as a matter of basic mathematics—only 28 percent of Americans have more than $10,000 in the market—and “silent” for an even more basic reason: We feel just a little bit stupid.

“The ads by places like Discover Brokerage, you know, the fat guy behind the bar who made millions in the market, are just annoying,” a friend not long out of law school tells me. “I'm 28, I've got student loans, and I could only recently afford a measly 3 percent salary deduction for my 401(k). Sure, the returns are good. But who cares? On the small amount I can afford to put into them, the gain is completely negligible. What any ‘boom’ means to me is simply that I still have a job.”

“You hate the person you envy. You want what that person has, and you want to destroy the person who has it.”

In another not-too-distant era, we would have been yuppies, scorned for buying up every last exposed-brick two-bedroom in the Village. Now, even though our income has been rising steadily, we may not be able to afford the $650,000 a nice two-bedroom goes for these days—in New York in the late nineties, in other words, you can get ahead and still fall behind. The old yuppie dream—nice apartment, Hamptons rental, good restaurants two or three nights a week, for instance—is increasingly accessible only to those who are making major money on Wall Street or Silicon Alley.

IF YOU FEEL LIKE YOU'RE ON THE outside looking in, at least you're not alone: More than 40 percent of Americans own no stock, not even through a retirement account. New York University economist Edward Wolff found that the country's richest one percent have accrued a staggering 86 percent of the stock gains since the early Reagan years.

Mark Weisbrot, a Washington-based economist and syndicated columnist, recently sat with a panel of prominent business journalists to tape a show on C-SPAN about the “new economy.” “They were all saying that the big thing about the new economy is that everyone owns stocks now,” says Weisbrot, “and I just said, ‘Look, 57 percent of the country doesn't have a penny in stocks, not even in retirement accounts.’ Stock ownership has exploded relative to where it used to be, back when almost nobody owned stock, but what's really new about the new economy is that the gains from dramatic economic growth are going to a small segment of the population.”

As one friend, a screenwriter in his early forties, explains, “I stayed conservative all these years because I don't have anything to gamble. My nest egg is so small, I could quintuple it, and it still wouldn't really mean anything. But I could lose it, and the loss would be huge.”

Not even most lawyers I know feel the thrill of the oil-patch gusher. One I know has degrees from the best schools. He even does Wall Street–oriented tax work at a top midtown firm. Nevertheless, he feels like his invitation to the great Roaring Nineties bathtub-gin blowout got lost in the mail: “I feel the Boom has benefited a lot of people more than me, and all the stock talk is getting so annoying, particularly in the gym. These guys have a Golden Storybook knowledge of economics but can't shut up about Amazon or anyfuckingother.com. It's like listening to a fundamentalist Christian explain the strata of the Grand Canyon in the context of talking about the great moments in the Book of Genesis. All of which is fine, so long as the punters don't start wailing when the market corrects.”

“There is so much hype, so much press, about the ‘little guy’ who made so much. This puts a lot of pressure on people,” says Marlin Potash, a psychologist and a corporate psychological consultant. “I hear this all the time. I work with a Manhattan population. These are educated, involved, alert people who read everything they can get their hands on. They're watching *Wall Street Week*, they're on the Internet, they've read about the IPOs that have passed them by. They know their next-door neighbor who invented some little something for the Internet has a company that's losing money but has gone public. He now is worth $40 million. These folks are feeling not just left out of the boom but stupid. It's more than just the financial stress. They're kicking themselves, wondering, ‘Am I the only jerk out there? I'm still working a real job.’ There's a sense that the Boom has passed them by.”

Potash says the stress can be extra acute on the high achievers who took the traditional route to financial success, only to themselves be damned to traditional rewards: “In my practice, I see a lot of people who work on the periphery of these Internet-start-up-type businesses—the lawyers, the investment bankers. They're working with these 28-year-old guys making zillions of dollars, and saying, ‘I'm making fees, and you're making millions.’ ”

As Manhattan-based certified financial planner Stanley Chadsey says, “People are not happy with 20 percent gains when the guy next to them is getting 150 percent gains.”

Walk through Bryant Park on a springtime Thursday at lunch and you can uncover shades of this fin de boom angst, even among perfect strangers sunning themselves in Italian suits.

“I wish I had more money to put in the stock market, but I'm just a young guy starting out, and I only have so much disposable income,” says Carsten Jerrild, 29, a software salesman. “I know a couple of people who are sitting on millions right now because of some stock options they've had. One guy that works for us, his wife works for Cisco Systems. Her options were worth $2 million overnight. I guess that makes you feel a little downtrodden. Every day you start seeing people making a killing, you read the stories about some guy working from TheStreet.com making $32,000 a year, now he's worth $9 million because they went public or whatever. You see those stories, and I'm like, ‘God, here I am. I'm 30. Why aren't I a millionaire?’ ”

“You hear a lot of stories, some of which are hype,” chimes in Timothy Thompson, 36, a telecommunications executive sitting alongside Jerrild. “The media is sort of distorting things. A waiter or someone who has a service-level job invests in some Internet stock that went through the roof, but that same stock crashes several months later. They don't tell that last part of the story. I work with a guy who was recently complaining to me that he lost $40,000. His Internet stocks crashed a few weeks ago.”

Mike Davis, 25, is an executive for Lord & Taylor. “I feel I've come in on the tail end of the stock-market boom. I should probably get more into investing in individual stocks. I have lunch with a few friends of mine, and they always talk about having made a couple thousand here, a couple thousand there, from trading online. It makes me feel that I should probably be more involved in investing. I want to share in the wealth. But I only hear the good stories, and I'm sure there's the other side, too."

HOME FROM THE PARK, I TRY TO SKETCH OUT the broad themes of this new social class. On a clean white sheet of paper, I scribble:

Envy.
1-Bedroom.
Too Much Social Mobility.

The phone rings. I'm drawn away. By the time I come back to it, the sheet is a list no more, but a haiku—even if it is a few syllables short. I hang it on my bulletin board. It makes me feel better, somehow.

"There are a lot of people who are salving their open wounds about having missed out," Potash says. "By saying, 'Things are coming crashing down, and I'm not overextended and I still have my head screwed on straight,' some of that is a self-protective mechanism: 'It couldn't possibly keep on moving at this pace, because if it does, I'm just too scared.' "

She adds that the jones to keep up with the Joneses is harder on men than on women, who tend to be more willing to admit what they don't know and more willing to try to learn the new rules of the new game.

And the sense of missing out festers deep in the subconscious. Says Anita Weinreb Katz, a Manhattan psychologist who's practiced since the sixties: "People nowadays already work longer hours. They're more tense. There's more competition. A lot of people are hooked by this awful compulsion to keep up, and do feel envy. Envy is a very destructive emotion. It's not something that leads to growth. You hate the person you envy. You want what that person has, and you want to destroy the person who has it. It's a very primitive feeling. Even if it's not acted out, which it's usually not, it's a very destructive internal process. You feel guilty. You hate yourself. And then you can't even do what you can do, because it's not good enough, because it's not as much as that person has and does."

IT MUST BE SAID THAT LIFE FOR those who didn't make a killing is not really so horrible. Anxieties are in some ways misplaced. In the new book *Myths of Rich & Poor,* authors W. Michael Cox, of the Federal Reserve in Dallas, and Richard Alm argue that the Boom's rising tide actually has indeed lifted all Chris Crafts. In terms of material comforts—cars, dishwashers, TVs—the poor of today, families who make $13,000 or less a year, have as much stuff as the average household did in 1971. While real wages have fallen 15 percent since 1973, all you have to do is expand the definition of *wage* to include fringe benefits like health care, retirement contributions, and stock options, and wages are actually up 17 percent since the Nixon years.

The median net worth of households—the total value of everything they own, including their home, their stocks, their computer—has doubled in that time. (The authors did not specifically explore the rage of New York's one-bedroom class, though they did emphasize that the average new home in the non–New York hinterlands is 40 percent bigger these days).

A FEW YEARS AGO, I WAS at a party up near Columbia, hosted by a friend who was working on a graphic novel and attended by an unusually humane group of young New York professionals. Everyone had gone to a good school. Everyone had a good job. No one was making money.

I ended up having an extended chat with an amiable, square-jawed guy with a quarterback's name and a job at the *Wall Street Journal.* We were two young journalists, working hard. We talked about the inevitable allure of selling out, making our score. We talked about how we might someday, and where we could. Corporate-crisis P.R. was mentioned.

In the ensuing years, I started to hear his name a fair amount. A couple of weeks ago, I heard it a fair amount more than that. His name is Dave Kansas. He is the editor of TheStreet.com, 32, and one day in mid-May, his worth grew by $9 million. He's a folk hero.

Soon after the IPO, Kansas told one reporter, "Everyone expects me to buy them dinner now. And of course I do because I'm from Minnesota." He still had a hole in the toe of his right loafer. He still slept on a futon. But he did want a new titanium bicycle.

Kansas clearly understands the fundamental rules of winning the Internet lottery in the nineties: Act normal. Seem regular-guy-ish. Emphasize humble origins.

But Kansas is hardly the only millionaire weaned on Martha Quinn wandering around New York. Another friend of mine has yet another friend who rode the IPO wave at an Internet company. Now he's the happy Mr. Moneybags. He takes big groups of friends on mountain vacations and foots the bills. He buys vast dinners. "He's my sugar daddy," my friend says. "It's like traveling with Leo DiCaprio—actually, he's more generous."

A couple of weeks ago, another one of my Dumpie friends joined the ranks of the ex-Dumpies. A mid-level employee at barnesandnoble.com, he strolled into work one day and found out it was the day, the hotly anticipated IPO. Christmas Day had come, right here in the middle of baseball season.

"We didn't even know today was the day," he says. "We just came in and got a note saying today is the day, just hang on and be cool."

Like all employees, he had been given a select portion of stock options, which he had the right to "buy" incrementally at a series of future dates for a small fraction of the shares' initial price of $18 apiece. Barnesandnoble.com, however, was not TheStreet.com, which issued at $19 and closed at $60, minting a sudden new cyber-peerage. On the first day of trading, the stock went to $25. My friend seemed a bit disappointed but could hardly complain.

"My girlfriend's company went public a year ago. That was the big deal. Everyone made a lot of money. The stock shot up to like 60, then it shot up even further," he says. "That was just crazy, everyone just sitting around waiting to, well, sell, basically. That's not the case here. The options don't vest until the first." He considers. "I thought the price was going to go much higher. You know, I'm kind of thinking that this might be the beginning of the end for Internet IPOs. This might herald a return to normalcy, where not every stock just jumps to $150."

In fact, he gets only a quarter of his stake every year. Which, of course, is hardly bad. "If I were to cash it in, take my loss and everything, get the cash, pay the fee, pay the taxes, it would be an okay down payment on an apartment—and this is just 25 percent of what I get. So far, though, my friends haven't really teased me about this. Because it's not so much money that you're alienating anyone. I have friends who became millionaires. And it's almost like you don't want to joke about that with them. It's just a big deal. With this, it's not threatening. It's not going to change anyone's lifestyle."

But talking to him that day, there was a tiny but perceptible divide between us, suddenly. As if we were living in a Calvinist universe, it seemed that some deity had decided he liked my friend just a little bit better than the rest of us, just a smidgen. Maybe my friend also sensed the divide. He certainly knew how to respond. We agreed to meet for drinks, and he didn't have to be told what to say next.

"I'm buying."

BY JENNIFER SENIOR

The Magic Number

Everybody has a price, the amount it would take to live well without ever working again. But now that the dot-com generation has redefined the playing field, the price is higher than ever. Does $10 million sound about right?

“One . . . *million* . . . dollars.” This moment of misguided extortion was one of the finest in *Austin Powers*—Dr. Evil, all pinkies and giggles and scars, gloating and demanding this puny sum from an assembly of world leaders, convinced he was taking them for all they were worth. He’d been cryogenically frozen for 30 years, so it was an honest mistake: A million bucks could buy a lot back in 1967. It was his magic number, the number he probably figured he needed to quit the terrorism business and go off somewhere to open an Evil bed-and-breakfast.

A lot of people I know have Magic Numbers. A depressingly accomplished 31-year-old friend from college confessed over dinner a few months back that he’s been marching toward $3.5 million ever since graduation. Another, a lawyer at Shearman & Sterling, just told me he thinks about his number “all the fucking time”—but his is $10 million, not $3.5. (This number comes up a lot, 10 million. We’ll get back to that.)

The men of my father’s generation dreamed about making $1 million. This generation adds another zero.

Of course, guys on Wall Street have had magic numbers for years, as necessary fantasies to get them through the long work days and insane pressures and general anomie that come from having a job without meaningful human contact or emotional rewards. “The difference today,” explains James Grant, editor of *Grant’s Interest Rate Observer,* “is that coming into the Number has become an apparently reasonable expectation.”

Why wouldn’t it be? The bull market, combined with the sudden valorization of all things dot-com, has generated a sociology of spontaneous, freakish wealth. A key part of this sociology is the belief that one can get rich quick. Another is what Alan Greenspan might call numerical exuberance.

An Internet entrepreneur tells me from his downtown office that he has a magic number: $40 million. Rodney Gray, a 33-year-old director of real-estate-capital markets at Price Waterhouse, says he’d like $50 million—enough to retire with a house in Monaco, a ranch in Texas, and an apartment in Manhattan. At Johnney’s Fish Grill, a seascape of blue suits during happy hour, I ask a trio of traders from Lehman Brothers whether they have a number, and if so, what it is. “That’s easy,” says Greg Meyer, a dapper 27-year-old graduate of Dartmouth’s Tuck School of Business. “Ben Franklin.” He means $100 million, of course, not $100 (now, *that* would be a Dr. Evil moment), and proceeds to limn: “Fifty million in interest-bearing investments, which should conservatively net $2.5 million per year, assuming 5 percent interest rates; the rest is for philanthropy and just having fun.”

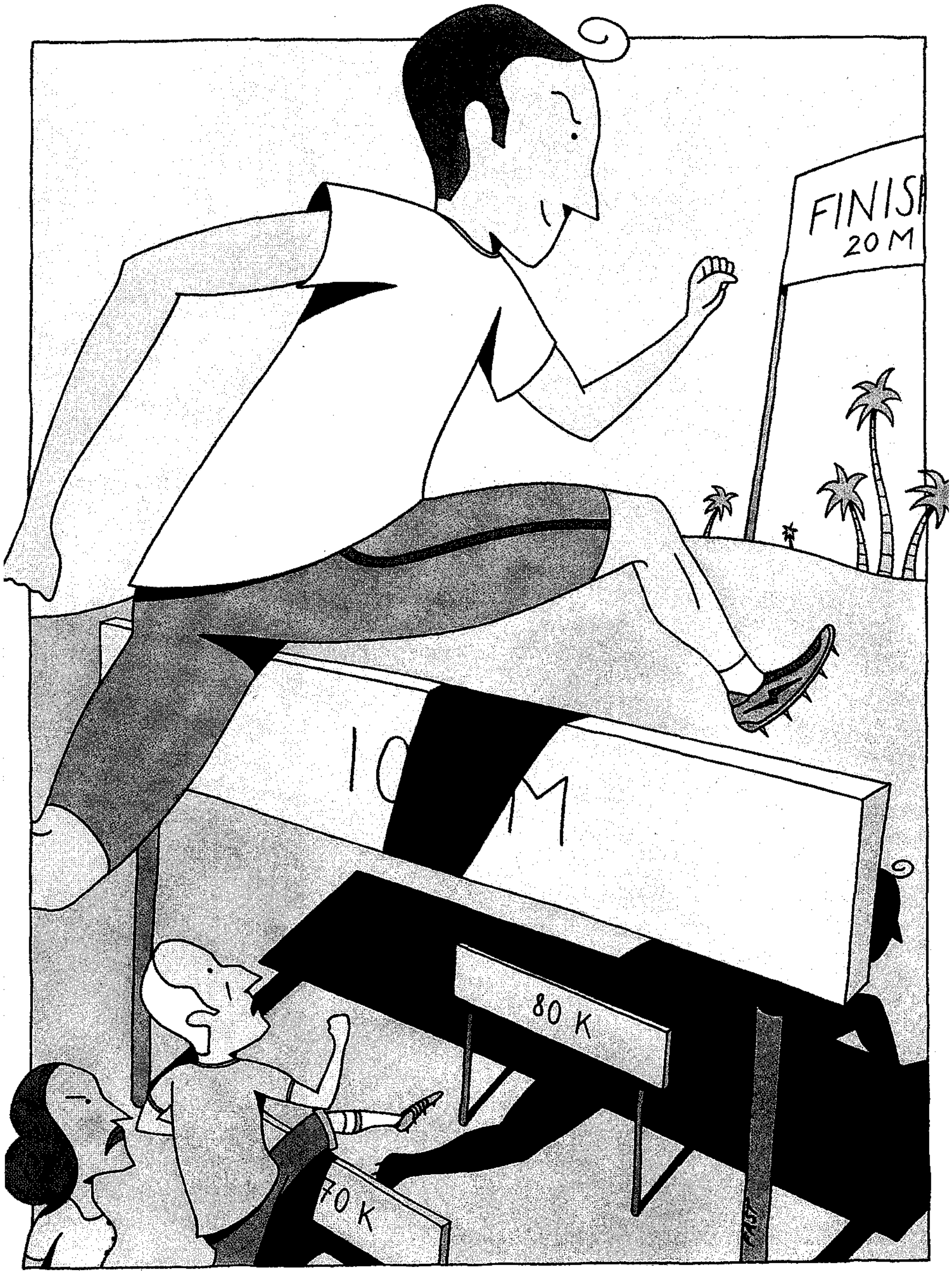
This number isn’t just sky-high. It’s I-high, defined by the new extravagant standards of the Internet. The real and paper wealth of cyberspace beneficiaries—those punks!—seems to have awakened every last unemployed ounce of competitive envy in those who toil on the Street. “We think we’re on top of the world,” explains a friend of Meyer’s, who says he’ll be content to call it quits at $3 million. “Then we hear about these guys at eBay who are worth $200 million, and suddenly, we’re not. So now everybody’s working to make the same number as these guys, and that’s really stupid. If I buy a thousand shares of one of these stocks, and I sell them up a quarter, that’s a great trade. But that’s nothing compared to what they’re making. What am I gonna do?”

It doesn’t help, either, that many of these stock-optioned fortunates were former business-school classmates. *Underachieving* business-school classmates, in some instances. “I did my MBA in 1990,” says Dan Perla, a good-natured 34-year-old who runs his own hedge fund. “And the irony is, the average Joes who couldn’t get jobs consulting or on Wall Street are having the last laughs. Their salaries are still $150,000, but they’ve got thousands of stock options worth millions of dollars in companies like Microsoft and start-up Web ventures.”

The men of my father’s generation—they dreamed about making $1 million after a whole lifetime of work. The fellows of this generation add another zero. Sometimes that’s just the bare minimum. Ten million dollars: Along with 40’s being the new 30 and Thursday’s being the new Saturday, we can toss $10 million’s being the new $1 million into the pile. At Edward Moran Bar & Grill in the World Financial Center, which blossoms forth on warm evenings with unwinding Wall Streeters, I hear this number constantly. According to my friend at Shearman & Sterling, “$10 million is the back-of-the-envelope calculation, assuming the most conservative investments. And adjusting for inflation.” The bottom line is $500,000 annually—just enough to cover the vacations, monthly expenses, and tuition bills for your basic Tuscany-and-Hamptons-going, Fifth Avenue–dwelling, Yalie-bearing New Yorker.

On the other hand, Greg Meyer wants that Ben Franklin so he can sustain at least three homes—one in Europe, one in Florida, and one here—while donating big chunks of his income to the institutions and causes that move him. And the downtown Internet entrepreneur gives

ILLUSTRATION BY INGO FAST



an almost metaphysical reason for choosing $40 million: "It's like being rich squared. If you make 8 percent per year, that's $3.2 million in interest, then $2 million after you're finished with Uncle Sam. *Two million.* That'd be twice as rich as I ever thought I'd be. It's one thing to make $2 million per year by working your ass off. It's another to make $2 million for doing nothing."

SO—IS THIS A GOOD THING, DADdy? the answer is probably irrelevant. In *The Overspent American: Why We Want What We Don't Need,* Harvard economist Juliet Schor argues that fantasies of idleness and upscale desires have become an undifferentiated part of the American psyche. Her book doesn't discuss magic numbers, per se. "But I know what you mean," she confesses. "I have one."

Rutgers historian Jackson Lears, who's writing a book about the history of the American idea of luck, does spot one problem: We're taking the mechanisms that make big, easy money possible—most notably, market levitation—for granted. "All of the old ambivalence and hostility and questioning has pretty much evaporated," he says. "There's no suspicion; there isn't even any ironic distance."

There has always been a tension in American culture between the champions of grinding, incremental acquisition and the champions of risk. "I think there is an element of excitement, even liberation, in acknowledging the role of chance and celebrating it," says Lears. "It's certainly more appealing than plodding diligence, and in some ways more realistic. Life is more interesting than plodding your way up the ladder, one rung at a time. That's not how it works for most people, and it's not that satisfying a way to live."

Ironically, the first generation of dot-commandos didn't go into the business for the money—or at least not the nine-figure gushers they've been hitting lately. Today, if they have magic numbers, they don't want to retire once they've reached them; they want to keep working, keep creating, just at a slower speed. The downtown Internet guru, for example, says he wants to start his own magazine when he collects his $40 million—if he doesn't open a couple of restaurants first, or perhaps write a book.

"These people aren't the types to say, 'All right, I'm 34 years old, I'm gonna go collect shells,' " says Richard Blau, who co-founded a special-event-entertainment company called Chezzam, and whose magic number is $15 million. "They might do it for a little while, but soon they're going to learn how to sell shells on the Internet."

That's basically what happened to Chris Kitze, the founder of Point Communications, a Web directory, which Lycos bought in 1996. "I remember him telling me that he retired to Lake Tahoe," recalls Henry Blodget, an Internet analyst for Merrill Lynch, "and then, two weeks later, he said, 'What the hell am I doing with my life?' Then he founded Xoom.com. Now he's worth 100 times as much."

Whether the next generation of Net entrepreneurs will be so entrepreneurial remains to be seen. Bo Peabody, the 28-year-old co-founder of Tripod, which Lycos also bought, is skeptical. "What you already see," he says, "which is so discouraging, is that the people who now get into the Internet industry are doing so for the same reasons they would have gotten into banking five years ago. And they're bringing that unfortunate culture, which isn't centered on innovation, quality of product, fun, or vision. It's centered on money."

And so the Number game begins anew. "There's relative envy," sighs Blodget, "which is: 'If he's worth $100 million, then I should be worth $200.' It's natural." If envy is natural, yes. Whether in the Hamptons or in Silicon Alley, your neighbor's gross, it seems, is always greener. ■

STRE N

Back in New York for three sold-out shows, Pavement may be more and more popular, but they're anything but pedestrian. By Ethan Smith

IT'S A SHOCKINGLY SUNNY EARLY-APRIL morning, a little less than three weeks before the Kentucky Derby, and Stephen Malkmus and Bob Nastanovich are sitting on a bench discussing equine psychology. There are certain horses, observes Malkmus, that place with alarming regularity. "They have the talent to win," he says, squinting into the mid-morning glare. "But they just don't want to run past one of their buddies."

"Second place is the best they'll do throughout their career," adds Nastanovich. "But for an owner, a horse that consistently comes in second is a great investment."

These two make an odd pair of animal behaviorists, to say the least. Malkmus is the evasively charismatic singer, guitarist, and songwriter of Pavement, whose long-awaited new album, *Terror Twilight,* comes out June 8. Nastanovich is his friend turned roadie turned percussionist-keyboardist. And however improbably, horse racing plays a vital role in the life of their band. Its five members have never all lived in the same city; since 1993, no two have even lived within 100 miles of each other. The one time of year they're sure to gather is the first weekend in May, when they descend upon Nastanovich's modest Louisville home, take in the Kentucky Derby, and—if they've booked a tour—practice. This summer's six-week romp hits Irving Plaza June 16, 17, and 20; all three dates sold out quickly.

Despite his success at his current vocation, Nastanovich, 31, has long aspired to earn his living as "one of America's estimated 2,000 professional gamblers." "I live right across the street from Churchill Downs," he says. "I moved there to give myself the best chance to win money." Despite the proximity, the musician ended his 1998 betting year in the red. "I did pretty well as an *owner,* though" he adds. A trainer friend charges Nastanovich a cheap rate to keep his two ponies in shape; the younger of them, three-year-old Speedy Service, just won his first race.

But when it comes to the Derby itself, Nastanovich keeps his bets minimal. "The field's about twice as big as in a normal horse race," he explains. "It's a sucker's bet."

ALL THIS TALK OF PERENNIAL SECONDS AND SUCKER'S bets is not without relevance to Pavement, which has garnered enormous prestige by determinedly staying two steps behind (or ahead of) the cultural curve. At the same time Nirvana was taking punk mass-market by transmuting it into grunge, Malkmus and his high-school buddy Scott Kannberg were headed another direction—recording a series of arty post-punk musings that earned the unhappy label "lo-fi." (A reference to their homespun recording techniques, the term was soon applied to the band's overall aesthetic as well). They sang in evocatively fractured aphorisms, drawing as much from the work of jazzers like Andrew Hill and Ornette Coleman as they did from the standard-issue rock icons who inspired their contemporaries. And what they lack in commercial clout (their biggest seller, 1994's *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain,* has yet to crack 200,000), they make up for in influence: As a rock pundit once observed, just a touch hyperbolically, about the Velvet Underground: Hardly anyone actually heard them, but everybody who did went on to start a band.

FOR THIS INTERVIEW, THE BAND ASKED TO BE TAKEN on an architectural tour of Manhattan with Timothy "Speed" Levitch, the voluble and eccentric tour guide who was the star of last year's documentary *The Cruise.* It's exactly the kind of wryly evasive maneuver that's earned Pavement a well-deserved reputation for coyness. Sadly, it turned out that Levitch was in Hong Kong, promoting the film, and the band agreed to a compromise—taking a Circle Line trip around the southern end of Manhattan.

Steve Malkmus is the first to arrive at Pier 83. Sitting dockside at 9 A.M. in a slate-gray windbreaker and rimless spectacles, he fits in all too neatly among the European tourists.

A woman in her early twenties gingerly approaches. "Are you guys in a band?" she asks.

"Yeah," Malkmus replies warily, pursing his lips. "We're called Pavement."

"Cave Man?"

Big sigh. *"The Cavemen."*

"Are you local?"

"Yeah." Actually, he lives in Portland, Oregon, now. But why get into it with a stranger?

KANNBERG AND MALKMUS MADE THEIR FIRST recordings in their decidedly unhip Central Valley hometown of Stockton, California. But the band's long-standing reticence, surrealism, and distrust of narrative put them firmly in a New York lineage that extends from Bob Dylan through the Velvet Underground and on to the Talking Heads and Sonic Youth. "I was getting all my information, my ammunition, my creativity rubbing off my friends in New York," Malkmus says of the band's early years, when he was already something of a bohemian jet-setter, shuttling between the coasts. Eventually the band headed east permanently: Shortly after finishing Pavement's debut album, *Slanted and Enchanted,* in 1992, Malkmus hooked up with Nastanovich in New Jersey ("He wrote me this letter that made Jersey City sound *romantic*—'Cuban sandwiches and Knicks games! You can see the skyline!' "). There they recruited bassist Mark Ibold, after spotting him at virtually every rock show they went to. Kannberg stayed in California.

"Whereas the Beastie Boys are all about Silverlake and Manhat-

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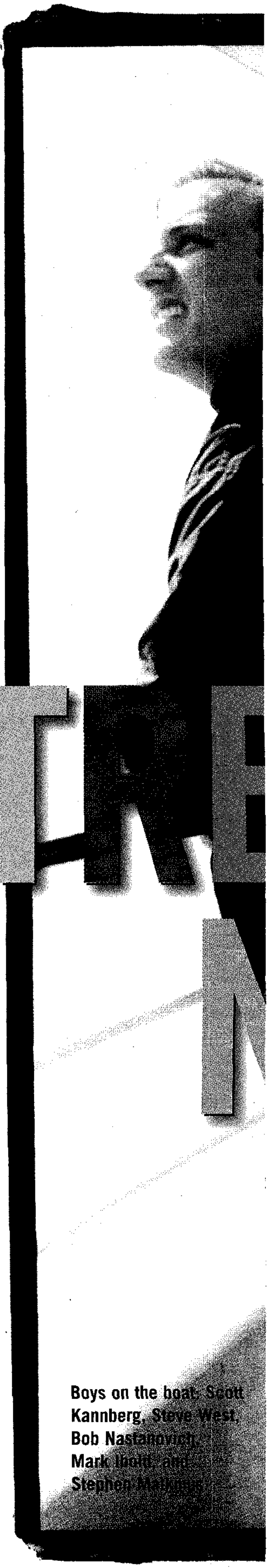
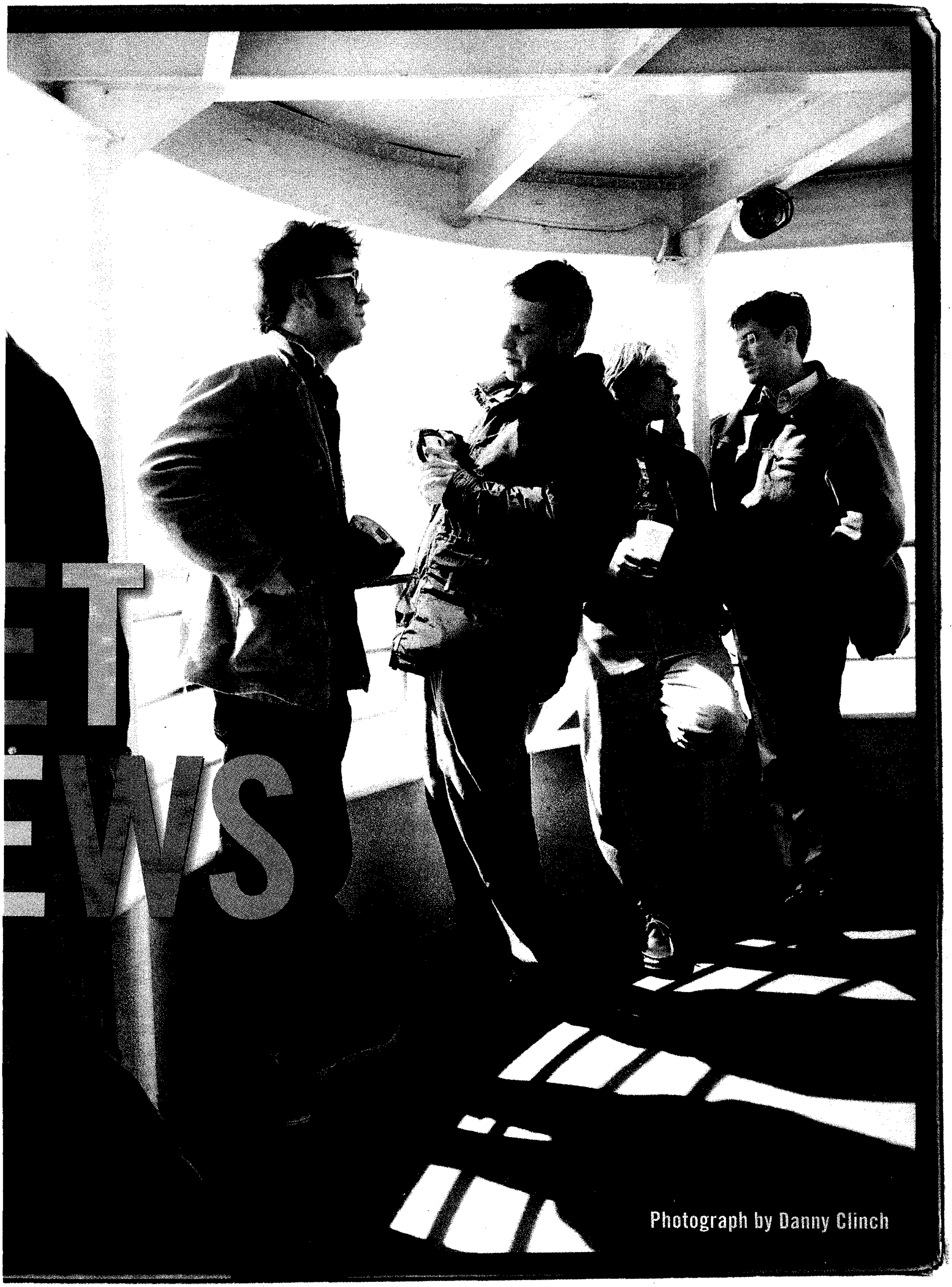


Boys on the boat: Scott Kannberg, Steve West, Bob Nastanovich, Mark Ibold, and Stephen Malkmus

ET EWS



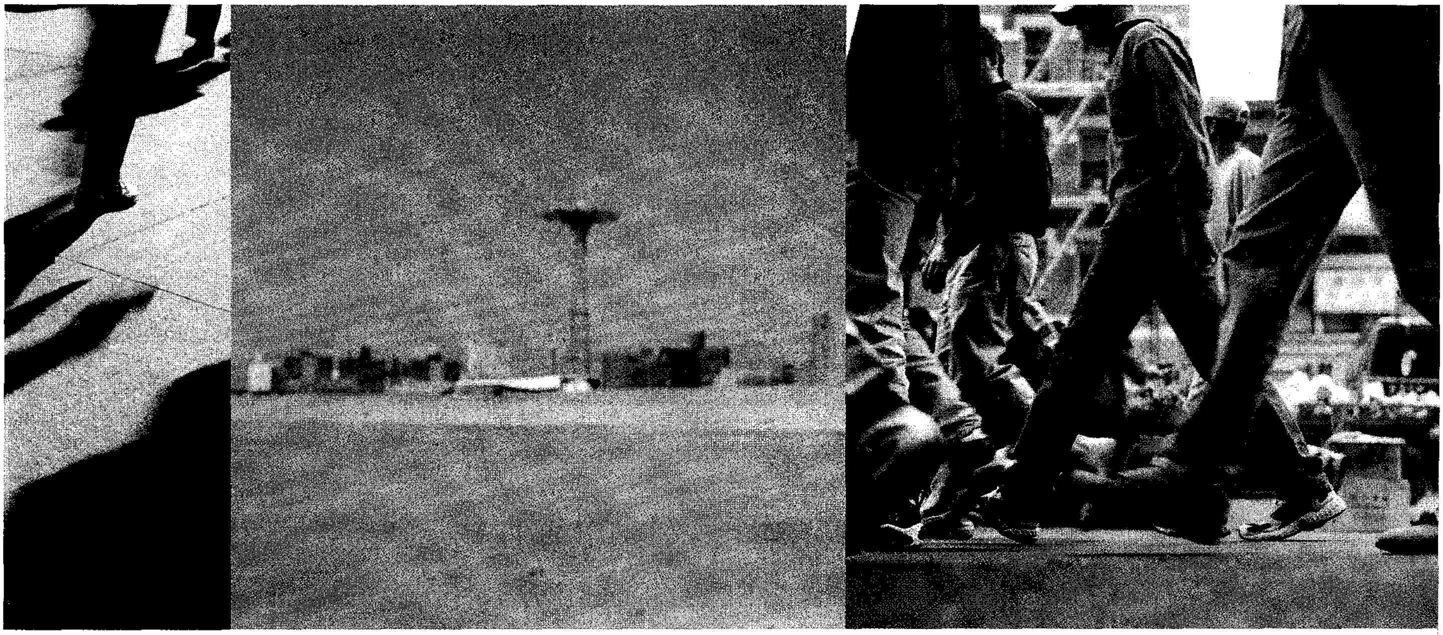
Photograph by Danny Clinch

URBAN RENEWAL

Hoofing it from Van Cortlandt Park to Coney Island in the company of Whitman, Hawthorne, and James P. Johnson. How one man lost himself to find the city.

BY MARK JACOBSON

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JASON FULFORD



DAY ONE ■ I THOUGHT I'D SLEEP IN THE PARK, VAN CORTLANDT PARK, IN THE BRONX. I set my mummy bag on a pallet of fallen leaves atop a 500-million-year-old outcrop of gneiss overlooking the cross-country course. Thirty-four springtimes ago, as a member of the Francis Lewis High School track team, I'd run that two-and-a-half-mile path over urban hill and dale. It wasn't pretty, distance never being the kid's game. I was a quarter-miler, once around the track and out, but some guy was sick, so they threw me in, against Boys, Wingate, those cats. By mile two I was retching, rubber legs to the end. It was a dim memory, easily repressed, until now, back here, the full moon rising between spindly maples. I had history in this park, and that was good. If you don't have history, what is there to disappear from? ■ That was the idea: to get lost. ■ The notion had come to me a few days earlier, as I was checking the view from my friend's new thirty-seventh-floor apartment. "Isn't it great? You can see *everything* from here," he said, looking uptown and down, almost awestruck at the extent of his success and what it had gotten him. It was great all right, I agreed, struggling to keep from covering my eyes. It was more than the simple reality that this fabulous place belonged to him, not me. There was something deeply appalling about the Big Vista, the God's-eye view, the *everythingness* of it. ■ There was too much city to take in at one time. It was more than the buildings and the traffic. Down there were layers of complications, plans and schemes, one-way streets followed, dead ends reached. Like the man says: Nothing brings you down like your hometown. But when your hometown is New York, it isn't like you can extend an all-inclusive middle finger as Greyhound pulls out for the bright lights, the big city. You're already here. ■ That's what I saw out my friend's window: my place—where I was born (Beth Israel, hospital of my delivery now converted to expensive condos, was discernible, right in front of the Con Edison smokestacks), where I grew up, got married, had three children. Yet things had changed down there, not all of that change being to my liking. Still, I felt responsible, because when a place is home, you always feel responsible. ■ Below teemed the multitudes, millions of ever-moving dots, all of them no doubt clinging to their sweaty little egos with at least as much desperation as I clung to mine. New York, New York: You struggle to distinguish yourself, make a name, and in the final result, the city offers up nothing but the throng.

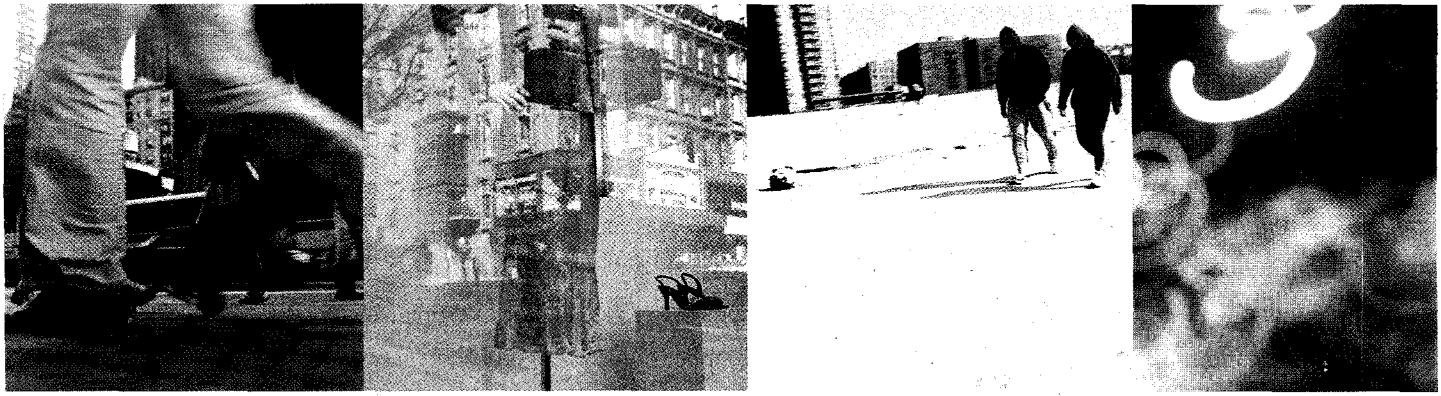
Therein, of course, lay the flip side, the salvation from everythingness. Amid the clutter below, one could get misplaced or, rather, misplace oneself. Wasn't that urbanity's tawdry selling point, the notion that anyone could turn a corner, disappear into the crowd? Because if you can't get lost in New York, where can you?

But I couldn't lock myself away in a Jackson Heights subbasement like a smuggled day worker. In the most public of all cities, the challenge was to hide in plain sight. To become a faceless face in the crowd. To do that, I had to walk. After all, to be a New Yorker is to walk, even if it's the same crappy eight blocks a day. The press of pedal extremities against pavement is what the city is all about, and not just because the place was invented before cars and if you walk in L.A. it makes the cops nervous and they beat you to a pulp on principle. Walking, you might encounter the Buddha. Stop in the middle of Allen Street, near Canal, and look up. There he is, a massively fat and smiling statue, illuminated by fluorescence in the third-floor window above the Hop Won vegetable market. Sometimes he takes human form. Peeking through acetate curtains of the tenement window on Fourth Avenue in Brooklyn, one beholds the Gautama of Gowanus: 350 pounds or more, he reclines upon his bed inside his cramped room, the greenish walls of his tiny room surrounding him like a bottle round a ship. He watches a giant-screen TV. Buffy is on, the stake in her hand. In the ever-panning surveillance camera of the walker's voyeur view, everyone and thing can be a Buddha.

For the walker, the city reveals a reality denied those in cabs, in Town Cars, or even on bikes. It is a roofless space, where time moves according to whim and every periphery is available. So that was the mission: to forge my path of personal urban renewal by walking from the city's top to its bottom, from the Bronx, through Manhattan, and to Brooklyn's Coney Island shore, knapsack on my back, *val-da-ree, val-da-rah.*

I would get lost to get found, and with the chill wind off the scruffy fairways of the Van Cortlandt public golf links fresh upon my face, this seemed as good a place as any to start. Out here, in all this night, it was no big trick to edit the buzzing planes from the patchy sky, to muffle the thrum of the Henry Hudson Parkway. In this void, time might be scrolled backward, beyond the advent of the Mosholu Parkway, Frank Crosetti, and the Savage Skulls, to when this land was covered by a vast primeval forest. Then, it might be very easy to imagine myself the sole soul ever to bunk down upon this rock, the Bronx's own alpha-and-omega man. It was with this thought that I curled into the sleeping bag, closed my eyes, and fell off to sleep.

> "With the chill wind off the scruffy fairway of the Van Cortlandt Park public golf links fresh upon my face, this seemed as good a place as any to start."



I have no idea how long I'd been out when I awoke to a smear of yellow teeth, and snarls. Coyotes! I'd heard the beasts had eaten pets in Scarsdale and now were expanding their habitat south, menacing the rat population of Morrisania. But they weren't coyotes. They were just dogs, mangy and vicious, three of them, yapping and snapping.

"Go home!" I screamed, fake-feral me shouting at real-feral them, as if they weren't home already.

Ever try cramming a mummy bag into a micro–stuff sack while encircled by possibly rabid mongrels? Plus, where was global warming when you really needed it? A front had come in. I had on my Jets stocking hat—like, Bill Parcells, save me now—but I was still freezing. And so I ran, numbed and purblind, through low-slung forest branches, hellhounds on my trail. Ahead lay upper Broadway.

It wasn't yet midnight, but luckily, upper Broadway in the mid-200s is rich in establishments where the three-leaf clover offers a pale-green neon beacon to the gentleman traveler. El tracks above my head, I hit them hard, fast. The Terminal at 242nd, Hennessy's Headquarters, Keenan's, the Punch Bowl, Pauline's, Jesse James, the Liffy, the Liffy 2, Irish Eyes, and Rich Willies—at every port of call, firemen, disgruntled District 37 workers, cops, and who-knew-how-many IRA bombers noted my backpack, assumed I'd been tossed out, and offered manly sympathy. Like a Cheever character swimming across Connecticut, I walked downtown, bar by bar, upon a stream of Budweiser.

Crossing into Inwood, I found myself teetering on the edge of what the Broadway drinkers called "the end of the earth." I was entering Dominican territory, where, according to one barroom patron, "they scream 'Sosa 66!' like 'banzai'—and slam a machete into the back of your neck." Racist claptrap, I had snorted. But now, standing at the brink of Washington Heights, with Harlem to follow, I blinked.

"You carry your home on your back like the turtle?" the youth asked, referencing my backpack as he emerged from the shadows, head hidden by a sweatshirt hood. I fumbled in my pocket for my sole item of self-protection, a Swiss Army knife. I knew I should have passed on the tweezer and toothpick options in favor of the box cutter and Kalashnikov.

"You lost?" the kid asked solicitously. On second glance, I saw he couldn't have been more than 12.

Lost? Absolutely. I was losing myself in order to be found. Would this youngster care to hear of the vicissitudes of the shamanic path? On the lamppost in front of me was the same flyer I had seen affixed to every lamppost all the way up to 242nd Street. HOSPITALS NOW HIRING, it said. FOR ALL POSITIONS. EXPERIENCE NOT NECESSARY. To the left of the letters was a crude line drawing of a man in a doctor's coat examining a young child. Suddenly, I wasn't feeling so good myself.

"Know of any place to stay around here?" I asked.

The kid shook his head. "No" was all he said. Across the street at the 24-hour car service, the guy behind the desk handed me the Yellow Pages. Under hotels, in a tight little box display, it said, DEEGAN MOTEL—WHERE THE NEW YORK THRUWAY MEETS THE NEW YORK SUBWAY. LOW DAY RATES! The Deegan was back up near 238th Street, about 45 blocks away, but I'd struck a covenant with myself: feet only, no public transport, no cabs.

The office of the Deegan wasn't an office at all; it was more like the booth of a parking lot, glassed-in and bulletproof with a sign that said ADULT MOVIES—$3.50 taped to the window. Inside, on the ledge, a roll of Trojans streamed toward the floor like carnival tickets. The bumpy-faced attendant asked, "How many hours?"

"How about until morning?"

The cashier squinted, as if this was some kind of trick. Then, recovering, he blurted, "Fifty." Like a moron, I took out my credit card. "No, man, we got to take cash," the attendant replied. When I asked him if the rooms were clean, he shrugged and said, "You'll see."

ALIENATION IS LIKE CHOLESTEROL—there's good and bad—and the Deegan is an all-night fish fry. No slo-mo Willy Loman death scene here. At the Deegan, thousands, millions—billions of millions—of potential souls go by the boards each prorated hour, smeared into the sheets, dribbled onto the shag rug. Aye, Johnny, ye swiggling little tadpole, we barely knew ye. Clean? The room smelled like it had been smart-bombed with Lysol straight from the Pineywoods; at the Deegan, even Saddam's germs check in but do not check out. Peering through the streaked window to the great highway from which the motel had taken its name, I watched cars and trucks whiz by, the whine of their tires a mantra of separation.

Encased in scratchy sheets, I opened the collection of Hawthorne stories I'd been reading, by the beam of a Duane Reade flashlight, before falling asleep back at the park. It was one of the inspirational classics I'd included in my travel kit. I had a cassette of Joyce, his pinchy voice reading of Stephen's Dublin journey. I had *Leaves of Grass,* of course, walking Walt being the New York beatnik king. Can't go anywhere without *Leaves of Grass*—who knows when you might meet a pizza-bearing intern to give it to?

It was Hawthorne's short story "Wakefield," however, that proved most pertinent. It tells of a man "in the meridian of life . . . keeper of petty secrets hardly worth revealing," who "without shadow of reason for such self-banishment" leaves his home and takes up residence on the next street, where he lives, unnoticed, for "upwards of 20 years" before returning home "quietly, as from a day's absence."

But was it really possible to hide in such plain sight, to walk, as Wakefield must have walked, many times, on his own street "untraced by mortal eye"?

Only hours before heading for the top of the Bronx, I'd given this literary conceit a test run, on St. Marks Place between First and Second Avenues. For seventeen years I lived on this block, through much thick, much thin. It was here that all three of my children were born, where I wrote books and a hundred articles. How many times had I walked this oft-sallow thoroughfare, to buy a quart of Tropicana or to go to the IRT at Astor Place? Now it was different. Just a couple months before, in the name of dorm-room *Liebesraum,* NYU, factory for squares, had pulverized Julian's pool hall and the Academy of Music. Throughout the neighborhood, hipsters raised their angel-headed heads, cursing addled memory for the inability to recall what better thing used to be there. Still, how much could a place really change in six years, I wondered, standing across the street from my old building, looking up at the philodendron-filled fourth-story window that used to be mine.

Up and down the familiar stoop of my old building they went, a blonde woman with a ponytail, a young white man in a suit, a black guy in sweats, two Asian co-ed types, going about their business, gathering mail, jangling keys, vanishing down the still-brown stucco-bumped hallway. I knew not a soul. Where was Mrs. Showty, screaming at her pierogi-fed dogs, or the stern landlady, Mrs. Camilletti, who demanded her $167 rent by shoving notices in my mailbox signed THE MGT. Dozens of people passed by on the street. I elicited not a single "Hey, man" or even a curt nod.

Then: "Thinking of moving back?" It

was inevitable, I supposed. Dressed in black, with dark hair and walking a cruddy little dog, she had the weathered aspect of a veteran Lower East Sider, an ex–*East Village Other* reader, likely. Her face rang a distant bell, not that I was about to admit it.

Off my blank look, she said, with quick embarrassment, "Oh, sorry . . . thought you were somebody else." She turned and walked away.

So this was how Wakefield had disappeared. He refused to acknowledge his presence. Denied his own existence. The force of my naysay was enough to convince that lady with the dog I wasn't the Mark of St. Marks she imagined me to be. This was how memories were wiped clean, I thought, the way things were forgotten.

What an exultant feeling of freedom it was, then. I walked in celebration of my city, and of myself. But not as Whitman, hairy, horny chronicler of another New York, walked, not in the assumption that "every atom belonging to me, as good belongs to you." I sang not of the connection of things but rather of their division, of the space between, and what was cordoned off. Once as hardy a perennial as a Tompkins Square oak upon these erstwhile immigrant grounds, I'd become an alien on my own block, another tourist in the night.

Again and again, the process repeated. I pressed my face against the steamy window of the Polish butcher on Second Avenue. Two times a week I'd bought sausages from the man. Now, weighing a bunch of chops, he had more important things on his mind than remembering me. The sheer multitude of the city's faces, so much alike, liberated me from residual identity. In anonymity, I achieved perfect New York democracy. Everywhere I went, everyone I saw—businesspeople puffing furtively on cigarettes in the rain outside marble-façaded buildings, or tearful teenagers screaming at lovers on street corners, or men in chairs listening to old songs on the radio by the doorways of tenements—they didn't know me, and I didn't know them. There was nothing between us, nothing at all, and in this I rejoiced.

I was happy still several hours later, snug on my stiff sheets at the Deegan Motel, reading of how Hawthorne's Wakefield "lost his place and privilege with living men, without being admitted among the dead." Then, well tired from my wanderings, I once more dropped off to dreamless sleep.

DAY TWO

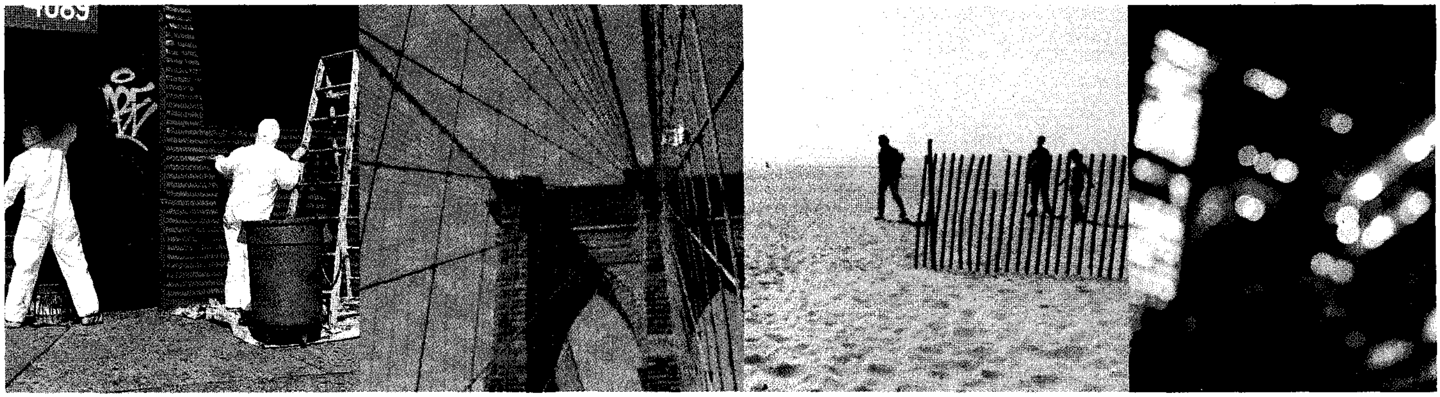
SEEN FROM THE BROADWAY BRIDGE, in the bitter, early-morning light: eight swans swimming in the Harlem River, bobbing between floating tires. Two men come roaring by on water skis, wearing thick wet suits, pulled by a pair of sleek cigarette boats. Passing the Marble Hill Metro-North station, both men lift their left legs like Rockettes. Then they zoom out of sight, up toward the Hudson. Riding the boats' wake, the swans never once raise their long necks to look. Hard-nosed, swans, not easily impressed.

I crossed over to Washington Heights, down Broadway through Harlem. Eight hours ago, I feared these streets. Now, with the mighty thoroughfare splashed by the slants of morning light, I strolled as a marveling traveler from a far-off land. Everywhere was the bustle of Flats Fix establishments, barbershops, plantain-piled vegetable markets, fishmongers, roots salesmen, beeper reconnectors, and long-distance parlors. Left and right were houses of worship, the Reverend Ike's massive old Loews 175th Street nestled in among a hundred storefront churches, including the Moment of Truth on 145th, where the pastor will also do your taxes, hence the slogan "Prayer is your payoff!" By the Two Minute Warning, "a sports bar" in the 150s, a man was tossed out the front door, Western movie-style. He bounced along the sidewalk and came to rest curled about a parking meter. "And stay out," the well-muscled proprietor said, slapping his hands together.

What urban pageantry all this seemed, with James P. Johnson on the headphones. Ol' James P—in the twenties and thirties, they called him the Father of Stride. Willie the Lion, Fats Waller—none of them played better. The sad part was that James P. spent much of his time writing Gershwinesque symphonic pieces that piled up, largely unheard, in his garage. Now, however, 67 years after he wrote it, Johnson's grand and grandiloquent *Harlem Symphony* (the first movement, "Subway Journey," suggests a majesty more suitable for the arrival of the mother ship than for that of the cruddy 1/9) was the supreme soundtrack.

Call it a cheat, cocooning myself in James P.'s buoyant pomp, so prewar, so pre-everything. But what was I supposed to listen to, some Death Row dude? As a postmod citizen, I have the right to cue my own little MTV. So what if I needed a little aural salve to accompany certain landmarks like the Audubon Ballroom, where Malcolm X was killed, and the corner of 139th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, where one scuzzy winter day I got stomped, my nose broken, again. With James P. on, these events receded. I saw the Harlem I wanted to see: a place to dream my little bohemian dream of a New Jerusalem where necessary compromises about color transformed to honest celebration of difference. If it was a lie, big deal—after all, I was only passing through.

Across 110th Street, paranoia set in. I knew I was in trouble when I stopped at a coffee shop, put a quarter in the tableside jukebox to hear an old fave, Wreckx-N-Effect's "Rump Shaker," and Alanis Morissette came out instead. From the



top of the park on down, everyone looked familiar. But why shouldn't they? They *were* familiar people. That woman over there . . . wasn't she my shrink for a couple of sessions back in the eighties, the cognitive one? What a nightmare. I'd worked to get lost and wanted to stay that way. Uptown, cloaked in my all-consuming whiteness, I went undetected. But down here, those networked cell-phone talkers might as well have been providing coordinates on my position. Manhattan's gridlike streets had become an anti-anonymity minefield, each passing face another potential blown cover.

The notion that the door to hell is situated on upper Madison Avenue—tucked behind a pillow at Schweitzer Linens, in a secret panel at the Merton Simpson Gallery of primitive arts, or even cannily hidden at Gymboree—has never been conclusively disproved. My particular pit opened at the corner of 89th Street. There, kitty-corner from me, stood a woman to whom I'd once been engaged. We'd come to our senses in the nick of time. No hard feelings, just: no. It was proof of the city's ampleness that even though we both remained here and had common friends, we'd barely had any contact for twenty years.

Now there she was, walking down Madison. Looking good, too, in a Saks-style long green coat with a fur collar. With her were three other similarly attired women and a passel of well-turned-out kids—Madison Avenue moms out for a stroll, a snapshot of The Good Life. Across the street, I cowered in the doorway of a Timothy's Coffees, Jets stocking cap pulled down, crazed-Vietnam-vet-style. Dirt-caked and beer-sloshed, I didn't see this as the optimum time to have my former fiancée ask, "So what have *you* been doing?" I mean: I could have had a whole other life with this person.

Ah, the counter-me, that ever-ripe chestnut of the middle-aged male—one more obsessive re-deal of the existential portfolio. A moment to reflect, to consider one's life, one's times, one's place. After all, my three children are fourth-generation New Yorkers, following in the lead of my sainted grandmother who came here in 1901 after escaping murderous Cossacks by hiding in a potato sack. For a century, our family saga has played out upon these unquiet city shores, where my uncle Larry, the gambler, once won a Mott Street Chinese restaurant in a crap game. Those days, it was great to be a Jacobson in the New Land. Even now, with all but a few of our robust pantheon of founding gods and goddesses—Aunt Rosie of Lenox Road, Uncle Louie of Long Beach, Cousin Harold of Yellowstone Boulevard, Aunt Celia of Kings Highway—lying beneath the dirt of the Elmont family plot, it was hard to imagine that our epic reign in this place would ever end.

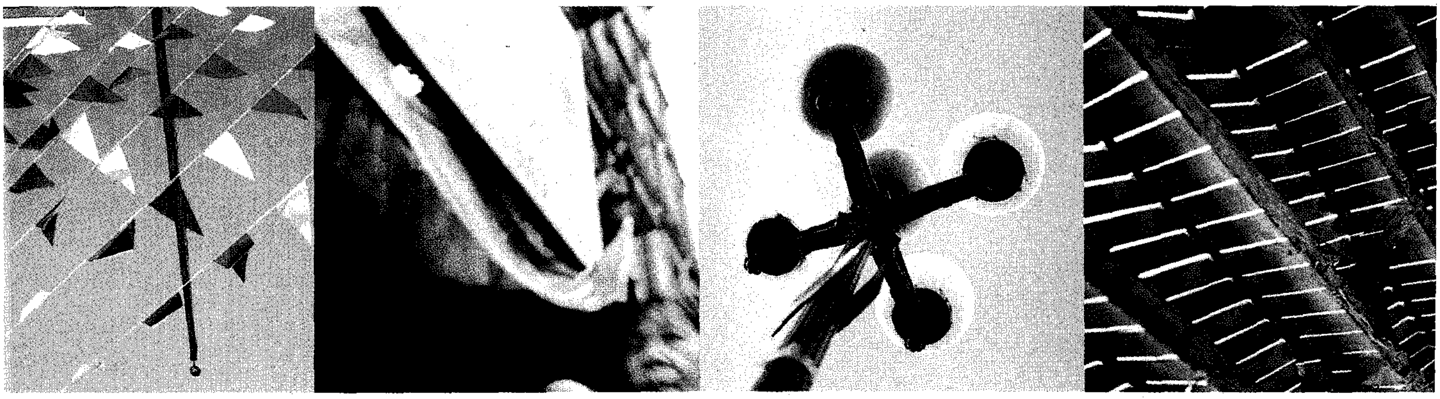
> "Waiting for the woman I almost married to turn the corner, I could feel the sense of place erode, and it was stunning to think of a New York without me."

That said, I'd just passed by my younger daughter's "middle school." The school was surrounded by scaffolding. In fact, I can't remember a New York City school any of my children has attended that wasn't surrounded by scaffolding. It appears to be a signature of Giuliani-Crew management style. Even on the brightest day, the latticework of the ever-diligent School Construction Authority sheds a Dantesque darkness: *Abandon hope, all ye who enter here.*

This is difficult to accommodate. After all, I am a product of this same system; both my mother and my father taught in city schools for 40 years. For us, the separation between school and home blurred, each spare piece of scratch paper bearing the BD. OF ED. watermark, everyone off at three, with summers free. Public education was the family business, how I was brought up. I believe in it. Except now there is this scaffolding, this metaphorical gallows, and 35 kids in every classroom. Of course, there's private school—those children are getting ahead. I mean, the fifteen grand aside, I'll send my kid to a private school if I have to—I *have* sent my children to private schools. But I don't believe in private school. It offends my dream of New York, sullies the empire of classlessness. It makes me heartsick.

Standing on Madison Avenue waiting for the woman I almost married to turn the corner and fade out of my life for the next twenty years, I could feel the sense of place erode, and it was stunning thinking of a New York without me, a me without New York.

I had to get to the Waldorf. I'd booked myself in a week earlier. It was part of the initial walk-the-city agenda: sleep in the park one night, the Waldorf the next. The high and the low, outhouse to penthouse. Originally, the prospect of arriving at such an iconographic seat of NYC Mammon in my stinking clothes and mud-cased boots tickled me. Screw them: I had a reservation. Now I sought to fit in. I'd have to purchase a change of clothes, and it couldn't be one of those Grambling U. sweatshirts sold at the flea market outside Mount Sinai hospital. Barneys was out, too; an expense chit for "$2,000, costum-



ing” would not fly. Banana Republic, erstwhile clothier to the colonial oppressor, now Seattle-daywear provider, would have to do. In brown cords and beige sweater, backpack in suitcase mode, I entered the muted plush of the Waldorf lobby, scanning for spies.

My mother has often mentioned the weekend she and my father spent at the Waldorf-Astoria soon after he returned from the war. Two nights in the lap of luxury: They had it coming to them, for beating the Nazis. The Waldorf was the top, famous world-round. But now $400 (!) gets you a Days Inn–style room with banging pipes, all of it crammed into space notably smaller than the room I'd occupied the night before at the Deegan, an establishment never owned by an Astor. They could at least have thrown in a WALDORF ashtray to steal. But it was just unmarked glass, see-through, throwaway.

No matter; I was safe in my seventeenth-floor bunker. No chance anyone would recognize me here, I thought as the full moon rose over the office buildings on Lexington Avenue. Out there were a thousand squares of light, several filled with someone typing. Once upon a time, you could walk through the city's financial canyons at night and find solace, the great engines of commerce stilled for the moment. Now the global economy pumped ahead around the clock, without allowance for regionalized distinction between day and night. Time had become relative, a profane, endless stream.

Another minute in that room without Xanax and I'd have hung myself from a fixture, I decided a few moments later, across 50th Street, sitting by St. Bart's church. There are some powers even Giuliani will not challenge, because every night, right across from the Waldorf, a small community of homeless people sleeps in boxes on the church steps. I sat down by a Dell computer box. The person inside was wheezing badly, but there was no place else to sit, especially after two businessmen walked by, nodded at the box, and said, “Dell went up two today.”

> “I sat down by a Dell computer box. The person inside was wheezing badly. Two businessmen walked by and said, ‘Dell went up two today.’”

“You, you out there,” came a woman's voice, crabbed and phlegmy. “Can you get me a pack of cigarettes?” A withered hand snaked from the box holding three crumpled dollars. I went back into the hotel, bought a pack of Winstons from the newsstand, knocked on the box, put the butts and the three dollars back in the woman's hand. Immediately the money came back out. “No money,” the woman said.

“Keep it, really,” I replied, pushing the bills back toward the box.

The woman must have changed her mind, because she stuck her hand out of the box to take the money. Unfortunately, right then one of the bills blew away, down the church steps and onto Park Avenue beyond. Now I had only two dollars. I couldn't give her two after she'd given me three. I dug into my pants, but all I had was a twenty. That about cleaned me out, but what was I supposed to do, ask for change?

“Hey, thanks a lot,” she said a moment later, a lot more sprightly.

I started walking again, through the night. It was getting late, but the city never sleeps. Taxis whizzed up and down the avenues. Twenty-seven years ago, should you have hailed a cab in this town, there was a chance I might have pulled over. Back then, driving cabs was apprenticeship for the sort of city boy I aspired to be. I did it for years. But they just don't have guys like me these days, I thought, trudging past the Virgin Megastore. No wonder I'd been able to disappear. I was dead, R.I.P., a ghost in my own museum.

The image made me think of my old friend Harold Conrad, who really is dead. Once a gossip columnist for the New York *Mirror,* a reporter for the Brooklyn *Eagle,* tight with Runyon and the rest, Duke Ellington and Ali, too, Harold wasn't the most famous of his *boulevardier* crew, but he liked to walk around the city, all night long, just looking. Sometimes we walked together, two generations of New York dudes. I remember our last stroll. Dinkins was in then, and the trains were not yet running on time, lickety-split, the way they do today. Around Times Square, Harold stopped, looked at the crud.

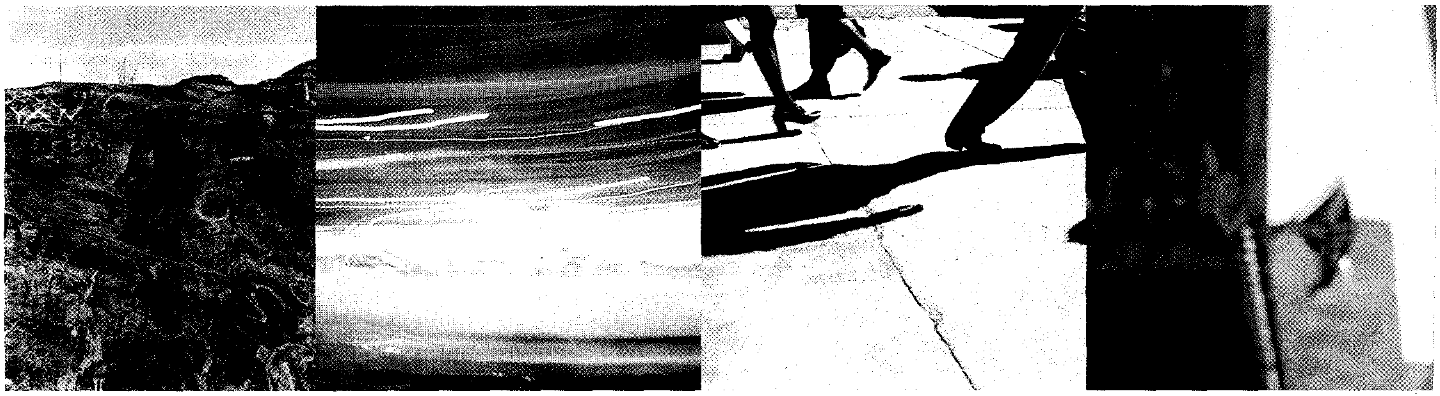
“So this is what they call New York now,” he said, shaking his head in mild disgust, as if he'd been out of town for a few decades. He was entitled. After all, Harold had walked down Broadway when people really walked down Broadway, he'd drunk at better bars, eaten a better cheesecake, and gone to better fights at a better Madison Square Garden.

Then Harold smiled. “Well, that's okay,” he said genuinely. “Because it's yours.”

I appreciated that, how generous Harold was toward my New York, so clearly inferior to his New York. He liked me well enough to figure I was getting as much out of the shopworn town as could be gotten. He even took my word for it that these new people, Ecuadorans, Hasidim, and the rest, would keep the place interesting. What you had to do was keep walking, Harold said. Because walking around, you'd see everything strange, because if it wasn't strange, it wouldn't be New York.

So I kept walking, down Broadway and on to 32nd Street between Fifth and Sixth, a.k.a. Koreatown. The street's Far Eastern company-man's kinkiness struck an appropriately desolate chord. In a club up a flight of stairs, several women sat in front of monitors playing erotic cartoons. A few doors west, there's a huge finished basement called Spot Cafe. You sit on a large leather couch and ring the motel-style bell on the coffee table. Give the lady $20, and she brings a plate of spicy gizzard salad; give her $120, and get a bottle of cognac. Me, though, it being 2:30 in the morning, I like to shoot a quick game of pool in an unadorned concrete-block room on the tenth floor of a nondescript office building. If a 50-year-old Korean businessman in a three-piece suit wants to join me, $5 a pop for a rack of nine-ball, and never once say a single word, that's fine, especially if techno music is blaring, I'm losing, and the attendant wears a white cotton fever mask while Dustbusting the other tables, all of which are empty.

I'd wanted to get lost so as to be found. To re-sanctify myself in the city. And here it was. It is the job of the city to constantly create these alienated images of the modernist dilemma, to make them beautiful and, if possible, funny. This is how we like it. This is the hit the city boy craves. So New York wasn't over yet, I decided, back at the Waldorf, downing a $19 "legendary" Waldorf salad, ordered from room service: the perfect meal-for-one when the clock radio flashes 3:34 A.M. In the office building across Lexington, the lights remained on. In the window directly across from me sat a young woman in a surprising scarlet dress. I'd seen her earlier, drinking coffee from a paper cup. Now, hours later, the light from her computer screen upon her face like a cybertime Vermeer, she was still typing. I watched her for some time, her long neck straight up, shoulders still, only her fingers moving. It was impossible to imagine her doing anything else. Then she stopped and turned to look out the window. She stared straight at me, and I could have sworn our eyes met. If they did, she did not acknowledge my voyeur's presence. She idly combed her hair with a blue brush and then went back to work.



DAY THREE

THE SUN WAS RISING OVER THE SIGN on the Jehovah's Witnesses building—AWAKE—as I crossed Mr. Roebling's bridge. I had to walk fast, for there was still a lot of Brooklyn to cover before I hit the Coney Island Beach. In Red Hook, I traversed Conover Street, past the santeria stands and towed cars, to where they fish for eels. I followed the F-train trestle beyond the endless automotive shops to Ocean Parkway, wider than the valley of the Himalayan Kali Gandaki, home to elephantine Syrian-American home décor and Eurasian garden gnomes. I paused before the electric-blue shingle of Dr. Joshua Chopp, practitioner of general dentistry (DIAL 800-50-SMILE), and the similar one of Dr. Lipp, the orthodontist. Then, in quick-arriving late afternoon, the sky grew wide, the breeze grew stiff and cold, and I was at the sea.

I've walked this way many times, often at dawn, when the Russian men, erstwhile Soviets, balance on their head and pump their legs, bicycle-style. That's when the cabbies, no longer like me, now from Lahore and Port-au-Prince, slink from the Surf Hotel, where the handwritten sign on the door says PEOPLE WHO HAVE CREATED PROBLEMS IN THE PAST NOT WELCOME, WE LOVE PEACE AND QUITE. Morning is when the Hindus, staffs stuck into the sand, bathe in the Coney sea as if it were the Ganges. In winter, gleaming icicles drip like vampire fangs from the shuttered Thunderbolt, roller coaster of my youth.

From the top of the Bronx, I'd reached Brooklyn's bottom. With my boot heels' first thump upon the boardwalk, the Righteous Brothers came in on cue: "Unchained Melody" blaring from the gyro stand, the only seaside eatery open on this off-season afternoon.

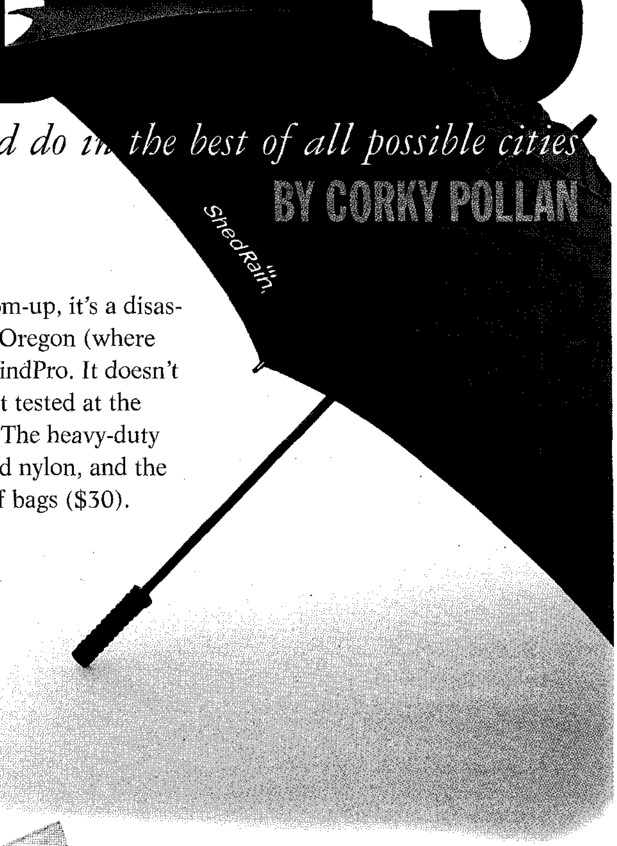
The gyro man, an Arab, is cooking a burger for a large black man in maroon sweatpants. Someone must have told a joke, because both of them are laughing loudly. They keep laughing as the cook tosses the burger into the sea air. The meat reaches its apogee, flips over twice, plunges down again, splat against the grill.

Now, my walk done, I could finally call my wife, ask her if she didn't mind coming to pick me up. Not much had changed in the three days of my disappearance. The 16-year-old still liked Björk; the 12-year-old still didn't clean her room. I suppose I could have walked back to the Slope, but there was no time. I'm the assistant coach of my 9-year-old son's basketball team, and there was a game that night. We lost our first four, won a couple, lost some more. Nonetheless, my son, who wears No. 6, in honor of Dr. J, whom he has never seen play, thinks we could get good. He's optimistic like that. Sometimes we walk around the city together, two more generations of New York dudes, just looking around. The other day, we walked under Verrazano-Narrows Bridge. Beside the massive anchorage, some boys had collected several dozen horseshoe crabs and were flinging the ancient animals out into New York Bay like prehistoric Frisbees. My son said this was all right; the crabs wouldn't be hurt since they were "living fossils" that had "always been there and always would be." That sounded okay, so we turned around and walked home. ▬

BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

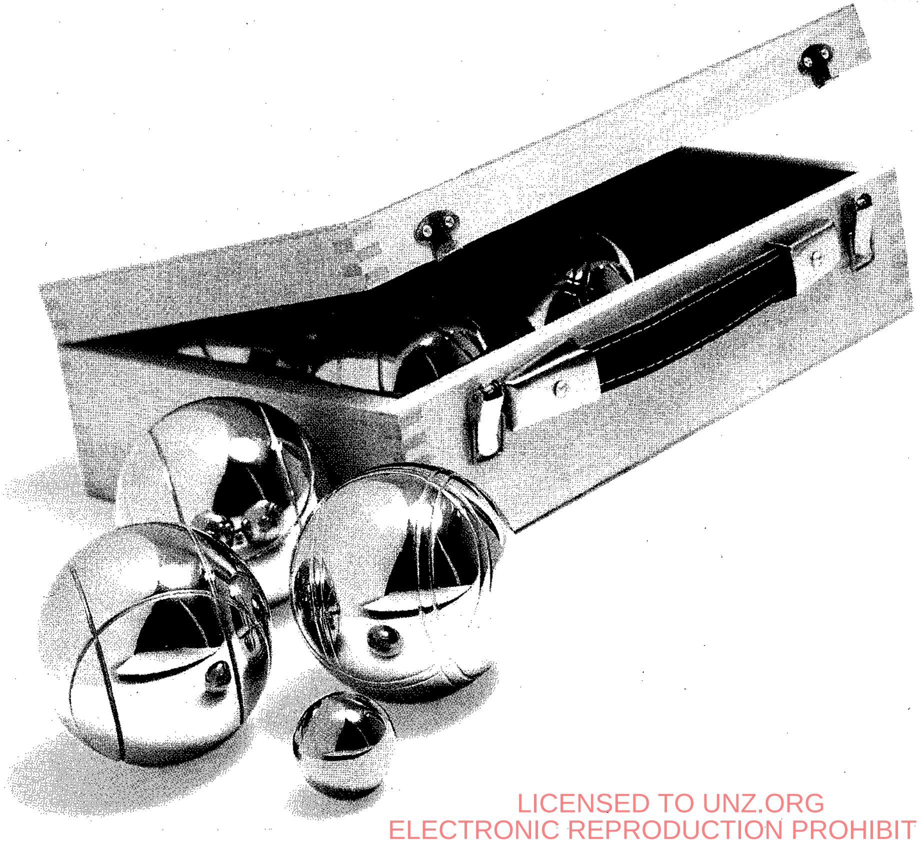
BY CORKY POLLAN



Swinging in the Rain

Golfing in the rain is bad enough, but when your umbrella goes bottom-up, it's a disaster. ShedRain, a 52-year-old umbrella company based in Portland, Oregon (where they know about rain), has devised a solution to the problem, the WindPro. It doesn't invert, even in 74-mph hurricane-force winds (the company had it tested at the University of Washington Aeronautical Laboratories wind tunnel). The heavy-duty fiberglass shaft and ribs are covered in water-repellent Teflon-treated nylon, and the umbrella has a 68-inch arc, wide enough to cover golfer and golf bags ($30).

UNCLE SAM UMBRELLAS/*161 West 57th Street/582-1976.*



Equal Footing

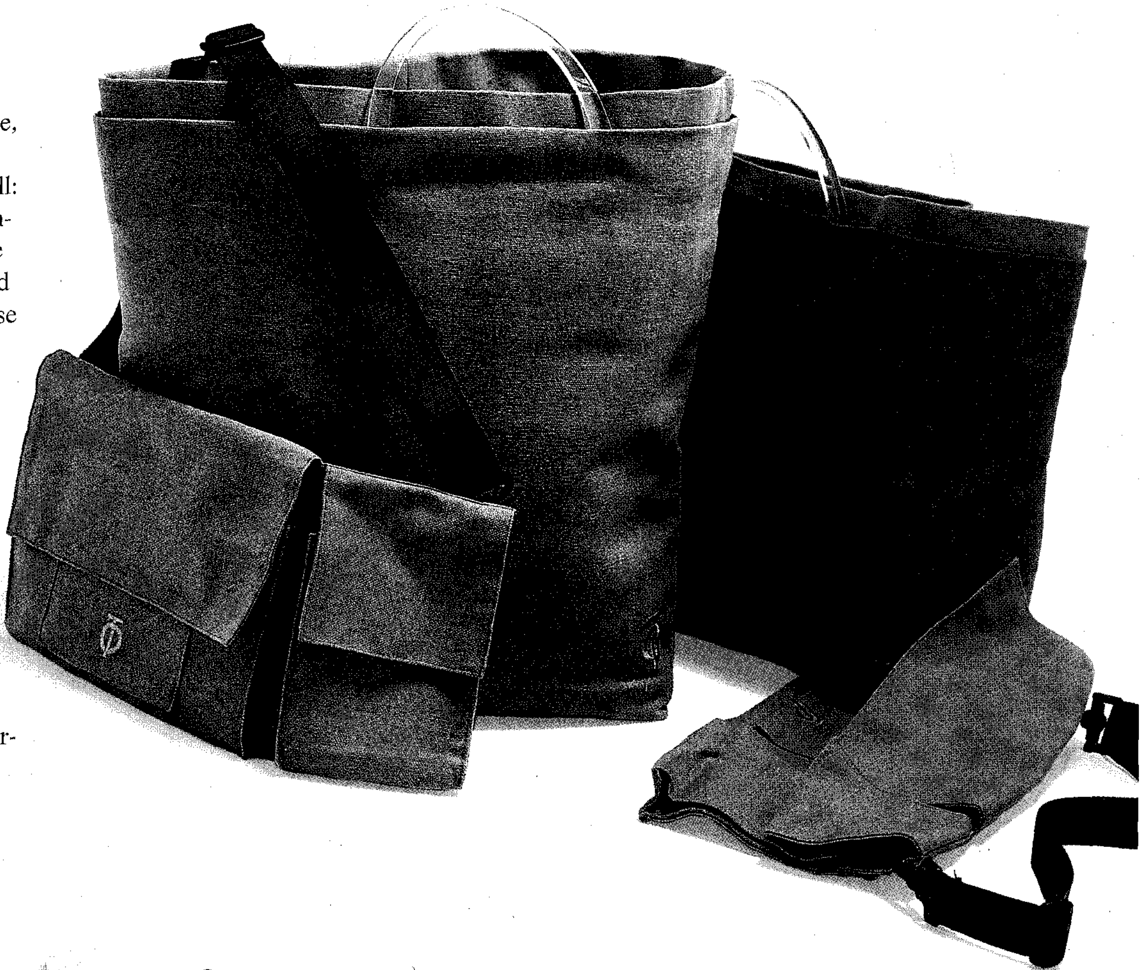
Italy has its boccie—Provence, pétanque. The game originated around 1910 in the tiny port town of La Ciotat, and it's an adaptation of an earlier one that was modified so a physically disabled aficionado could play. Instead of taking a two-pace run to throw the ball, players stand *pieds tanqués* (feet together); spoken in the local accent, the game became known as pétanque. This handsome kit—which contains six balls and a small target ball called a *cochonnet*—comes in a wooden carrying case ($75).

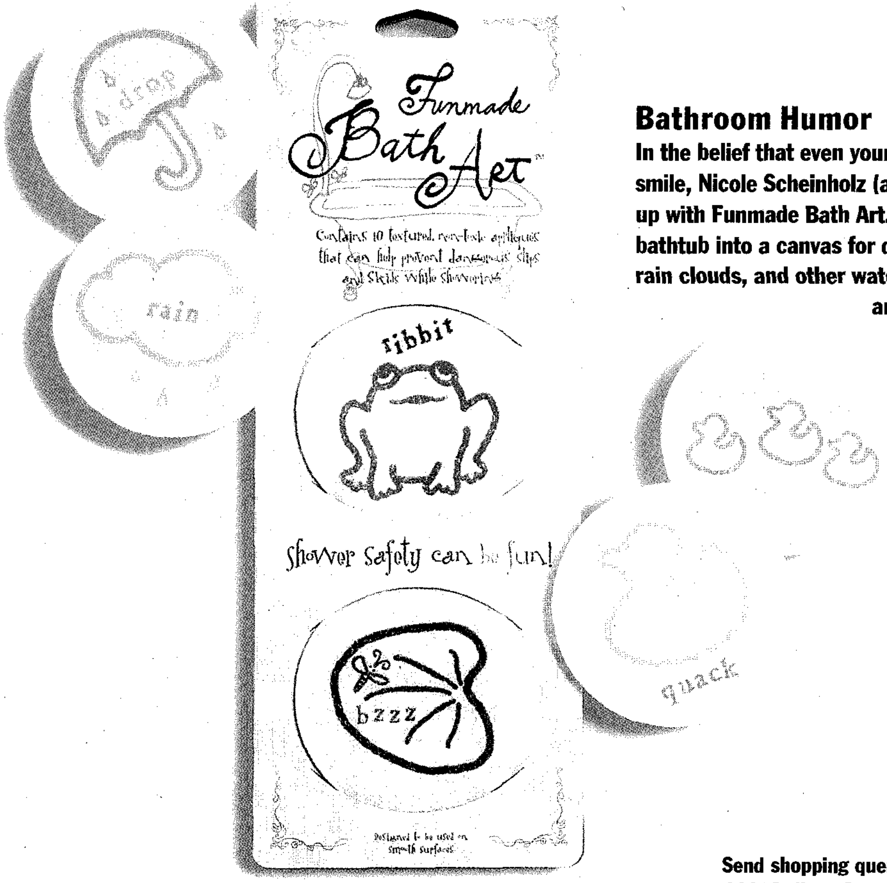
MXYPLYZYK/*125 Greenwich Avenue,*
near 13th Street/989-4300

The Tote, Rewrote

Tia Wou, of Tote Le Monde, is constantly working to produce the perfect carryall: With her newest, the Versatote, she may actually have succeeded. It's oversize and can be stuffed with all those essentials needed to get us through our business, shopping, or Mommy day, but zip out the pocketed pouch and you have a hip little shoulder or belt bag to wear to lunch or dinner. As an added plus, the tote comes in five great cotton-canvas color combinations, like red and pink, khaki and lavender, and forest green and lime ($198).

BARNEYS NEW YORK/*Co-op*
SWELL/*240 Lafayette Street/966-0215*




a drop
rain
Funmade Bath Art™
Contains 10 textured, removable appliqués that can help prevent dangerous slips and skids while showering
ribbit
Shower safety can be fun!
bzzz
Designed to be used on smooth surfaces
quack

Bathroom Humor

In the belief that even your morning shower should make you smile, Nicole Scheinholz (a first-time entrepreneur) has come up with Funmade Bath Art. Her nonskid appliqués turn the bathtub into a canvas for displaying assorted ducks, frogs, rain clouds, and other watery icons. The textured appliqués are no sweat to apply—and beyond mere whimsy, they're sure to prevent many a pesky slip (around $13 for a set of ten).

EXIT 9/*64 Avenue A/228-0145*
LAYTNER'S/*All locations*
OLIO/*466 Greenwich Street/343-7008*

Send shopping queries to Corky Pollan, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999.

Photographed by Tommy Naess

SMARTCITY

Anti-Heros

Why a panino is *so* much more than a sandwich, and other brilliant Italian deviations from the sub standard. By Rob Patronite

An English nobleman may have invented the sandwich, but the Italians—as those Mulberry Street souvenir T-shirts so charmingly boast—Do It Better. Six-foot heros, of course, don't count. Nor do hoagies, submarines, torpedoes, or any other sandwich emphasizing size over substance. Traditional Italian sandwiches, as opposed to their Italian-American cousins, are subtler, more sophisticated, usually between-meal snacks, meant to be eaten on the run or at the bar, with a quick espresso or glass of wine. In fact, that's why many Italian sandwich names end in diminutives (panini, cicchetti, tramezzini, bruschetta, piadina), which, for our purposes, all translate loosely into *a little something*. But in a culture that takes pleasure, especially gastronomic pleasure, so seriously, a little something ends up being pretty major. Even in instances where the sandwich proportions match the maker's ambitions, the same rules apply: The bread must be stellar, either home-baked or procured from a specialist. The fillings must be fresh and flavorful enough so that a little goes a long way. When it comes to combinations, keep it simple. Compose; don't cram. Drizzle; don't douse. And, since taste begins with the eye, presentation counts. Here, then, our favorite Italian-sandwich maestros and their most inspired creations.

Between the bread: Above, 'ino's bresaola, grana, and arugula tramezzino; left, chicken, tomato, and asiago panino; right, Ferdinando's panelle-and-potato sandwich.

'ino (21 Bedford Street; 989-5769)

We love the fact that we can have delicious made-to-order Italian sandwiches from dawn till way past dusk at 'ino, the Village hangout that is, depending on your mood and appetite, either a wine bar with excellent food or a café with a smart, offbeat wine list. The brainchild of downtown restaurant veterans Jason Denton (former manager at Pó) and his fiancée, Jennifer Gripenberg (ex-hostess at Liam), who were inspired by the food they discovered on a visit to Monterosso, 'ino takes its name from panino, the house sandwich. With eight tables and seven bar stools, this cozily appointed sliver of a room is too small to merit the whole word. But the menu is relatively extensive, a tribute to the lengths a creative chef—even one without a kitchen—can go to with bread. The neighboring Blue Ribbon Bakery supplies 'ino's Pullman loaves, ciabatta rolls, and baguettes, the crusty, chewy basis for a litany of ingeniously simple sandwiches that stand out for their impeccable freshness and amplified flavors. Denton's peperonata; his basil, black-olive, and sun-dried-tomato pestos; and his tapenade and caponata add another dimension to classic combinations, many of which can be eaten like tapas. It might be easiest to appreciate 'ino's charms at brunch, when natural light fills the room; sip perfect fresh-squeezed OJ or strong espresso and sample the scrambled-egg-and-Fontina bruschetta with asparagus or an Italian BLT with lemon mayo, arugula, and pancetta ($9 prix fixe). Come back later in the day for a glass of wine and tramezzini, those elegant crustless Venetian "tea" sandwiches eaten at Italian *bacaris* (try the tuna with black-olive pesto or the bresaola with arugula and grana; all $6), or to nibble on some bruschetta topped with ricotta fresca and oven-roasted tomato or braised fennel with tapenade (all $2). Denton and Gripenberg's bread obsession extends to dessert, which might be a hot, oozing chocolate-Nutella panino or the bruschetta riff on strawberry shortcake, heaped with berries and mascarpone.

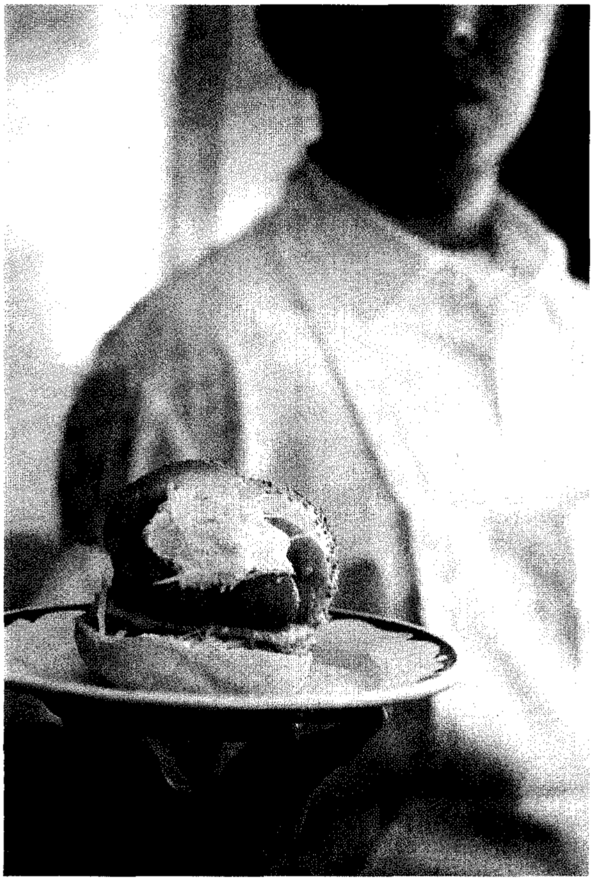
EXPERT TESTIMONY

Secret Garden

Here, even in shade it's funky and febrile—but those seeking nature's calming effects have more places to see what's in bloom than just Central Park. There are a number of closeted public gardens and grassy knolls to repair one's soul on a summer afternoon. Gregory Long, president of the New York Botanical Garden, is most fond of Battery Park City's Robert F. Wagner Jr. Park. "Right now it's beautiful, blooming with shrub roses and lavenders and salvias and valerian." And depending on your mood, "it's really two gardens," he says, "one featuring hot colors [deep, dark, fiery reds and yellows] and the other cool [soothing pale blues and pink pastels]." BRETT KELLY

Photographs by Joe Scafuro.

Melampo Imported Foods (105 Sullivan Street; 334-9530)
Why, in an Italian-accented neighborhood like the south Village, teeming with congenial purveyors of all the makings of a spectacular lunch—from hickory-smoked mozzarella at Joe's Dairy to rustic ciabatta loaves at Sullivan Street Bakery—would a hungry passerby subject himself to emotional anguish and public humiliation for the sake of a sandwich? It depends, of course, on the sandwich. The panini masterworks at Melampo, run by the legendarily cranky Florentine Alessandro Gualandi, are so delectable they're worth enduring aloofness, mood swings, even the occasional temper tantrum. Sure, we know Gualandi has a soft side: He likes kids, and he occasionally throws a slice of cheese to a dog. But any acts of normalcy are overshadowed by the former waiter's outbursts, too easily induced by infractions against his house rules: Keep in a soldierly line, order by sandwich name, no unsanctioned substitutions, don't touch the merchandise unless you're absolutely committed to buying, don't talk loudly about politics, don't ask dumb questions. When so provoked, the temperamental sandwich-maker might answer an innocent if uninformed query like "What's sopressata?" with either a monosyllabic shrug, "Meat," or, worse, a pantomimed gesture of aggression like thrusting swordsman-like the salami in question at the hapless interlocutor. But his bark—and for that matter, his more typical stone-faced silence—is worse than his bite and shouldn't scare first-timers away from what may well be a transcendent culinary experience. If you're willing to take your chances, order the "Pinocchio" (one of Gualandi's 30 or so flawlessly engineered designs, herolike in size but much more artfully crafted and carefully balanced in flavor and texture, around $6 to $10), and watch Gualandi quickly go to work, moving, slicing, spooning out condiments like a master sushi chef. He splits your choice—one of the few you have—of excellent fresh Italian breads (try the delicious crusty sfilatino baguette, worth the extra two bucks) in two and covers it with his own black-olive tapenade. He hand-slices several slabs of fresh mozzarella, slices top-notch sweet sopressata and prosciutto Calista Flockhart–thin, layers the meat and cheese lovingly over the bread, and spoons on his homemade sweet and vinegary red-and-yellow-pepper dressing. If you make it this far, pay the man, cash only, withdraw quietly, and savor your success at a bench in the pocket playground next door.



Ferdinando's Focacceria Ristorante (151 Union Street, Brooklyn; 718-855-1545)
Most of us think we know what focaccia is. But when we step into Ferdinando's Focacceria, the homey, nearly century-old Sicilian café on a preserved-in-time strip of Union Street in Carroll Gardens, we find no trace of the customary square of seasoned pizza bread. A focacceria, says Sicilian-born chef-owner Francesco Buffa in a catchy, singsongy accent, is where you'll find "any sandwich you make with bread, a hot, round shape." The name *focacceria,* in this sense, may come from the Palermitan street-food snack sometimes called focaccia but more commonly known as vastedda or guastedde, which is a soft, round bun filled with calf's spleen and cheese (sometimes caciocavallo, or "horse cheese"). It's no surprise that vastedda in *(continued on page 103)*

NAVIGATOR

Q: My health club has no pool, and ocean swimming isn't my idea of a convenient workout. Are there any public pools where I can do real laps without dodging little Jacques Cousteau's in their floaties?

A: Only 8 of the city's 91 public pools open this summer are indoor facilities and big enough to do laps, which is exactly where you should go if you're serious about swimming. A one-year $25 fee (less in the outer boroughs) ensures access to pools that are always less crowded and already open (outdoor public pools open in July).

After a long-overdue $5 million renovation, the **Metropolitan Pool** in Williamsburg (261 Bedford Avenue, at Metropolitan Avenue; 718-599-5707), with its glass enclosure and fitness room upstairs, is arguably the city's flagship pool. Though there's an organized adult swim from 6 to 9:30 in the evening, the best times to avoid crowds are early afternoons in midweek. Two other pools in midtown, at **54 East** (342 East 54th Street; 397-3154) and **Rec Center 59** (533 West 59th Street; 397-3159), are ideal for a quick dip between meetings. There are regularly scheduled organized lap swims, though mornings are best.

The only indoor Olympic-size public pool in the city is at **Riverbank State Park** (679 Riverside Drive, at West 145th Street; 694-3608). For $2 a day, swimmers can take advantage of a 6:30 to 8:30 A.M. lap swim every day, thus avoiding the kids and crowds that can turn a public pool into our local version of Splash Mountain. BORIS KACHKA

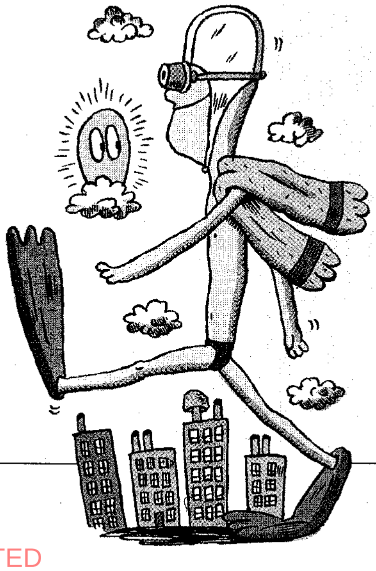


Illustration by Paul Corio.

SHYAMA PATEL

Save Your Skin

Here comes the sun: *A top beauty editor heads for the drugstore before heading for the Hamptons—and finds protection from the elements* **without the pricey chemistry.**

“I BUY EVERYTHING HERE—PAMPRIN, calcium supplements, film . . . ,” raves *Elle* senior beauty editor Sarah Brown as she leads us into **Clyde's**, the unlikely Madison Avenue source for inexpensive standard drugstore fare as well as the high-priced European potions you'd expect. Having tossed all of last summer's expired sunblocks, we've been desperate to stock a fresh dop kit for summer weekend getaways. Determined not to spend our *entire* paycheck on Clarins, we've enlisted Brown to pick out the essentials.

Brown starts with a sturdy but fashionable cosmetics bag that won't stain. She loves **Bendel**'s classic brown-and-white-striped roll-up kit (usually $45; currently on sale for $31.50), but at Clyde's, she picks a floral pouch from **Nordic House** ($20). “It's waterproof and unlined,” she notes approvingly.

To fill it, we make a beeline for the hair section. “It's all about leave-in conditioner for the beach,” proclaims Brown. One favorite: **Phytoplage Sun Protection Oil** ($17), which should be combed through wet, briny locks immediately after swimming. “You have to protect while you're out, or the sun and salt will turn your hair to straw,” she explains. Back at home, Brown lathers with ultragentle **Rene Furterer After Sun Shampoo** ($16).

Before we even get to skin products, Brown stresses that she never, *ever* tans. “People looking for sun on their face are out-of-their-mind crazy. In Europe, people make fun of me, but *whatever!*” (Her skin *is* very, very smooth). Brown always splurges on a separate sunscreen for her face (“I don't want to come back with no tan *and* acne”). She spots a tube of **Mustela Sunblock Stick SPF 20** ($8.50). “My favorite!” she gushes. As for her body, she's happy with regular drugstore brands: **Coppertone Sport Ultra Sweatproof Dry Lotion SPF 48** ($9.49) for the beach and **Avon Skin So Soft Lotion SPF 15** ($10.99) for evenings (it doubles as bug repellent). Before bed, she uses detergent-free **Neutrogena Cleansing Lotion** ($8) on her face and **Green Stuff After Sun & Wind Moisturizer** ($5), an electric-green aloe-vera gel that's her “beach-bag staple” on her body.

(Sun)screen time: Sarah Brown, with product.

Grooming is easy at the beach (“Salt and sand are great for exfoliating”). But polish is a must for fashionable toes: “This summer, fuchsia's really hot. Or pale coral—but if you don't have tan feet, don't do it.” (We go the fuchsia route with **Tony & Tina**'s “Kundalini” polish, $10). Brown usually skips the tan toes part, too—“I like to be pale”—but if you don't, try **Lancôme Soleil Flash Bronzer** ($23). “Tanning your legs *is* the fastest way to look relaxed, rested—like you have a Hamptons house,” she concedes. And gives it a second thought: “Let's put this in our bag.”

Clyde's, 926 Madison Ave., near 74th St. (744-5050); Henri Bendel, 712 Fifth Ave., near 56th St. (247-1100).

Picks of the Week

Philippe Adec and Equipment's sample sale has lots of the company's tailored, youthful basics at 60 percent off: from $54 for a knit top to $50 for a pencil skirt to $150 for a slim knee-length jacket. Sizes 2–14. *Morelle, 209 W. 38th St., second floor (391-8070); cash only; Wed.–Fri. 9–6:30, Sat. 11–5; 6/9–6/12.*

Donna Karan and DKNY's sample-and-stock sale offers tons of spring fashion at half price or below: men's suits are from $350, women's jackets from $200, kids' stuff all under $25. *Parsons School of Design, 560 Seventh Ave., at 40th St. (741-2660); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri. 8–6:30, Sat. 9–5; 6/8–6/12.*

Ghurka's rugged, safari-inspired leather wallets, handbags, and duffels are perfect for weekends. At the sample sale, all are 50–80 percent off, from $25–$400. *60 E. 56th St., 4th floor (223-2511); A.E., M.C., V.; Tues.–Fri. 9–6; 6/8–6/11.*

Broadway Panhandler's yard sale has loads of cookware, table linens, and gadgets at up to 70 percent off. Cuisinart cookware sets are $99.95; Krups coffeemakers are $24.95; dinnerware is $2.95–$5.95; and there's a ton more. *477 Broome St. (966-3434); A.E., M.C., V.; Sat. 11–5; 6/12.*

Transfer International is the kind of resale shop that sells current Helmut Lang, Gucci, and Prada for at least half off. Now everything's even less: a Prada suit is $200, a Gucci men's shirt is $45. *594 Broadway, near Houston St., suite 1002 (941-5472); A.E., checks; Tues.–Sun. 1–8; 6/8–6/20.*

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Shyama Patel, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022-6999, four weeks before the sale. Sales exclusive to “Sales & Bargains” and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be given preference.

Photographs by Hiroyuki Ito.

MOVIES **PETER RAINER**

Bay of Gigs

In 'Buena Vista Social Club,' Wim Wenders and Ry Cooder team up to honor the irresistible music—and musicians—of pre-Castro Havana.

Dutch treat: The *Buena Vista* musicians playing a concert in Amsterdam.

MANY OF THE MARVELOUS Cuban musicians and singers in Wim Wenders's wonderful documentary **Buena Vista Social Club** are well beyond 60, but they don't see themselves as aged. Onstage, jamming together, or in smaller recording sessions, they have an aliveness that obliterates any concerns we might have about their frailty. It's not simply that music keeps these artists vital. It's as if they never grew old at all. I've never seen another movie that so clearly expresses the sensual sustenance that great folk culture provides its practitioners.

The film grew out of sessions with the artists in 1996 organized by the guitarist, composer, and record producer Ry Cooder; the album that resulted, called *Buena Vista Social Club* in honor of one of East Havana's long-gone music-and-dance emporiums, became a surprise best-seller worldwide, revitalizing many careers. In 1998, Wim Wenders, returning with Cooder to Havana, filmed the musicians as they recorded an album showcasing bolero singer Ibrahim Ferrer. During their days off, Wenders filmed them talking, informally, about their pasts.

The 92-year-old guitar and *tres* player Compay Segundo, with his wide, lewd smile, and Ruben Gonzalez, the 80-year-old jazz-and-mambo pianist whom Cooder once described as a Cuban cross between Thelonious Monk and Felix the Cat, seem to exist totally within the realm of their music. As with most folk artists, their sounds are inextricable from the anecdotage of their lives. Their stories, their histories, are all of a piece with the words they sing and the notes they play—with their lilt and whoop and glide. The performers are ecstatically comfortable in the spotlight and equally at ease away from it. The way they carry themselves offstage is gently stylized, as if, in sauntering down the streets or roaming about their cramped apartments, they were shimmying up to the fates. The graceful slow-motion swing of their movements is a kind of offering—a way of acknowledging the blessing that has been bestowed upon them by a life of music.

Ibrahim Ferrer, whom Cooder brought out of oblivion, says at one point, "We Cubans are very fortunate—we have learned to resist the good and the bad." This lyrical evenness of temperament shows up in his vocalizing, which seems beyond the injuries of infirmity or society's neglect. In his white jacket and white cap, the 72-year-old Ferrer, with his soft speaking voice and beautiful, becalmed face, is a radiant icon of elegance. The implicit assumption behind his singing—it was the same with Nat "King" Cole—is that there is silk to be found in the jumble of the world. Ferrer's voice draws out a clean, silky line; it's so pure it doesn't seem to be born of experience—it's just there, floating and seraphic. His sounds represent a dream of how we wish our drudgeries and defeats could be recomposed, transcended.

Wenders filmed the Cuban artists along with Cooder and Cooder's drummer son Joachim performing not only in Havana but also in concert in Amsterdam and, triumphantly, in Carnegie Hall. (It was the first time most of the Cubans had been to New York.) The best group number in the movie, Compay Segundo's "Chan Chan," is also its first; it has the slow stealth of a leopard's lope, and it seems to tune your entire body as you listen to it. Segundo—born Francisco Repilado and raised in Santiago—has a deep-down gladness, almost a mirth, when he plays guitar and sings. He's immensely tickled by the provocativeness—the presence of the carnal—in his tone. He's a great old bawd: His seductions are embracing, but there's some heavy fondling in the embrace.

The irony reflected by this movie is that, on the one hand, everybody who listens to the traditionally acoustic Afro-Cuban music is turned on by it: not just the musicians and recording engineers and audiences but the people in the street. (At one point, the terrific bolero singer Omara Portuondo, the only female in the group,

Photograph by Geraint Lewis/Artisan Entertainment.

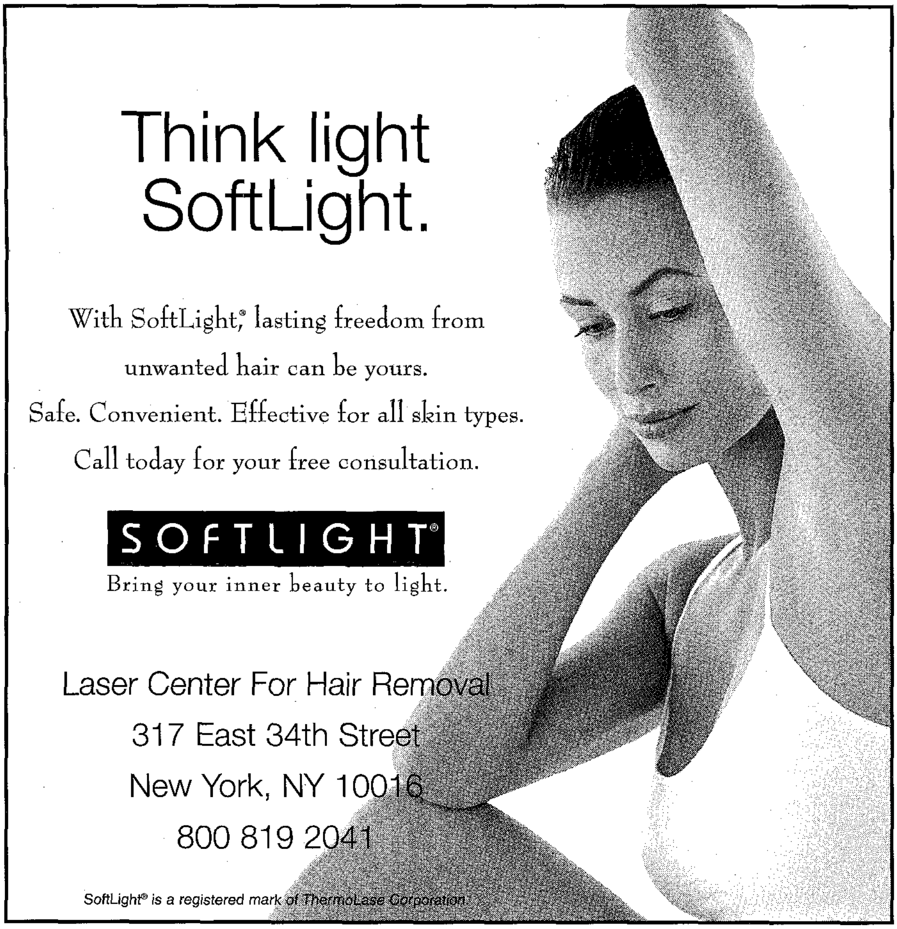
starts wailing, and a passerby, a middle-aged woman, joins in as if to do so were the most natural thing in the world.) And yet this is a minority music in Cuba, in the same way that jazz is in America. The neglect that these musicians fell into parallels what happened to many of our jazz and blues legends. Even before Communism's full flowering, many of their careers were on the wane, and Wenders is wise not to politicize their plight. Swooning right along with the rest of us, he's too carried away by the music for that.

We understand completely what Ry Cooder is talking about when he says he prepared his whole life to produce these artists; he first heard tapes of Cuban musicians back in the seventies and made a trip to Havana to hear more, but it wasn't until 1996 that he was able to return and make recordings. The music is a siren call for Cooder; when he joins in on the Buena Vista sessions, he's not being a bwana but insinuating himself into the music as an act of devotion. (His son Joachim, the drummer, in the course of just moving about the streets, seems to boogie with a perpetual beat, as if Cuba itself were one big jam session.)

Cooder is an exemplary artist-producer. He's mixed in the celebrated older Cuban musicians with some younger members of the group, such as the astonishing *laud* player Barbarito Torres, and, on bongos, Julienne Oviedo Sanchez, who also plays with the new-style big band N G La Banda. The result, although you would never think of it in such academic terms, is an anthology of Cuban musical styles. The mesh is perfect; it all goes together, and the beaming faces of the performers conferring joy on one another is itself a piece of music. "I'm under the spell of this," Ibrahim Ferrer says with poignant simplicity as he walks down Fifth Avenue before his Carnegie Hall appearance. Watching this movie, we're spellbound, too. We're in a state of rapt, sexy, swinging awe.

In brief: ANTHONY HOPKINS GETS DOWN WITH the gorillas in **Instinct**, an unintentionally risible drama about a famous primatologist who hid out for four years in Rwandan jungles with the Silverbacks and their brood and then went a bit bonkers. Interned in a Florida prison for the criminally insane, Hopkins's Ethan Powell resembles a cross between Hannibal Lecter and Papa Hemingway. He's malevolently bushy. His psychiatrist, Theo Caulder, is played by Cuba Gooding Jr. In the end, Powell thanks his doctor for sharing the journey, but audiences who sit through this zoologically daft back-to-nature clinker may feel far less charitable. ■

Peter Rainer's 1998–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.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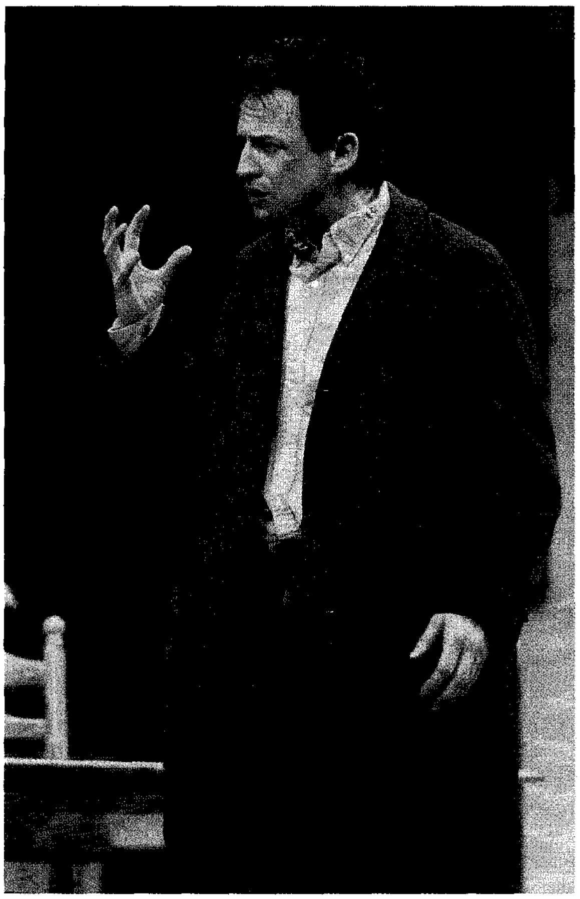
THEATER JOHN SIMON

Two Cheers

Richard Greenberg's smart but uneven 'Hurrah at Last' is a darkish comedy about a struggling writer that itself struggles for significance.

THE MYTH OF THE ARTIST AS OUTSIDER IS NOT without foundation. Take the case of Richard Greenberg and his handful of handicaps. He is obese and homely and, on snooty Long Island, Jewish and homosexual. But Greenberg also has a compensatory weapon: wit. In several of his plays, he has demonstrated his ability to write well beyond the odd one-liners a string of zingers zooming up to the capstone of the ziggurat. In top form, he is the gay heir to Neil Simon.

But there is always a *but.* Greenberg writes two kinds of plays: type A, in which he has something to say, and type B, where wit is everything. His last full-length play, *Three Days of Rain,* was about something, as was the just-revived one-acter *The Author's Voice.* But in these, his humor forsook him. Though a certain ingenuity and literacy were still evident, there was also strain and the feel of shaving with a blunt razor. Conversely, in a play such as *The Extra Man,* Greenberg latches on to a funny situation but, beyond milking it for all its comic worth, doesn't quite know where to go with it.



Author, author: Peter Frechette in *Hurrah at Last.*

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Now we have **Hurrah at Last**, which looks for one act as if he had finally mastered type C, blending in the strengths of A and B, but reverts in Act Two to Type B. There is a daringly different concept in the first scene of this second act, which takes place in a hospital room—but also somewhere else that I must not divulge—yet the very cleverness of the idea is self-defeating. The seventeenth-century chronicler Tallemant des Réaux reports about the Marshal de Bassompierre that "he was always ready with repartee and was said to prefer losing a friend to the chance of making a witty remark." Luckily for him, he was only grand marshal of France; had he been a Broadway playwright, making an audience feel foolish would have cost him more.

Nor does it help that the hero's seemingly insoluble problems are glibly smoothed out in the final scene. A bohemian novelist of considerable depth but shallow pockets, Laurie stumbles on an easy solution I can't, alas, reveal. Why, this outsider who never even owned a good blue suit suddenly appears in an immaculately tailored one of uncertain provenance—rather like the play's happy ending.

Even so, there is much to commend and enjoy here. Greenberg makes jokes that are literate as well as funny. Having read Virginia Woolf helps you to appreciate a line such as "One of those novels those English ladies write, where 200 pages later they pour the tea." And a touch of elitism would enhance your pleasure in a Jewish mother's invidious advice to Laurie, who protests that he is no John Grisham: "You could write as badly as he does if you tried." Again, when he asks his mother where the Jews stand on the afterlife, Reva replies, "We don't think about it. We certainly don't talk about it. We find *this* world enough—almost too much."

Here is Laurie's marginalized father, Sumner, on his formidable spouse: "I married your mother, and I thought, 'Oh, shit! At least before, I had my own bed.' " This is the man who says of his bachelor days, "I was a loner. I was extremely popular among people who didn't want to be bothered," and adds ruefully, "Marriage is just a prison; children, the abyss."

Hurrah at Last concerns Laurie's plight as an impecunious highbrow writer, bugged by his playwright friend Oliver, whose rubbish makes millions. He has even been lucratively commissioned to adapt one of Laurie's novels for the screen. Oliver seems happily married to Gia, a philoprogenitive airhead who, knowing little English, dumbly serves his lust. Most irritatingly, Oliver fulsomely worships Laurie, extols the artist to the skies, and hugs and drools over the man, obeying his most outrageous bidding. Yet, unlike Laurie, he won't admit to being gay.

Poor Laurie also comes across as an ingrate to his (less than doting) parents, well behind his sister, Thea. She is happily married to an Irish

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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Murder, She Sang

A Hitchcockian radio classic makes for a delicious, if soapy, opera; a reissue of 'The Ballad of Baby Doe' reveals Beverly Sills's early greatness.

IT'S ODD THAT IT TOOK SO LONG FOR AN OPERA TO emerge out of **Sorry, Wrong Number**, Lucille Fletcher's classic forties radio drama, conceived as diva material right from the start. Agnes Moorehead made her name as the original Mrs. Guglielmo Stevenson, a bedridden New York society matron who accidentally overhears her own murder being plotted when her telephone wires get crossed, and Barbara Stanwyck had a field day with the role in the 1948 film. In making his operatic setting, composer Jack Beeson wisely used the taut half-hour radio script as the basis for his libretto rather than the overinflated movie scenario, producing a compact one-acter that I predict will enjoy a long and healthy life. The Center for Contemporary Opera recently gave the work its premiere at the Kaye Playhouse, a solid, honorable introduction to the piece but perhaps not one that revealed all of its strongest points.

Beeson has put a lifetime of operatic craft into the score, and his expertise tells in every measure. Mrs. Stevenson is of course at the center of this conversation piece, her growing frustration and terror perfectly mirrored in the natural flow and concentrated lyricism of her vocal line—an object lesson in how to set English to music. Through sliding wall panels we can spy telephone operators, a policeman, various service types, and two contract killers on the phone with the helpless victim at crucial moments, all shrewdly paced to lead inexorably to the grisly finale. Subtle score details abound to heighten the mood: opening music that replicates the exact clicking tempo of rotary-phone dialing; atmospheric evocations of the eerie sounds outside the victim's window on Sutton Place; a poignant reference to Puccini's *Manon Lescaut* when Mrs. Stevenson echoes Manon's "Sola, perduta, abbandonata" at the end of her own final aria.

In a role that requires the nuanced dramatic intensity and vocal charisma of a Renata Scotto, a Denise Duval, or at the very least a Catherine Malfitano, Patricia Dell was more serviceable than electrifying, applying her reedy soprano intelligently if rather too cautiously. Efficiency also best describes Charles Maryan's functional stage direction, the practical living-room set, and Richard Marshall's conducting of a game seventeen-piece instrumental ensemble. *Sorry, Wrong Number* has been safely if rather too sanely launched, and I look forward to seeing it again in a more theatrically savvy production.

Beeson's opera was followed by another one-acter, the late Elie Siegmeister's **Angel Levine**, based on a tale by Bernard Malamud. Perhaps you have to be Jewish to appreciate this fantasy about a poor tailor who, afflicted by woes on all sides, finds an improbable savior in an African-American Jewish angel from Harlem. There seems to be a moral here about faith and identity that escapes me, but I do admire Siegmeister's tangy 1985 score, an often striking blend of jazz, Hebrew cantilena, and all-purpose dissonance. The performance was also lively and characterful, mostly as a result of the flavorful work of Richard Frisch as Nathan Manischevitz and Sam McKelton as Alexander Levine.

Hung up: Patricia Dell as Mrs. Guglielmo Stevenson in Jack Beeson's *Sorry, Wrong Number*.

Photograph by Susan Lerner.

HERE IT IS AT LAST, THE CLASSIC 1959 RECORDING OF Douglas Moore's colorful opera of our country's Wild West past: **The Ballad of Baby Doe** (Deutsche Grammophon 465 148-2), reissued just in time to celebrate the 70th birthday of Beverly Sills, who made a specialty of the title role. I think few will deny this lovable work a spot on the shortlist of best-ever American operas or even dispute that the performance preserved here represents Sills's most impressive recorded work. The legendary retired diva made most of her commercial records in the seventies—too late to explain why she was such a media sensa-

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THE INSATIABLE CRITIC GAEL GREENE

Wall-to-Wall Italy

Don't even try to fathom the menu at ABC Carpet's rustic Colina. Just put yourself at chef Jonathan Waxman's mercy, and let your seams pop.

NOT EVERYONE IS PRIMED FOR VIRTUAL ESCAPE to Tuscany. As the old adage goes, you can take the boy out of Manhattan, but you can't defuse those jangled Manhattan dendrites. Friends call to tell me how they huddled in exasperation at a table in **Colina**, dismissing the waiter and demanding to see the chef, Jonathan Waxman, nomad pioneer of California purity, visible coaching his crew behind the hanging copper pots in the open kitchen.

"Jonathan, we have doctorates from Harvard and Princeton, and we can't make sense of this menu," they complained. And I admit, one does need a crib sheet or a guru. The words are in English, but . . . the waiters seem confused, too. "You'll see," Jonathan said. "Let us show you." And so began a feast that stretched toward midnight.

To tell the truth, that's what tickles me about Colina. Excess. We are whisked from a rather grubby stretch of the Flatiron to the casual rustic sprawl of an Italian country inn—imported from Brazil, of all places, tile by tile, beam by beam, to house this ABC Carpet & Home fantasy in what used to be the pine-furniture department. Soon, our waxed wood tabletop is covered with a platter of antipasti (prosciutto, wild-boar sausage, vegetables, lightly dressed and naked), skinny breadsticks with a nice stubble of coarse salt, pizza of sorts (good, bad, and whaddayamean), exquisitely seared foie gras and caramelized onions on a crouton too stiff to saw or bite. And this is only the first act of Colina's $55 country dinner. Waiters circle the table with copper sauté pans, spooning out walnut pesto ravioli, pappardelle, and pasta al forno so sticky and rich one nibble ought to be enough, but your fork has a mind of its own. Next comes a sampling of creatures that swim, fly, and lumber. More, it seems, than some people can handle.

"But we can't eat like this," protest clusters of pilgrims come down from upper-class Zip Codes. And they have a sympathetic ear in Jeff Salaway, the Sirio of the Hamptons, their very own host at Nick & Toni's and the managing operator here. "We don't have three hours for dinner," they chide him. I say thank Heaven for spandex. We have trained for this excess: we self-styled foodies and winos (professional and amateur), the Waxman groupies, the Michelin-star-struck, the sommeliers and cuisinary royalty dropping by to see what the star whisk is up to. Alice Waters and disciples within grease-spatter range of the kitchen. Jean-Georges seated discreetly in the rear. Larry Forgione in his whites, pitching in.

I'm a flea-market junkie. I always want to buy everything in ABC's musty cobwebbed windows. So I'm a fool for Colina, this amazing apparition with its tall cedar trees and rosemary shrubs in pots, the majestic wrought-iron gates that divide the cantina with its mesh and twisted vines above. And in the dining room: the mix-and-match tables, the fool-nobody *faux* windows, the curved terra-cotta roof tiles and imported beams, the tall communal table with its bar stools and dramatic pileups of red peppers or green artichokes.

And this is the way I love to eat. A little taste of everything. I didn't even see the menu on my first outing. Just cried, "Let the chef decide." True, I couldn't help noticing that certain waiters seemed disoriented, and certain dishes were sadly lacking. I ignored the bland, soggy pappardelle and inept beef-cheek ravioli, dedicating myself to the savory, fat tubes baked in the oven with red and white chard, mushrooms, and goops of taleggio. By the time we'd gone through marvelous spring lamb, perfect bistecca fiorentina, and tenderest suckling pig just off the spit, I was hopelessly dazzled. Indeed, even a side dish as simple as beets, exquisitely crumbed and roasted, and a dessert like the intense rhubarb compote under floats of meringue and lemon

Country home: Colina's dining room is a reconstructed Italian inn (by way, oddly enough, of Brazil).

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

THE INSATIABLE CRITIC

cream have our table of foodniks raving.

I figure Waxman just needs time to whip the kitchen into submission. After all, this New York–born icon of California cool shaped our taste for minimalism at the lamented Jams, experimented at long-gone Bud's and Hulot's, launched Bryant Park Grill and Nick & Toni's Manhattan satellite. But some weeks later, not much has changed. Waxman, looking ever more Italianate with his blondish curls and cherubic cheeks, is stymied because his all-you-can-eat drama has thrown timing off kilter. Still, I am in a better mood. After several unfriendly wines, I've found a winner, the Toni, a Montepulciano d'Abruzzi ($45) chosen by the sommelier for its virtues as well as its name. We're back with friends to try the Ligurian menu. There are no choices to make—it simply comes: Mostly vegetable antipasti, luscious seafood bisque, cleanly fried vegetable fritters, a fine anchovy-olive pizzette, and chickpea crêpes more like breakfast pancakes than the farinata we buy in wondrously greasy tatters from the pizzeria on the square in Pietrasanta every summer.

Italian country food is tricky. It can be awful. Only once have I been served a fish that wasn't overcooked on the Tuscan seashore—fish can be too dry at Colina too—but in Italy you get a drizzle of heady olive oil to enliven the bronzino. In Tuscany, cooks rarely use four ingredients when three are traditional. Inevitably, one ingredient is salt. (Often in excess.) Garlic, usually in judicious doses, helps, too. Alas, in the worship of freshness and purity, flavor is sacrificed in too many antipasti and pastas here. But the crumbed tuna, barely seared (no Italian would dream of such savagery), has its own intrinsic flavor. If you're counting calories or saving room, bide your time to indulge in Waxman's alchemy with meat and birds. A night in brine transforms rotisseried breast of turkey with impossible juiciness. Squab cut into voluptuous rare chunks is a revelation, too. The bistecca costs extra, but I can't let our friends leave for Tuscany without a sample of Colina's, tenderer than any fiorentina they will taste this summer.

In suckling pig as in kilims and down pillows, the customer is sometimes right. So now there's a $45 espresso menu, the five-course country "guided tour of the menu" for $55, June's $65 Lombardy tasting, and a sample-of-everything chef's whimsy for $75. If you're like me, you won't wait for a white sale.

Colina, 35 East 18th Street (505-2233). Lunch (beginning June 9), noon to 3 P.M., dinner 6 to 11 P.M. Open daily. A.E., M.C., V. ■

Gael Greene's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Simon *continued from page 55*

THEATER

nabob, Eamon, whose Midas touch makes even his goyishness forgivable. Though their tireless efforts to produce an heir have thus far been unrewarded, hope of offspring springs eternal. And these sweet people do not even mind when Oliver's gigantic canine, Thunder, keeps wrecking their fragile art treasures. Thunder, by the way, is flawlessly incarnated by a mountainous mastiff whose stage name is Dreyfus but whose dog-show name is Bound for Glory, perhaps leaving him as split in two as Richard Greenberg.

Most of the actors live up to Dreyfus's high standards. As Laurie, Peter Frechette is that remarkable actor unafraid of creative exaggeration. He sweats misery and oozes resentment as he pants after money in a fine hyperbolic frenzy that puts him right up there with our other master of plummy overachievement, Kevin Kline. As Oliver, Paul Michael Valley is superbly obnoxious as he idolizingly yet also smugly bestows on Laurie adulation as welcome as a gorilla's embrace. The good Judith (formerly Judy) Blazer squeezes out all that the part of Gia can offer, and Kevin O'Rourke copes gallantly with the luck of the Irish clinging to him like Spanish moss. As the parents, Larry Keith and Dori Brenner are impeccable. Only the Thea of Ileen Getz, a TV comedienne of grotesque aspect, is unworthy of this company. The design team is in splendid form under David Warren's exemplarily resourceful direction. And even if the author cannot quite pull things together into a purposeful whole, the seeds of his fulfillment may be stirring here.

A HAPLESS GROUP CALLING ITSELF RED HUDson Company dug up a Spanish play, **After the Rain**, by one Sergi Belbel, which won the Molière award for best comedy in France last year and garnered good notices when Ireland's Gate Theatre presented it in London. The play, or at any rate its first act, is about as empty, derivative and witless as any I've seen, and I have seen plenty.

Taking place in the near future, it tells of office workers who come to the roof of an 89-story building to smoke clandestinely, indulge in idiotic office chitchat, and plot pathetic intrigues. It is tarted up with shopworn absurdism, as when a moronic computer programmer jumps off that roof only to reappear without explanation to continue being moronic. The acting is rudimentary; the staging, if possible, worse.

That such unspeakable trash gets an award for something other than imbecility only corroborates the great saying of the Austrian playwright Ödön von Horváth: "Nothing so conveys a sense of the infinite as human stupidity." ■

John Simon's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

Davis *continued from page 56*

CLASSICAL MUSIC

tion back then. Her real vocal prime had come a decade before that, and *Baby Doe* ushered it in. Moore may not have written the role expressly for Sills (Dolores Wilson was the first Baby Doe), but the tuneful music both flatters her whole cuddly vocal personality and shows off her remarkable skill at sustaining long, arching lines and finely spun pianissimos.

The performance has other strengths: Walter Cassel's vocally virile and wonderfully theatrical Horace Tabor; Frances Bible's equally eloquent Augusta; Emerson Buckley's dashing musical direction; and a host of energized New York City Opera regulars, voices that will stir many pleasant memories for anyone who was around back then. Best of all, the whole cast beautifully captures the undercurrent of disappointment and lost dreams that lies beneath the surface of this brash drama, qualities that give the opera a real tragic dimension. The latest CD technology attempts to tame the original tinny, shallow sonics that blemished the recording's three previous LP incarnations, but the sound is still only just tolerable. In that respect, a new *Baby Doe* would be welcome, but Sills and company continue to make this one irreplaceable.

SOME PIECES OF MUSIC ARE GUARANTEED TO be events, no matter who performs them or how. Beethoven's **Missa Solemnis** certainly belongs in that category, and the New York Philharmonic's recent presentation under Kurt Masur in Avery Fisher Hall was more than properly festive. I would even go so far as to say that it was among the most imposing interpretations of this extraordinary score I've ever heard. On no other major late piece did Beethoven labor so long or more intensely, and a great performance must reflect that passionate work process without making an audience excessively conscious of it. It's a tricky balancing feat to pull off, but the *Missa Solemnis* must never sound easy; by the same token, only virtuoso musicians can face its ferocious challenges and hope to produce an adequate result.

Masur, the orchestra, the New York Choral Artists, the American Boychoir, the vocal soloists (Christine Brewer, Florence Quivar, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Peter Rose)—everyone involved not only was up to the job but seemed to understand exactly why he or she was engaged in it. Beethoven scribbled, "From the heart / May it go again to the heart!" at the top of the *Missa*'s first manuscript page, a fervent wish that seldom comes true as readily as it did on this occasion. ■

Peter G. Davis's 1997–99 reviews are available at **newyorkmag.com**.

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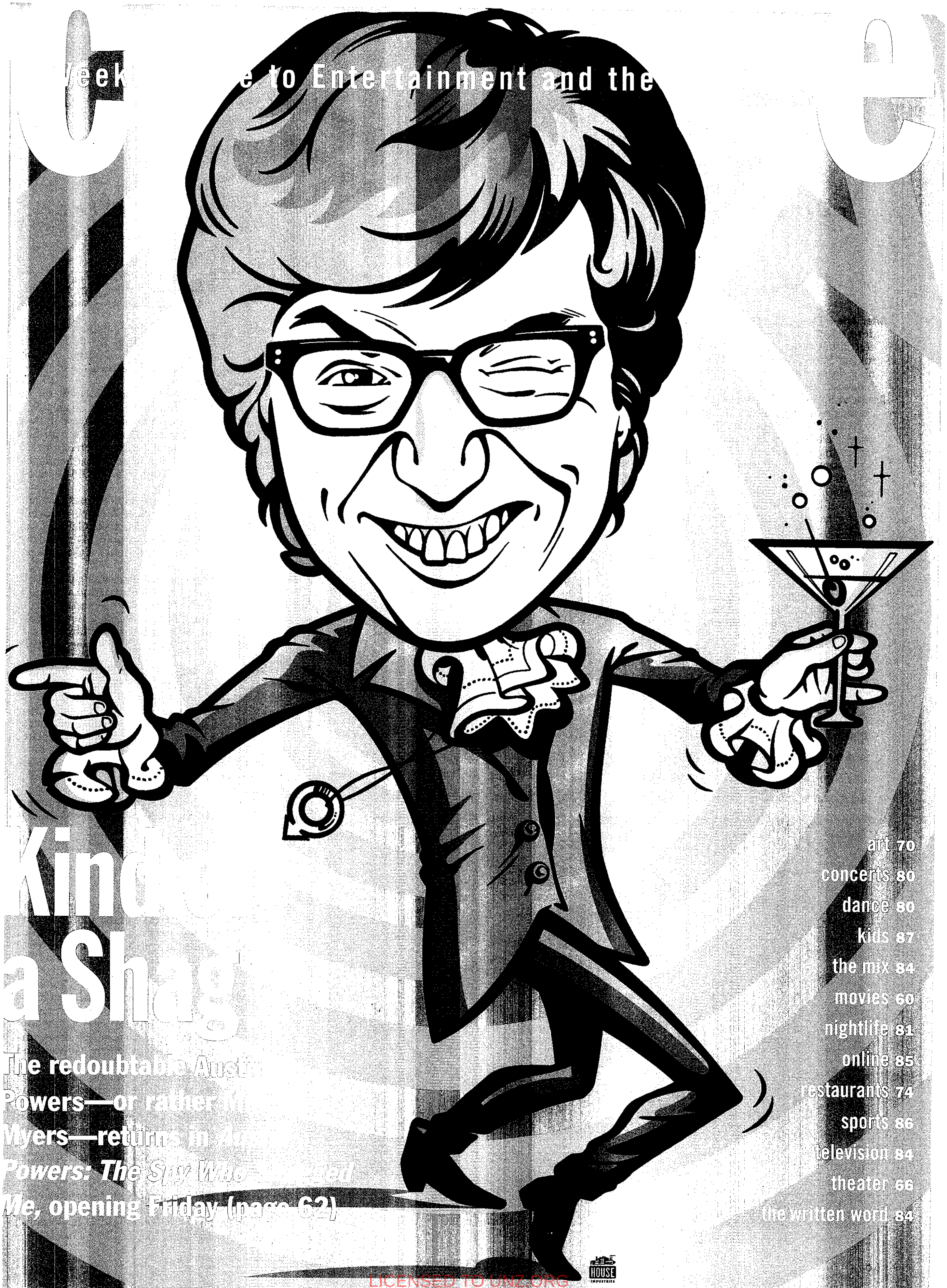

Kin
a Shag

The redoubtable Aust
Powers—or rather M
Myers—returns in Au
Powers: The Spy Who ed
Me, opening Friday (page 62)

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movies

The Last Cigarette...Terry Gilliam...The Red Violin

New Films

After Life—Heaven's caseworkers help the newly dead select one memory to travel with them for eternity. Written and directed by Kore-eda Hirokazu. Shown with *Bunny,* this year's Oscar-winning animated short film. (1 hr. 58 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

American Hollow—Documentarian Rory Kennedy's chronicle of a year in the life of a dirt-poor family clan in eastern Kentucky. She doesn't attempt to poeticize these people or put them on display. The harrowing aspects of their lives are presented matter-of-factly: The endemic alcoholism, the legacy of wife abuse, the casual outlawry. Iree, the family matriarch, who's in her sixties and looks 80, is proud of her brood. In the midst of much misery, she makes the most beautiful quilts. (Rainer; 5/31/99) (1 hr. 30 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Analyze This—Robert De Niro plays a Mafia boss who suddenly finds himself experiencing panic attacks. Delivered up to a psychiatrist (Billy Crystal), he approaches the sessions as if they were summit meetings. Initially on guard, he begins to catch on to the ritual. It's like learning a new scam. De Niro is quite funny; comedy seems to rejuvenate his actor's instincts. Crystal is unduly dour. Harold Ramis, who directed, brings off some classic sequences, but he sets up the capo and the psychiatrist as matching mopes. They learn life lessons from each other. And what we learn yet again is that potentially terrific comedies are often whacked by filmmakers feeling the need to spread a little therapy themselves. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 45 mins.; R) *CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Loews 84th Street; Cinemart.*

Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me—Mike Myers returns as the swinging private eye. With Heather Graham. Directed by Jay Roach. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Opens 6/11.*

Baby Geniuses—A talking-baby movie. With Kathleen Turner. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Kew Gardens Cinemas; Main Street Cinemas.*

Besieged—An English musician in Rome is entranced by the young African woman who cleans his home while she studies medicine. With Thandie Newton and David Thewlis. Written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci. (1 hr. 32 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Paris Theatre; Clearview's Cobble Hill.*

Black Mask—Jet Li saves the world from a vicious band of soldiers. (About 2 hrs.;R) *CC Village East; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; New Coliseum; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Ridgewood; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Documentary
Got a Light?

It's no secret that cigarettes are a bad thing. So why do almost a billion people continue to smoke them? In *The Last Cigarette,* a satiric look at the inexplicable allure of tobacco, Hollywood film clips mix with those from congressional hearings and old commercials to make some sense out of the smoker's world. At Film Forum starting June 9. See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.

Buena Vista Social Club—See Rainer, page 53. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *CC Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

The Castle—A proud homeowner fights an airport extension that would take away his house. With Michael Caton and Sophie Lee. Directed by Rob Sitch. (1 hr. 25 mins.; R) *Clearview's 59th Street East; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

★**Cookie's Fortune**—Robert Altman's latest, set in small-town Mississippi, is a pleasingly shaggy parody of southern gothic. The film is crowned by a performance by Charles S. Dutton, as a man fingered for a phony murder rap, that's perfection. He has such an easygoing comic grace that he practically dances the part. (Rainer; 4/12/99) (1 hr. 58 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East.*

Cruel Intentions—Teenage stepsiblings make wagers regarding the sexual conquest of two innocent prep-schoolers. With Sarah Michelle Gellar, Ryan Phillippe, and Reese Witherspoon. Directed by Roger Kumble. (1 hr. 37 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Desert Blue—A father and daughter visit a California town searching for a roadside attraction and find a crazy, funny bunch of locals. With Brendan Sexton III, Kate Hudson, Christina Ricci, Casey Affleck, and Sara Gilbert. Written and directed by Morgan J. Freeman. (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center.*

★**The Dreamlife of Angels**—This first feature by the 42-year-old French director Erick Zonca is marvelously observant of the ways of friendship. Isa (Elodie Bouchez) is a 21-year-old free spirit with close-cropped black hair and saucer eyes. Marie (Natacha Régnier), her newfound roommate, seems prematurely hard-bitten. At first, they hit it off. But Marie is temperamentally Isa's opposite; she looks at life not as a lark but as a minefield. The tragedy of their friendship is that they damage each other without meaning to. (Rainer; 4/12/99) (1 hr. 53 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Edge of Seventeen—An Ohio teen falls in love with another guy during the summer of 1984. With Chris Stafford and Tina Holmes. Directed by David Moreton. (1 hr. 50 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Election—Alexander Payne and Jim Taylor—the director-writer team that gave us the abortion comedy *Citizen Ruth*—are back with this facetious smarty-pants satire about a popular Midwest-high-school history teacher (Matthew Broderick) who acquires as his nemesis the school's No. 1 student overachiever (Reese Witherspoon). The filmmakers should be commended for making a high-school movie that, for a change, isn't aimed only at high-school students. It's an anti-high-school high-school movie, and it captures the dreary institutional climate: the ugly green hallways and generic auditoriums and all the other memento mori of those years. But *Election* could stand to be a little less satisfied with its smarts. Like brainy adolescents, Payne and Taylor mock everything in sight. After a while, you begin to wonder what makes them so all-fired special. (Rainer; 5/3/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; Loews State; Loews New York Twin; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Pavilion; UA Movieworld.*

Endurance—The life story of Haile Gebrselassie, the 1996 gold-medal winner in the 10,000-meter race. Directed by Leslie Woodhead. (1 hr. 23 mins.; G) *Art Greenwich Twin; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

'CUE' COVER ILLUSTRATION BY HOUSE INDUSTRIES

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by Peter Rainer…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the theaters where the film is playing.

Entrapment—Sean Connery stars as Mac MacDougal, the greatest art thief in the world, in this mildly diverting knockoff of movies as diverse as *The Thomas Crown Affair* and *Topkapi*. Catherine Zeta-Jones is the insurance investigator who becomes his partner. First they rob an ancient Chinese gold mask from a heavily guarded London exhibit, then a computerized bank account worth billions from a bank in Kuala Lumpur. Connery is worth watching even in junk; amid all the fireworks and ploddingly staged action, he actually gives a real performance. Zeta-Jones works well with him; their May/December thing is equal parts hubba hubba and rue. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea West; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; UA Gemini; Clearview's 62nd and Broadway; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Eternity and a Day—A terminally ill Alexandre reflects upon his true nature and the price his genius has wrenched from those who loved him. Starring Bruno Ganz. Written and directed by Theo Angelopoulos. Winner, Cannes Palme D'Or, 1998. In Greek with English subtitles. (2 hrs. 12 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

eXistenZ—A video-game designer becomes the target of a fringe group when her new game takes its players too far into an alternate reality. With Jennifer Jason Leigh, Jude Law, Willem Dafoe, Ian Holm, and Sarah Polley. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Village East.*

Finding North—A Brooklyn girl saves a guy from jumping off a bridge, and the two embark on a road trip. With Wendy Makkena and John Benjamin Hickey. Directed by Tanya Wexler. (1 hr. 40 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Forces of Nature—Ben Affleck meets Sandra Bullock on the way to his wedding. With Blythe Danner and Maura Tierney. Directed by Bronwen Hughes. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Go—Directed by Doug Liman from a script by John August, this is one of those Sundance specials that seem to incorporate just about everything on the current Young Turk–indie-producer checklist: It has drug deals and hip chicks and lap dancing, it has cartoon violence and real blood, it has Vegas and L.A., it has a turn-back-the-hand-of-time dramatic structure. Liman (*Swingers*) is a virtuoso talent with a knack for locating the pulse of a scene, and he's good with actors—Sarah Polley, as a chicklet set up by a narc, is particularly good. But finally, there's nothing much to this movie except a lot of funky attitude. (Rainer; 4/19/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *The Screening Room.*

The Harmonists—A pretty good German film about the legendary a cappella vocal ensemble the Comedian Harmonists, who gave to the waning days of Weimar a bubbly frivolity before being broken up by the Nazis. (Three of the six vocalists were Jewish.) The destruction of the arts in Germany by the Nazis is often framed in terms of high culture. Here's an instance of pop culture being blown apart. (Rainer; 3/22/99) (2 hrs.; NR) *North Shore Towers.*

Instinct—See Rainer, page 54. (2 hrs. 6 mins.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Chelsea; CC Sutton; Loews State; Loews 84th Street; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

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The King and I—An animated story based on the musical by Rodgers and Hammerstein. Featuring the voices of Miranda Richardson and Martin Vidnovic. (1 hr. 30 mins.; G) *Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

The King of Masks—Director Wu Tianming has fashioned the kind of straightforwardly sentimental tale that tends to cop the best-foreign-film award come Oscar time—but actually, it's better than that. Set in China in the 1930s, it's about an old street performer who grudgingly takes on a young orphaned girl and ultimately grows close to her. It comes by most of its emotions honestly. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

The Last Cigarette—A satiric look at the mysterious appeal of tobacco and it's cultural significance. Directed by Kevin Rafferty and Frank Keraudren. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

Leila—A superb Iranian film, directed by Dariush Mehrjui, about a young middle-class housewife who realizes she can't become pregnant and, with her mother-in-law's meddling, conspires to find her husband a second wife to bear his heir. The film has overtones of *A Doll's House* and, in a less lyric and layered mode, the Satyajit Ray films about women and the strictures of class and tradition. As Leila, the actress Leila Hatami is an extraordinary presence: Dressed in black, she has an ancient gravity, and yet she wears her chador with a crisp chicness, and her features are as fine-boned as any famished supermodel's. Farsi with English subtitles. (Rainer; 5/17/99) (2 hrs. 9 mins.; NR) *Cinema Village.*

Life—Somehow, a comedy in which Eddie Murphy and Martin Lawrence are serving life sentences in Mississippi. Directed by Ted Demme. (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas; Bay Plaza; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Life Is Beautiful—An Italian Jew and his son are taken to a concentration camp at the end of World War II, and the father attempts to hide the horror through fun and games. Starring Roberto Benigni, Sergio Bustric, Nicoletta Braschi, and Giorgio Cantarini. In Italian, with subtitles. (1 hr. 54 mins.; PG-13) *Art Greenwich Twin; Guild 50th Street.*

Limbo—David Strathairn is an Alaskan fisherman still reeling from a long-ago accident; Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio is the town newcomer who snaps him out of it. Written and directed by John Sayles. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Sony Lincoln Square.*

Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels—It's about four petty hoodlums from London's East End who fight their way out of debt and throw in a double cross. First-time writer-director Guy Ritchie sets four separate gangs against each other in what amounts to a serial Gunfight at OK Corral, and he stages the splatter like an MTV-generation Peckinpah; it has a hideous giddiness. He's a director to watch. (Rainer; 3/15/99) (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Screening Room; CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Loss of Sexual Innocence—Director Mike Figgis is an odd amalgam of artiste and pulpster, and, alas, the artiste wins out in this experimental-film-ish botch that has something to do with a documentary filmmaker (Julian Sands); his traumatic life stages, shown in flashback; and Adam and Eve—represented as a black man and a Nordic white woman. They look like they wandered over from Woodstock Nation, and achieve oneness when they both make pee-pee in the shimmering river of life. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's First & 62nd St.*

Lost & Found—David Spade is an L.A. restaurateur who woos his beautiful French neighbor (Sophie Marceau) by kidnapping her dog. With Martin Sheen. Directed by Jeff Pollack. (1 hr. 38 mins.; PG-13) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

The Love Letter—A graceful lark about the effect an anonymous love letter has on the ramshackle Massachusetts coastal town of Loblolly. As Helen, a bookstore owner at odds with herself, Kate Capshaw has a marvelous look—voluptuously frazzled. She's slightly punch-drunk from the sensual possibilities in the salt air. The director Peter Ho-Sun Chan has a deft touch; his camera glides among the townspeople with a sly, insinuating speed; it's as if we were watching the trajectory of a hot rumor. Ellen Degeneres co-stars as Helen's co-worker and best friend, and she's sharp and fresh. Based on the 1995 Cathleen Schine novel. (Rainer; 5/31/99) (1 hr. 29 mins.; PG-13) *Loews Village; Loews 72nd St. East; Loews Orpheum 7; Sony Lincoln Square; Cinemart; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Matrix—Keanu Reeves investigates an alternate reality. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews State; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Midsummer Night's Dream—With its fairy king and queen and sprites, its star-crossed lovers and opulence and filigree, this is one of Shakespeare's most movie-ish of plays. It's been filmed often. The most recent version, directed by Michael Hoffman, is, thankfully, not a radical reinterpretation or a calisthenic romp. Rather, it's captivatingly modest, featuring a fine cast, including Kevin Kline as Bottom, Michelle Pfeiffer as Titania, Stanley Tucci as Puck, Calista Flockhart as Helena, and Rupert Everett as Oberon. Hoffman's visual conjurations are an amalgam of pre-Raphaelite, Etruscan, and Maxfield Parrish, but he transmutes the heavy syrup of kitsch into Shakespearean nectar. (Rainer; 5/17/99) (1 hr. 55 mins.; PG) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Loews New York Twin; UA East; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Mummy—Brendan Fraser is a dashing explorer who fights to save the world from curse of the Keeper of the Dead. With Rachel Weisz, John Hannah, and Omid Djalili. Directed by Stephen Sommers. (About 2 hrs.; PG-13) *Clearview's Chelsea; Loews Astor Plaza; Clearview's Beekman; Loews Orpheum 7; Clearview's Olympia; New Coliseum; Nova; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; Plaza; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Notting Hill—Julia Roberts plays the most famous movie star in the world, who falls for a stammering, courtly travel-book store owner, played by Hugh Grant, who loves her for herself and not her celebrity. In other words, what we have here is another self-congratulatory play-it-both-ways Hollywood romance: The suitor is saluted for having the proper values while, at the same time, we're encouraged to lap up the luxuries of stardom. The relationship between the lovers is meant to be improbably thrilling, but what we see is something else—at best, they look like they have a pronounced affection for each other. This movie-star-who-wants-to-be-a-real-person conceit has a chilling effect on Julia Roberts, whose appeal, of course, is based on her seeming just like the rest of us—only more gorgeous and winning. (Rainer; 6/7/99) (2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; CO Coronet; UA Criterion; Clearview's Park and 86th St.; Clearview's Metro Cinema; Sony Lincoln Square; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Main Street Cinemas; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Out of Season—A dying man brings together two emotionally wounded women. Directed by Jeannette Buck. With Carol Monda and Joy Kelly. (About 2 hrs.; NR) *Opens 6/11 at Quad Cinemas.*

Pushing Tin—Whose bright idea was it to make a *M*A*S*H*-style movie about air-traffic controllers? Done up as a black comedy, this new-to-movies subject might have worked, but what we get instead is a film that should warm the cockles of all the fear-of-flying fliers in the audience: an unfunny romp in which our friendly skies are shown to be at the mercy of a gaggle of hypercaffeinated yahoos. The cast is a spiffy assortment of talent, mostly wasted, including John Cusack as the controller at Long Island's Terminal Radar Approach Control Center and Billy Bob Thornton, a new arrival to the center, as his cooled-out rival. Cate Blanchett, playing Cusack's wife, shows up sporting a Long Island accent; and Angelina Jolie, in the film's best performance, plays Thornton's wife—a tarty, blase bombshell. (Rainer; 5/3/99) (2 hrs.; R) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

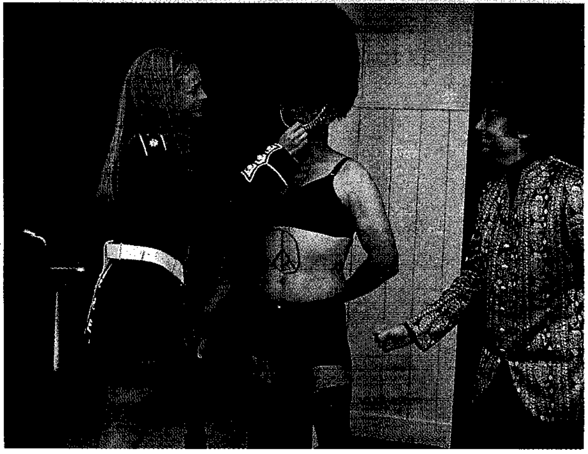
The Red Violin—An epic about the passion and tragedy that surrounds an instrument as it travels through three centuries. With Carlo Cecchi, Greta Scacchi, and Samuel L. Jackson. Directed by François Girard. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; NR) *Opens 6/11 at Lincoln Plaza, UA Union Square,* BAM *Rose Cinemas, and Clearview's Beekman.*

Return With Honor—The powerful story of American pilots held captive in North Vietnam as told by the former prisoners, with North Vietnamese footage of their ordeal. Directed by Freida Lee Mock and Terry Sanders. (1 hr. 42 mins.; NR) *Opens 6/11.*

Shakespeare in Love—A fanciful romp about the young Will who wrote *Romeo and Juliet* and the romantic liaison that may have led to it. Joseph Fiennes is blandly dashing as the Bard, and Gwyneth Paltrow, as his muse, is blandly pretty. She'd be better off if she didn't keep trying to set herself up as

Opening Swingers

Yes, just about everyone co-opted Austin Powers's "Yeah, baby!"—making it the most annoying comeback going (have you heard Kathie Lee Gifford?). But we trust Mike Myers will relieve us by adding something even better to the swinger's lexicon in 'Austin Powers: The Spy Who Shagged Me.' There's more zany high jinks: This time, Austin's gone back to sixties London, where he meets the lovely CIA agent Felicity Shagwell (Heather Graham, below). Opens June 11.



Photograph by K. Wright/New Line Cinema.

the Grace Kelly of the twentysomething set. She's best when she shows some steel, as in *Hard 8* and *Flesh and Bone.* (Rainer; 12/21/98) (2 hrs.; R) *CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace—George Lucas has been quoted as saying that actors are still the best way to portray people, but, watching his new movie, the first in a trio of prequels, you get the feeling he wishes he could dispense with actors altogether. Ninety-five percent of this film was created in the computer; only about 200 shots were not altered digitally. The actors in it—including Liam Neeson as a Jedi warrior, Ewan McGregor as young Obi-Wan Kenobi, and Natalie Portman as Queen Amidala of the endangered planet Naboo—are upstaged to a fare-thee-well. And maybe this was Lucas's intention: By making his CGI creatures, his 'droids and globs and thingamajigs, so much more captivating than his people, he's striking a blow for the primacy of special effects over human effects. At this point in his career, he may not know the difference anymore. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (2 hrs.; PG-13) *CC Murray Hill Cinemas; Clearview's Ziegfeld; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Clearview's Olympia; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Canarsie; Kent Triplex; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; Pavilion; Ridgewood; UA Marboro; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Jackson Triplex; Main Street Cinemas; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Hylan Plaza; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

Tea With Mussolini—Franco Zeffirelli directed this movie based on his memoirs of growing up in Florence in the wake of World War II. The film doesn't feel like it comes from the heart, though Zeffirelli here is as gauze-wrapped as ever. Joan Plowright, Judi Dench, and Maggie Smith play dotty, doting Englishwomen who take up the young boy. Cher shows up as a Peggy Guggenheim-ish art vulture, and Lily Tomlin plays a lesbian archaeologist like a cross between Camille Paglia and Annie Oakley. (Rainer; 5/24/99) (About 2 hrs.; R) *CC Angelika Film Center; Clearview's Chelsea; Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Sony Lincoln Square; Clearview's Cobble Hill; Pavilion; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

The Third Man—Carol Reed's classic film noir based on a story by Graham Greene, restored and rereleased for its fiftieth anniversary. With Joseph Cotten, Trevor Howard, and Orson Welles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Film Forum.*

The Thirteenth Floor—A murder mystery set between present-day and a virtual version of 1937 L.A. With Craig Bierko, Armin Mueller-Stahl, Vincent D'Onofrio, and Gretchen Mol. Directed by Josef Rusnak. (About 2 hrs.; R) *Loews Village; Loews 19th St. East; UA Criterion; Loews Orpheum 7; UA Gemini; Loews 84th Street; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex; UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay; Centre Sunnyside; Cinemart; UA Astoria; UA Crossbay II; UA Movies at Bayside; UA Movieworld; UA Movies at Staten Island.*

This Is My Father—A Chicago schoolteacher visits Ireland to learn the story of the father he never met. With Aidan Quinn, Stephen Rea, James Caan, Colm Meaney, and John Cusack. Directed by Paul Quinn. (2 hrs.; R) *Clearview's First & 62nd St.; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Three Seasons—This is the first American independent film to be shot in Vietnam with a primarily Vietnamese cast, but it has no center of gravity. It's very pretty; the director Tony Bui has a fine eye for lotus petals and rain-swept alleys. But his aestheticism turns everything into spun sugar. Harvey Keitel shows up as an ex-Marine looking for his daughter, and there are also episodes involving a prostitute and a cyclo driver, a street urchin, and a girl who harvests lotus blossoms. Winner of the best-picture award at the 1999 Sundance film festival. (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) *CC Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; bam Rose Cinemas.*

Trekkies—A documentary about the largest and perhaps most disturbing fan phenomenon in pop-culture history. Directed by Roger Nygard. (1 hr. 27 mins.; PG) *CO Worldwide Cinemas.*

Trippin'—A teenage boy gets with the program when he realizes life—and his school crush—is passing him by. Starring Deon Richmond and Maia Campbell. Directed by David Raynr. Opens 5/12. (About 1 hr. 30 mins.; R) *UA Criterion; New Coliseum; Nova; Bay Plaza; Concourse Plaza; Whitestone; Linden Boulevard Multiplex.*

Twice Upon a Yesterday—A forlorn lover gets to turn back time and relive a relationship that went wrong. With Lena Headey and Penélope Cruz. Directed by María Ripoll. (1 hr. 36 mins.; R) *CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3; bam Rose Cinemas.*

A Walk on the Moon—Diane Lane is a young housewife in 1969 who begins an affair at a summer resort in the Catskills. With Liev Schreiber, Anna Paquin, Tovah Feldshuh, and Viggo Mortensen. Directed by Tony Goldwyn. (1 hr. 47 mins.; R) *Clearview's 34th Street Showplace; Clearview's Chelsea West; CC Crown Gotham; Kent Triplex; Cinemart; Jackson Triplex.*

The Winslow Boy—David Mamet adapts and directs the 1946 Terrence Rattigan warhorse about a boy who is unjustly expelled from the Admiralty's Naval College and how his well-to-do Victorian family sues the Crown and rallies to his defense. It may seem odd that Mamet has chosen to devote his energies to something so ostensibly remote from his temperament. But there's a link between the clipped cadences of these upper-crusters and the rhythmic syncopation of Mamet's usual lowlifes and tricksters. For Mamet, manners are manners, whether they're good or bad. Nigel Hawthorne, who plays the boy's father, is especially fine in a cast which also includes Jeremy Northam and Rebecca Pidgeon (Mamet's wife). (Rainer; 5/10/99) (1 hr. 50 mins.; G) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas; bam Rose Cinemas; Kew Gardens Cinemas.*

Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl—Joan Chen's directorial debut is an uneven, sometimes affecting story about a 15-year-old girl during the Cultural Revolution who is "sent down" to the countryside for regimental training. Living in the remote Tibetan countryside with an emasculated, kindly Tibetan horse trainer, she offers herself up to itinerant "patrons" for sex in the hopes of returning home. Chen wants us to regard this as a bittersweet Chaplinesque fable, but what we see is too grotesquely unsettling for that. (Rainer; 5/17/99) (1 hr. 39 mins.; R) *CC Village East; CC Eastside Playhouse.*

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War Stories

In the stunning, apolitical documentary *Return With Honor*—which includes extensive, never-seen footage of American POWs obtained from the current Vietnamese government—onetime prisoners gamely recall their terror at being captured and held in the "Hanoi Hilton." The emotions come when they recall their homecomings—some after eight years in solitary confinement. Opens June 11 at Loews Kips Bay.

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Art Greenwich Twin—97–101 Greenwich Ave. at W. 12th St. (929-3350) *Endurance; Instinct; Life Is Beautiful.*

CC Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Besieged; Buena Vista Social Club; Desert Blue; Limbo; The Loss of Sexual Innocence; Tea With Mussolini.*

CC Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Black Mask; Cookie's Fortune; Entrapment; eXistenZ; Get Real; Three Seasons; Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl.*

Cinema Village—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *The King of Masks; Leila.*

Clearview's Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (777-FILM#603) *The Mummy; Shakespeare in Love..*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *American Hollow; The Last Cigarette; The Third Man.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Loews Village—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (50-LOEWS#952) *Election; The Love Letter; Notting Hill; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *The Dreamlife of Angels; Edge of Seventeen; Eternity and a Day; Finding North.*

Screening Room—54 Varick St. (below Canal) (334-2100) *Go; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

UA Union Square—13th St. and Broadway (253-2225) *Instinct; The Matrix; A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Twice Upon a Yesterday; The Winslow Boy.*

14th–41st Streets

CC Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Entrapment; Instinct; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

Clearview's 34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (777-FILM#700) *A Midsummer Night's Dream; A Walk on the Moon.*

Clearview's Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#597) *Instinct; The Matrix; The Mummy; Tea With Mussolini.*

Clearview's Chelsea West—333 W. 23rd St. (777-FILM#614) *Entrapment; A Walk on the Moon.*

Loews 19th St. East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (50-LOEWS#558) *Election; Notting Hill; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Loews Kips Bay Theatre—570 2nd Ave. (505–6397#558) *Election; The Love Letter; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Tea With Mussolini; The Thirteenth Floor; The Winslow Boy.*

42nd–60th Streets

CC Cinemas 1, 2, 3—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Analyze This; Shakespeare in Love; Twice Upon a Yesterday.*

CC Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *A Walk on the Moon.*

CC Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Xiu Xiu: The Sent Down Girl.*

CC Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *Instinct.*

Clearview's 59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (777-FILM#615) *The Castle.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Clearview's Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (777-FILM#602) *Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

CO Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *Notting Hill.*

CO Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Cruel Intentions; Forces of Nature; Life; Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels; Lost & Found; Pushing Tin; Trekkies.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Life Is Beautiful.*

Photograph courtesy of American Film Foundation.

Loews Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (50-LOEWS#699) *The Mummy.*
Loews State—1540 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (50-LOEWS#901) *Election; Instinct; The Matrix.*
Paris Theatre—4 W. 58th St. (688-3800) *Besieged.*
UA Criterion—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Black Mask; Entrapment; Notting Hill; The Thirteenth Floor; Trippin'.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

CC 86th St. East—210 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#763) *Instinct; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*
Clearview's Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (777-FILM#606) *The Mummy.*
Clearview's First & 62nd St.—400 E. 62nd St. (777-FILM#957) *The Loss of Sexual Innocence; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tea With Mussolini; This Is My Father.*
Clearview's Park and 86th St.—125 E. 86th St. (777-FILM#604) *Entrapment; Notting Hill.*
Loews 72nd St. East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (50-LOEWS#704) *The Love Letter.*
Loews New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (50-LOEWS#698) *Election; A Midsummer Night's Dream.*
Loews Orpheum 7—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (50-LOEWS#964) *Black Mask; Election; The Love Letter; The Matrix; The Mummy; The Thirteenth Floor.*
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *A Midsummer Night's Dream.*
UA Gemini—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Entrapment; The Matrix; The Thirteenth Floor.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Clearview's 62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (777-FILM#864) *Entrapment.*
Clearview's Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (777-FILM#609) *The Matrix; Notting Hill.*
Clearview's Olympia—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (777-FILM#613) *The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*
CO Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *After Life; Buena Vista Social Club; The Dreamlife of Angels; Endurance; Eternity and a Day; Three Seasons; The Winslow Boy.*
Loews 84th Street—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (50-LOEWS#701) *Analyze This; Instinct; The Matrix; The Thirteenth Floor.*
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *Black Mask; Entrapment; The Mummy; Trippin'.*
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *Entrapment; The Mummy; Trippin'.*
Sony Lincoln Square—1998 Broadway, at 68th St. (50-LOEWS#638) *Election; Limbo; The Love Letter; A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Tea With Mussolini.*

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (777-FILM#833) *Black Mask; Entrapment; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor; Trippin'.*
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Black Mask; Instinct; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor; Trippin'.*
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Black Mask; Entrapment; Instinct; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor; Trippin'.*

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

BAM Rose Cinemas—30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (623-2770) *Three Seasons; Twice Upon a Yesterday; The Winslow Boy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Black Mask; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*
Clearview's Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Besieged; The Matrix; A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Mummy; Tea With Mussolini.*
CO Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Kingsway—946 Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Call theater for showtimes.*
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *Black Mask; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; A Walk on the Moon.*
Linden Boulevard Multiplex—Linden Blvd. and Eldert Lane (277-0303) *Black Mask; Entrapment; Instinct; Life; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor; Trippin'.*
Pavilion—188 Prospect Park West (369-0838) *Election; Instinct; A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tea With Mussolini.*
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *Black Mask; Instinct; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*
UA Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Entrapment; A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*
UA Movies at Sheepshead Bay—3907 Shore Pkwy, off Exit 9 at Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *Entrapment; Instinct; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tea With Mussolini; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Queens

Area Code 718

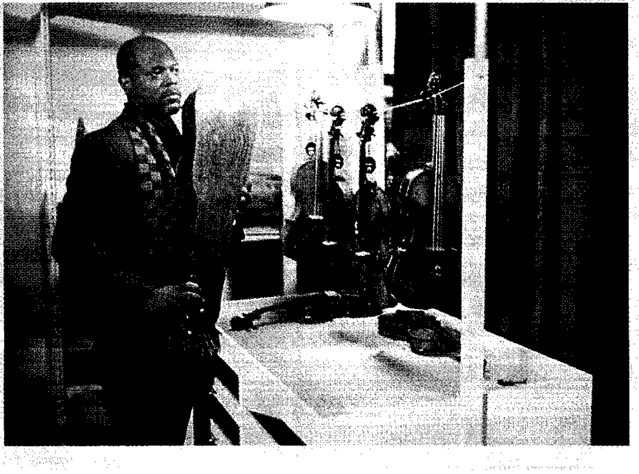
Centre Sunnyside—42-17 Queens Blvd. (361-6869) *Instinct; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor.*
Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Analyze This; Instinct; The Love Letter; The Thirteenth Floor; A Walk on the Moon.*
CO Cinema City—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *Call theater for showtimes.*
CO Fresh Meadows—Eastbound Service Rd. at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *Call theater for showtimes.*
College Point Multiplex—28-55 Ulmer St., Whitestone (886-4900) *Entrapment; Instinct; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor.*
Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *Instinct; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; A Walk on the Moon.*
Kew Gardens Cinemas—81-05 Lefferts Blvd., Queens (441-9835) *Baby Geniuses; The Castle; The King and I; Shakespeare in Love; The Siege; This Is My Father; The Winslow Boy.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")
Main Street Cinemas—72-66 Main St. (263-4828) *Baby Geniuses; Entrapment; Instinct; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

Talent

Music Lessons

Some good ideas are born out of . . . not much. "I was in London and talking with a friend over a good bottle of wine about objects traveling through time," says *The Red Violin* director François Girard, "and then I jumped into a cab and I just saw a violin! And immediately I thought it would be a great subject for a film." Montreal-based Girard—whose previous effort, *Thirty-Two Short Films About Glenn Gould*, depicted the life of that concert pianist—spent five years honing his new idea. "It was a very slow elephant to push," he says. "Nothing happened overnight." Indeed. The story of love, obsession, and cultural discord was shot in five countries and four languages. It follows a "perfect violin," first crafted by a seventeenth-century Italian master, as it travels for three centuries from Italy to an Austrian orphanage, to an English musician, and to the Chinese cultural revolution, finally arriving in present-day Montreal (below, with Samuel L. Jackson). Girard, who has never played the violin, nevertheless chose the instrument because he feels it's the ultimate symbol of music. He also found that it holds a lesson for modern society. "I became interested in the mystery around the fact that we have never been able to build better violins," he says. "In our society, where we're so focused in the now and we think we're superior because we drive fast cars and surf the Net, there are a number of signs from the past, including objects, that are there to teach us that we still have a lot to learn from the previous generations." *The Red Violin* opens June 11 at BAM Rose Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza, Clearview's Beekman, and UA Union Square.

PATRICIA FALVO



Photograph by Bob Marshak.

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *The Harmonists; A Walk on the Moon.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Entrapment; The Mummy.*

Sony Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (777-FILM#712) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (777-FILM#733) *Call theater for showtimes.*

Sony Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Rego Park (777-FILM#735) *Call theater for showtimes.*

UA Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Entrapment; Instinct; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor.*

UA Brandon Cinema—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Notting Hill.*

UA Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Instinct; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

UA Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *Black Mask; Entrapment; The Matrix; The Mummy; Notting Hill; The Thirteenth Floor.*

UA Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Entrapment; The Matrix; A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Mummy; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tea With Mussolini.*

UA Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor.*

UA Movieworld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Election; Entrapment; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Rd., nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Analyze This; Entrapment; Instinct; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; The Thirteenth Floor; A Walk on the Moon.*

UA Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Entrapment; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace.*

UA Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Black Mask; Entrapment; Instinct; The Love Letter; The Matrix; A Midsummer Night's Dream; The Mummy; Notting Hill; Star Wars Episode I: The Phantom Menace; Tea With Mussolini; The Thirteenth Floor.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of Natural History—"Earth, Wind, and Cinema." 6/11–6/13: Films that explore nature and natural phenomenon. 6/11: *Rain* (1929), *A Tale of the Wind* (1988), and *Frozen Heart* (1998). 6/12: *The Fleischer Superman Cartoons* (1942), *Journey to the Center of the Earth* (1959), *Everest—Death Zone* (1998), *Stromboli* (1949), and *Umbrellas* (1996). 6/13: *Man Falling in Lava* (1999), *The Day the Earth Moved* (1997), and *Wild River* (1960). Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5200). Friday evening $4 admission. Saturday and Sunday screenings free with admission.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"This Mad Masquerade: Valentino, Fairbanks, Barrymore, and Chaney in the Jazz Age." 6/12: *The Lamb* (1915) and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1920). 6/13: *The Sheik* (1921) and *He Who Gets Slapped* (1924). AMMI: 36-01 35th Ave., Astoria, Queens (718-784-0077). Tickets, $4.50–$8.50. Members and children under 4, free.

Anthology Film Archives—6/8: *Gold* (1972). "Peter Herzog Presents Brigitte Helm." 6/9: *Alraune* (1927) and *Manolescu, der König der Hochstapler* (1929). "New Filmmakers." 6/9 at 8 P.M.: Shorts and Jason Rosette's *Bookwars* (1999). "Selections from the Filmmakers Cooperative." 6/9: Various, including Taylor Mead's *Home Movies—NYC to San Diego* (1968). "John Waters Selects." 6/10 and 6/12–6/13: Cyril Collard's *Savage Nights* (1993) and Alan Cavalier's *Therèse* (1998). 6/11–6/13: *The Boy Who Cried Bitch* (1991) and *The Rapture* (1991). "Mike Figgis." 6/10–6/13: *Flamenco Women* (1997) and *Just Dancing Around* (1995). "Hans-Jürgen Syberberg." 6/11–6/13: *Cave of Memory* (1998). 32 Second Ave. (505-5110); $7.

Q&A

But Seriously . . .

Famously creative filmmaker Terry Gilliam discusses his films—including 'Brazil,' 'Monty Python and the Holy Grail,' and 'Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas'—and plugs a new book about his career ('Dark Nights and Holy Fools: The Art and Films of Terry Gilliam') June 8 at the Guggenheim. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc." for more info.)

Asia Society—6/10: Australian Short Films. 725 Park Ave., (517-ASIA; www.asiasociety.org); $10; $7 members.

BAM Rose Cinemas—"Ingmar Bergman Mini-Festival." *Wild Strawberries, In the Presence of a Clown,* and *The Phantom Carriage.* 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-623-2770).

Bryant Park Summer Film Festival—All features screen at sunset. 6/14: *Cabaret* (1972). Rain date: 6/15. Sixth Ave. bet. 40th and 42nd Sts. (512-5700); free.

Cinema Classics—"Racism at the Movies." 6/8: *Pinky*. 6/9–6/10: *Au Revoir les Enfants* (1987). 6/11–6/13: *Garden of the Finzi Continis* (1970). 6/14–6/16: *Wannsee Conference*. Double feature $5. 332 E. 11th St.; call 675-6692 for info.

Different Light—6/13: *Boys in the Band* (1970). 7 P.M. 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Film Forum—"Harold Lloyd." 6/14: *Hot Water* (1924) and *Feet First* (1930). "Tout Truffaut." Through 6/24: Eleven features and two shorts by France's seminal New Wave figure. 6/8: *Mississippi Mermaid* (1969). 6/9–6/10: *The Last Metro* (1980). 6/11–6/12: *The Bride Wore Black* (1967). 6/13: *Love on the Run* (1979). 6/15: *The Man Who Loved Women* (1977). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater) "Coming Times: New Irish Cinema." 6/8: *The Uncle Jack* (1996). 6/8–6/9: *Frankie Starlight* (1996). 6/9: Three shorts. 6/9–6/10: *The Fifth Province* (1997). "Independents Night." 6/10: *Return With Honor* (1998). "Human Rights Watch International Film Festival." All features preceded by shorts. 6/11–6/12 and 6/14–6/15: *Crime and Punishment* (1998). 6/11–6/13: *The Cloud* (1997) and *The City* (1998). 6/11 and 6/13: *Regret to Inform* (1998). 6/13–6/15: *The Children of Chabannes* (1999). 6/14–6/16: *Coraje* (1998). 6/15 and 6/17: *The Rose Seller* (1998). "Movies for Kids." 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); regular screenings $8.50–$15.

French Institute—"Cinéclub." 6/8: *Full Speed* (1996). 6/15: *La Sentinelle* (1992). Subtitled. Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $7.

Guggenheim Museum—"The Art and Films of Terry Gilliam." 6/8 at 7 P.M.: A discussion by the filmmaker, accompanied by Bob McCabe, the author of the new book *Dark Nights and Holy Fools: The Art of Films of Terry Gilliam.* Peter B. Lewis Theater, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (423-3587 or boxoffice@guggenheim.org). Tickets $10 ($7 members, seniors, and students).

Japan Society—"Life and Culture of the Edo Period." Through 6/25: Four classic films set in the Edo period. 6/11: *Destiny's Son* (1962). 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5 members, $8 nonmembers, students, and senior citizens.

Museum of Modern Art—"Alfred Hitchcock." 6/10: From the collection. 6/11 and 6/13: *Topaz* (1969). 6/11 and 6/14: *Torn Curtain* (1966). 6/11–6/12: *Marnie* (1964). 6/12 and 6/14: *Frenzy* (1972). 6/13 and 6/15: *Family Plot* (1976). 6/15: *The Men Who Made the Movies: Alfred Hitchcock* (1973). "New Documentaries." 6/15: Shorts from 1998–99. "Out-takes Are History: Selections from the 45th Annual Robert Flaherty Film Seminar." 6/11: Richard Leacock lecture. 6/12: *Four Little Girls* (1997), *Sing Faster: The Stagehands Ring Cycle* (1998–99), and six cinematic poems by Artur Peleshian. 6/13: *Amsterdam Global Village* (1996). "Cineprobe." 6/14: Shorts by Rosenblatt. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400); free with $9.50 admission.

New York Lesbian & Gay Film Festival—6/3–6/13: New lesbian and gay films from around the world. At the New School (66 W. 12th St.), Cinema Village (22 E. 12th St.), NYU Cantor Film Center (36 E. 8th St.), and Brooklyn Museum of Art (200 Eastern Parkway). Box office located at TLA Video, 54 W. 8th St. (979-5611). For info and complete schedule, call 254-8504 or visit www.newfestival.org; tickets, $8.50–$40.

New York Public Library—"G.I. Jive: The Hollywood Musical Goes to War." 6/9 at 2:30 P.M.: *The Home Front* (1943) and *You'll Never Get Rich* (1941). "Pride in Ourselves: Gay and Lesbian Documentaries." 6/10 at 2:30 P.M. and 6 P.M.: *You Don't Know Dick: Courageous Hearts of Transsexual Men* (1997). Donnell Media Center, 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Ocularis—6/9: Short films by Charlie Chaplin, 1916–1917. 6/10: Buster Keaton's *The General* (1926). 6/13: *Gates of Heaven* (1978). Preceded by *Werner Herzog Eats His Shoe* (1979), 25 min. 70 N. 6th St., Williamsburg, Brooklyn (718-388-8713); $7.

Screening Room—"Jazz on Film." Through 6/10: *Bird*. Midnight movie: *Saturday Night Fever*. Sunday brunch: *Breakfast at Tiffany's* (1961). Call theater for info. 54 Varick St. (334-2100); $8 ($5 for Sunday brunch patrons).

Symphony Space—"Marcello Mastroianni Salute." Through 6/15: A 21-film tribute to the film star. 6/8: *Leo the Last* (1970) and *Sostiene Pereira* (1995). 6/15: *Intervista* (1987) and Fellini's *8½* (1963). 2537 Broadway, at 96th St. (864-5400); $8, $5 members.

Tonic—"Monday Night Film Series." 6/14: *The Brothers Karamazov* (1958). Tickets, $4. 107 Norfolk St. For more info, call 358-7501 or visit www.tonic107.com.

YWCA Cine-Club—"A Celebration of Japanese Cinema." 6/12–6/13: *The Human Condition: Part I: No Greater Love* (1959). 610 Lexington Ave., at 53rd St. (735-9717); $6 members, $7 nonmembers.

Photograph courtesy of the Guggenheim Museum.

theater

Bikel...La Terrasse...Coward

Broadway

Now Playing

Amy's View—You may want to know what this new play by David Hare is about. Hard to answer—the best I can do is: It's about life. About mothers and daughters, husbands and wives, human relations. It is about the childlike artist and the diligent worker; about theater versus real life; about art versus pseudo-art; about being right but ultimately wrong, or wrong but ultimately proven right. Being about life, it is about surprises all the way and about dots that you yourself must struggle to connect. For example: Who is saved: the actressy, irresponsible star and grande dame, the seemingly defeated Esme; or the largely realistic and clear-sighted daughter, the morally involved activist yet probably even more defeated Amy? It would be an insult to this multifarious play to reveal more. As Esme, Judi Dench is all you have heard in advance of her dazzling skill, all you have seen of her powerful personality on film, and much, much more. (Simon: 4/26/99.) $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Barrymore Theatre, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).*

Annie Get Your Gun—Bernadette Peters plays the sharp-tongued, sharpshootin' gal from Cincinnati who eclipses her lover, Frank Butler (played by Tom Wopat), in Buffalo Bill's traveling Wild West Show. Irving Berlin did the lyrics and score; Peter Stone updated the book. $35–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis Theatre, 1535 Broadway, bet. 45th and 46th Sts. (307-4100).*

Art—I sympathize with this play by Yasmina Reza. The plot is simple. Serge spends 200,000 francs on a five-by-four painting by the renowned Antrios that is all white except for some diagonal scratches. His friend Marc considers this Antrios shit, and Serge's purchase of it an insult to their friendship. He tries to enlist the third of our musketeers, Yvan, to side with him. But confronted with Serge and the painting, Yvan does what he does best: He wavers. Reza's cunning dialogue has been fluently Englished. (Simon: 3/16/98 and 10/5/98.) Now with George Segal, Buck Henry, and Wayne Knight. $45–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 3/1/98. *Royale Theatre, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Andrea McArdle plays the girl; Steve Blanchard plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costumes by Ann Hould-Ward; lyrics by Tim Rice and Howard Ashman; music by Alan Menken. $22.50–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

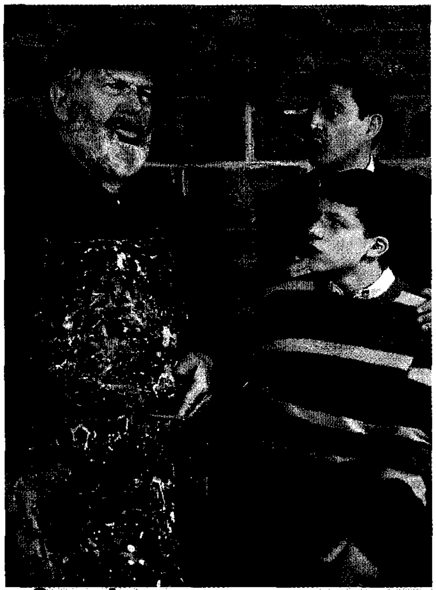
Cabaret—The Roundabout is to be roundly applauded for re-creating Sam Mendes's 1993 London production. Aided by Rob Marshall as co-director and choreographer, Mendes confirms his directorial reputation with the nightclub scenes. Joe Masteroff's refurbished book emphasizes the squalor of 1930 Berlin nightlife and the bisexuality of Clifford, the writer hero. The supporting cast delivers staunchly. Shortcomings notwithstanding, this revival has enough to satisfy all but the most fastidious. (Simon: 3/30/98.) Now starring Susan Egan and Michael Hall. $25–$85. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/19/98. *Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (239-6200).*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $40–$75. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Chicago—It was a gamble to transfer the Encores! production of this musical to Broadway, but since it's about women who kill their men and the mercenary lawyer who gets them off, gambling seems like the merest peccadillo. Minimalism prevails in this production. Every bosom, pelvis, and long leg is in business to keep the women in the audience identifying, the men panting. (Simon: 11/30/98.) Now starring the ravishing Ruthie Henshall as Velma Kelly. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/14/96. *Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The Civil War—With this musical, Frank Wildhorn—a man who has made a career out of pleasing crowds and underwhelming critics—has three shows running simultaneously on Broadway (his other two are *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and *Jekyll & Hyde.*) He wrote the book with Gregory Boyd and Jack Murphy; Jerry Zaks, an old pro, did the staging. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *St. James Theater, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Closer—A sad, savvy, often funny play that casts a steely, unblinking gaze at the world of relationships and lets you come to your own conclusions. There are four characters. As several years go by, everyone ends up sexually and emotionally involved with everyone else, each trying vainly to get closer to the other. Patrick Marber tells his story in short, staccato scenes in which the unsaid talks as loudly as the said. As Larry, Ciaran Hinds conveys well the weaknesses of a strong man. Rupert Graves gets the volatile, puppyish but nevertheless hurtful mischievousness of Dan perfectly, and Natasha Richardson splendidly balances coolness and passion, irony and pain. As for Alice: No one could capture the intermingled aggressiveness and vulnerability of youth with more empathy than Anna Friel. *Closer* does not merely hold your attention; it burrows into you. (Simon: 4/5/99.) $15–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*



Opening Tradition

Theodore Bikel, who's sung 'If I Were a Rich Man' more times than Pan Am has filed for bankruptcy, stars in Jewish Repertory Theatre's 'The Gathering,' a new play by Arje Shaw about three generations in conflict over their national duties. Opens June 10 at Playhouse 91.

Death of a Salesman—This *Salesman* is a hard but efficacious sell. "I sell, therefore I am" is the neo-Cartesian maxim Willy is meant to embody and explicate. Rightly, Miller embeds this value system in a business, social, and family context, but the interaction of the elements is achieved more by contrivance than by a sense of the inevitable. Yet most of the acting is splendid. Brian Dennehy is a man truly at the end of his tether, letting us in on every step of his decline via naïve optimism, disregard of reality, aging, and capitalist callousness. Elizabeth Franz settles into a quietly and thoroughly moving Linda. Kevin Anderson welds Biff's duality as unmoored drifter and canny *raisonneur* into a totally believable and heartrending amalgam. (Simon: 2/22/99.) $45–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Footloose—Kevin Bacon is not a part of this maxi-musical adaptation of the 1984 movie, but the lead does have his haircut. Kenny Loggins, Tom Snow, et al., did the lyrics; Dean Pitchford and director Walter Bobbie did the book. $20–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened 10/22/98. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Fosse—A tribute to the late choreographer-director, whose swivelin'-hips-and-bowler-hat aesthetic came roaring back with the revival of *Chicago.* $55–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Broadhurst Theatre, 235 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Iceman Cometh—You all know that it is a long but riveting play about hopeless drunks in Harry Hope's saloon downtown—or even farther down, in hell—who survive on a mix of rotgut and pipe dreams, the opium of the messes. However well you may know *Iceman*, you must see this wondrous production, staged by Howard Davies with consummate artistry. The staging is splendidly pictorial and tirelessly resourceful, and the actors perform this comic nightmare like an intoxicating dream. Kevin Spacey plays a Hickey who, by the time we meet him, is ice-cold, sinisterly charming, radiating a diabolic beauty. It is a performance to make every nonactor want to take up acting and every actor want to give up in despair. (Simon: 4/19/99.) $50–$100. Mon.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 1 and 7. *Brooks Atkinson Theatre, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

It Ain't Nothin' but the Blues—Powered by seven singers and a swinging band, the revue traces the history of the blues, starting with chants from the plantation and ending with sets from the bars of Chicago. $35–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Vivian Beaumont Theatre, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Jekyll & Hyde—Man turns into beastly man, all in the name of science. Book and lyrics by Leslie Bricusse, music by Frank Wildhorn. $45–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8;

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

Opening
Breaking Leases Is Hard to Do

A couple valiantly attempts to re-let their apartment amid the turmoil of breaking up in *La Terrasse,* a new comedy by Jean-Claude Carrière, the frequent Peter Brook collaborator and author of more than 50 screenplays (*The Tin Drum, The Return of Martin Guerre, Belle de Jour, Cyrano de Bergerac, The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie,* etc.). Opens at Manhattan Theatre Club on June 8.

Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 4/28/97. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Les Misérables—The implacable Inspector Javert hounding the innocent ex-convict Jean Valjean; the pathetic Fantine, wronged by the entire world, dying as she entrusts her daughter, Cosette, to the now-prosperous Mayor Valjean; the dastardly Thénardiers bringing up Cosette as a scullion while cosseting their own daughter, Eponine—what a story! Just synopsizing the plot brings tears to the iciest eyes. (Simon: 3/31/97.) $15–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

The Lion King—This spectacle rightfully earns that most abused of epithets: *magical.* Kiddies will delightedly swallow it whole, unless they are tiny and flappable. But this is the one such show adults will feast on, too, mostly because of the wonders wrought by Julie Taymor, who designed and directed this cornucopia of dazzlements. Puppetry from East and West is put to superlative use, yet the actors, singers, and dancers are accorded enough humanity to ply their anthropomorphic skills. And Taymor has found ways to transmute the strictly cartoonish bravura of the big-screen *Lion King* onto a stage so that nothing is lost in translation. (Simon: 12/1/97). $20–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/13/97. *New Amsterdam Theater, 214 W. 42nd St. (307-4747).*

The Lonesome West—Martin McDonagh, author of *Beauty Queen of Leenane,* riffs on two of his favorite themes: cabin fever and family warfare (between brothers this time). Garry Hynes once again directs. $20–$60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum Theatre, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly,* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon, is now one of Broadway's ten longest-running musicals. Music by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Night Must Fall—Another Broadway revival of an old spine-tingler, this time with Matthew Broderick as the charming sociopath. Judy Parfitt plays the elderly English woman who employs him, J. Smith-Cameron plays her niece, and John Tillinger directs. $40–$65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Not About Nightingales—It is not often that a lost early work of a playwright is exhumed smelling like roses rather than of corpse. That, however, is the case of this remarkable fourth play by Tennessee Williams. The play shuttles between the prison block—where a number of diverse prisoners roister, quarrel, and struggle to survive under the draconian regime of a psychopathic prison warden, Boss Whalen—and the warden's office and waiting room. What he wrote here lends itself splendidly to both small and thunderously big performances—none bigger than Corin Redgrave's grotesque yet scary Boss Whalen. *Stupendous* is the word for Trevor Nunn's direction, the kind you see only a few times in a life of theatergoing. Even if you shun so-called depressing plays, you'd better catch this one, unless you want regrets for the rest of your days. (Simon: 3/15/99.) $65. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Circle-in-the-Square Theatre, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Peter Pan—Cathy Rigby is flyin' again, much to the delight of the kiddies. $25–$75. Wed. at 2 and 7:30, Thurs. at 2, Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 7:30, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Through 8/29. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).*

The Phantom of the Opera—Ten leads, eleven years, and roughly 7 million theatergoers later, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in. $15–$75. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Ragtime—A musical based on E. L. Doctorow's historical novel, with a book by Terrence McNally and music by the composer-lyricist team of Stephen Flaherty and Lynn Ahrens. The epic, neatly trimmed and tidied for the stage, braids the fates of three fictitious families—one black, one Jewish, one Wasp—and an assortment of historical characters. $31–$125. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 1/18/97. *Ford Center for the Performing Arts, 213 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).*

Rent—The late Jonathan Larson's reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary sick and hip types living in the East Village. $35–$80. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. *Nederlander Theater, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Ring Round the Moon—Jean Anouilh's 1950 comedy about identical twins who woo the same beautiful woman. A cast of stalwarts, including Marian Seldes, Toby Stephens, and Frances Conroy, star; Gerald Gutierrez directs. $25–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun at 3. Through 6/27. *Belasco Theatre, 111 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

The Scarlet Pimpernel—The show about romance, honor, the French Revolution, and, most important, fabric. Pop composer Frank Wildhorn did the score. Nan Knighton has recently revised her book, adapted from Baroness Orczy's novel for the stage. Douglas Sills stars. $20–$75. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened 11/9/97. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4100).*

Side Man—*A must.* This enjoyable play by Warren Leight is about sidemen, yesteryear's second-tier jazz musicians who hired out as supplementary players to various bands, and about their women. It is narrated by Clifford, the son of Gene, a trumpet player, and Terry, a sweet thing turned bitter. As the play moves from 1985 to 1953 and back, we hear about his parents' courtship, his birth, and the parents' growing estrangement as he grows up. As things move near-imperceptibly from comedy to drama, we relish the jive, the jokes, the frustrations enacted by seven actors in a production neatly tied together by Michael Mayer's apt direction. (Simon: 3/23/98.) *Party of Five's* Scott Wolf joins the cast beginning 5/28. $25–$60. Tues. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 8, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, and Sun. at 3. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the songbook Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller wrote to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. $65–$75. *At the Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200).* Uh-huh.

The Sound of Music—Returns to Broadway for the first time since its 1959 premiere. Hum along; bring the kids. Laura Benanti plays the nun turned governess, and Richard Chamberlain plays the widower captain. $30–$75. Tues. at 8, Thurs. at 7, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Opened 3/12/98. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Via Dolorosa—Does a playwright's holding forth in person for 90 minutes about journeying to Israel and the Gaza Strip sound like good theater? No? Guess again; you'll be riveted by this new drama. David Hare can observe, write, think, and also *act.* I could quote forever from a play—and it is a play, not a lecture—whose every other line is quotable. But you must hear it from Hare, in what he calls a monologue "ideally to be performed by its author." And ideally performed it is: with great but controlled flourishes, sparing but effective scenery, searching light effects, and subtle direction by Stephen Daldry. (Simon: 3/29/99.) $35–$55. Mon.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Through 6/13. *Booth Theatre, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

The Weir—A brew of ghost stories and ale from Ireland's baby-blue eminence Conor McPherson, who turned 27 this year. $60. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown—This revival is a curious hybrid, half delightful, half letdown. Clearly, if an adult cast of six is to animate a half-dozen popular cartoon figures, they have to be expert performers as well as something even more important: able to dig up the buried child (or dog) in themselves. Three cast members can; three fail. Clark Gesner's music and lyrics never rise above the functional, but at least they are that. The book is better, thanks to the original "Peanuts" vendor, Charles Schulz. Michael Mayer's direction tirelessly whips these ex-drawings into exciting life. Kristin Chenoweth, as Sally Brown, is something you won't often encounter: perfection. (Simon: 2/15/99.) $15–$75. Wed. and Thurs. at 2 and 7:30, Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Ambassador Theatre, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).*

Off Broadway
Previews and Openings

Angelique—Lorena Gale's historical drama, based on the rebellion of an African slave in Montreal during the 1730s. Lisa Gay Hamilton (*The Practice*) stars; Derek Anson Jones (*Wit*) directs. $25–$30.

Photograph by Joan Marcus.

Opening

Drama Is a Drama Is a Drama

Anne Bogart directs Lola Pashalinski and Linda Chapman in 'Gertrude & Alice: A Likeness to Loving,' a drama about the shared life of Gertrude Stein (expat, salon host, author of runic inscrutability) and Alice B. Toklas (secretary, publisher, perpetuator of her lover's legacy). Opens June 9 at Signature Theatre.

Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Previews begin 6/8 for a 6/17 opening. *MCC Theater, 120 W. 28th St. (727-7765).*

The Gathering—Theodore Bikel stars in this new play, set during the Reagan era in both the United States and Germany, about a family in conflict over its national duties. Written by Arje Shaw; presented by Jewish Repertory Theatre. $35. Tues.–Thurs. and Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7, Wed. and Sun. at 2. In previews for a 6/10 opening. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Gemini—A Mark Brokaw–directed revival of the peppery 1977 comedy by Alberto Innaurato, about the denizens of an Italian neighborhood in South Philadelphia. $10–$45. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Wed. at 2 and 7, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/16 opening. *Second Stage Theatre, 307 W. 43rd St. (246-4422).*

Gertrude & Alice: A Likeness to Loving—A new work about the lives of and love affair between Gertrude Stein and Alice Toklas, stitched together from their letters and memoirs. Written and performed by Lola Pashalinski and Linda Chapman; directed by Anne Bogart. $30. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 9:30, and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/9 opening. Through 6/27. *Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. (244-PLAY).*

If Love Were All—A musical comedy about Gertrude Lawrence and Noël Coward. Adapted from his works; featuring his songs. Starring Twiggy and Harry Groener. $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/10 opening. *Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

La Terrasse—Jean-Claude Carrière's comedy about a couple's vain attempts to break up while simultaneously attempting to lease their apartment. $36. Tues.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 3 and 7:30, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 6/8 opening. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

The Trestle at Pope Lick Creek—Naomi Wallace's story about two rebellious kids growing up in a small town during the Depression. Lisa Peterson directs. $35. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8. Previews begin 6/11 for a 6/30 opening. *New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. (460-5475).*

Wonderland—Julia Dahl's coming-of-age story about politically ambitious twentysomethings, set in the modern (specifically, Clinton) era. $35–$40. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. Previews begin 6/2 for a 6/14 opening. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Now Playing

After the Rain—*See Simon, page 55.* Sergi Belbel's new comedy about the intersection of office and sexual politics. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Beautiful Thing—Jonathan Harvey's 1993 play (and later, acclaimed film) about two working-class teenage boys who fall in love. $45–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 6/27. *Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Wildly inventive, and appropriate for just about everyone—kids, adults, foreigners, haters and lovers of performance art. $45–$55. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

A Couple of Blaguards—Tired yet of the brothers McCourt? We thought not! Come see Frank and Malachy's stage version of their coming-of-age story, performed by Mickey Kelly and Michael Judd. $45. Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Triad Theatre, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

De la Guarda—A show that's part carnival, part rock concert, and almost entirely airborne. Dress in tatters; bring aspirin. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. *Daryl Roth Theatre, 20 Union Square East, at 15th St. (239-6200).*

Dreaming in Cuban—Two solo pieces conceived and directed by Wynn Handman about young Latinos grappling with their identities. Performed by Eileen Galindo and Michael John Carcés. Rum drinks and classic Cuban food will be served. $25–$30. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 1:30 and 7:30, Sun. at 2:30. Through 6/13. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

East Is East—Ayub Kahn-Din's debut play about the tensions in a large London family helmed by a traditional Pakistani father and a liberal English mother. Directed by Scott Elliott. $50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 2:30 and 7. *Manhattan Theatre Club, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $36.50–$39. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Forbidden Broadway Cleans Up!—Gerard Alessandrini's newest update of his long-running musical spoof poking fun at the assorted absurdities of the Great White Way. $45–$47.50. Mon. and Wed.–Fri. at 8:15, Sat. at 2:30 and 8:15, Sun. at 3:30 and 7:30. Food and drink available, optional. *Stardust Theatre, Broadway at 51st St. (239-6200).*

Goodnight Children Everywhere—Four siblings try to reconstruct their lives in the confusing aftermath of World War II. Written and directed by Richard Nelson. $37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 6/13. *Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Hedwig and the Angry Inch—A German transsexual achieves self-actualization, not to mention tabloid fame, through songwriting in this brave, bizarre rock musical by John Cameron Mitchell. Michael Cerveris stars; Stephen Trask did the music and lyrics. $20–$49.50. Mon., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 8 and 11, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 7. Opened 2/14/98. *Jane Street Theatre at the Hotel Riverview Ballroom, 113 Jane St. (239-6200).*

Hurrah at Last—*See Simon, page 55.* A new play by Richard Greenberg about one of his favorite subjects: a tormented writer. Starring Peter Frechette; directed by David Warren. $55. Tues.–Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. (719-1300).*

I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change—A contemporary musical about an amusingly quaint subject: heterosexual love. $47.50–$50. Mon. and Tues. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (239-6200).*

Julia De Burgos, Child of the Water—Carmen Rivera's new play about the Puerto Rican poet and political activist, who died at 39 on the streets of Spanish Harlem. $20. In English: Wed.–Fri. at 8. In Spanish: Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 6:30. Through 6/20. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Killer Joe—A new cast of television and movie types reinvigorates Tracy Letts's play about gore and dysfunctional ugliness in a Texas trailer park. $45. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 5. *Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. (239-6200).*

Late Nite Catechism—Maripat Donovan as a parochial-school teaching nun backed by a magisterium of unassailable moral authority and some mean wrist action with a ruler. $35. Wed.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 5. *St. Luke's Church Annex, 308 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

The Mystery of Irma Vep—The late Charles Ludlam's penny-dreadful vehicle for himself, Everett Quinton, and a glistening mound of wigs. It was a loopy sensation in 1984; Quinton returns for this repeat engagement with Stephen DeRosa. $47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theater, 407 W. 43nd St. (239-6200).*

Over the River and Through the Woods—A new comedy from Joe DiPietro, author of *I Love You, You're Perfect, Now Change,* about the meddling efforts of four Italian-American grandparents to change the life of their grandson. $45. Mon., Tues. , Fri., and Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $35. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

Savion Glover/Downtown—The soft-shoe-shufflin' wunderkind is back. No two performances are alike, a variety of guests swings through, and the NYOTs (Not Your Ordinary Tappers) provide valiant assistance. $25–$50. Mon.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 10. Through 6/19. *Variety Arts Theatre, 110 Third Ave., at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Secrets Every Smart Traveler Should Know—There is a decent amount of merriment to be had from this revue. Inspired—or incited—by a homonymous travel guide, this show by a number of hands pokes fun at every aspect of travel, from the hopeless phone calls for airline reservations to the joys of sandy Uzbekistan. Nothing is overlooked, though some things are a mite undercooked. Even the Ca*th*tilian li*th*p ge*th* a tuneful *th*ong tribute. (Simon: 12/15/97.) $20–$47.50; optional dinner one hour before curtain. Mon., Wed., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2:30 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened

Photograph by Carol Rosegg.

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where discount tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-508-0740.

10/30/97. *Ibis Theatre, 321 W. 44th St. (239-6200).*

Snakebit—This is a small, well-made play—meat and potatoes for our theater. In a Hollywood home he is forced to vacate, a young social worker hosts visitors from New York: an ambitious actor friend up for a fat movie role and his forlorn wife, an ex-actress who is the last woman our hero ever bedded. The actor-author, David Marshall Grant, says smart things about East Coast and West Coast, theaters and movies, homos and heteros, men and women. (Simon: 3/22/99.) $17.50–$47.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. (239-6200).*

Stomp—As the title implies, an energetic show in which a troupe of performers dances, claps, and generally bangs on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. $24.50–$49.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (477-2477).*

Tennessee Williams Remembered—Eli Wallach and Anne Jackson reminisce about their special friendship with the famous playwright. $45. Wed. at 2:30 and 8, Thurs. and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 4. *ArcLight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (307-4100).*

Things You Shouldn't Say Past Midnight—A comedy in three beds by freshman playwright Peter Ackerman. $19–$48. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

This Lime Tree Bower—Three men on a misadventure Conor McPherson–style, meaning booze and tall tales dominantly figure into the action. Ireland and London had it first; directed here by Harris Yulin. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Thwak—More nifty trickery from the Umbilical Brothers, a well-matched but unrelated pair of kinetic Australians. Likely to give the words *extended run* a whole new meaning. $25–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta Lane (307-4100).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. Luke's Church, 308 W. 46th St.*, then a reception at *Vinnie Black's Vegas Room, Hotel Edison, 221 W. 46th St.*, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. $65–$75. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88. *(239-6200).*

2½ Jews—A comedy about a prominent civil-rights attorney's relationships with his irascible father and lawyer son. By Alan Brandt. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8:30, Wed. at 3, Sat. at 5, Sun. at 2 and 5:30. *Raymond J. Greenwald Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. (239-6200).*

2.5 Minute Ride—Lisa Kron's one-woman show, which juxtaposes a trip to Auschwitz with her family's annual pilgrimage to an Ohio amusement park. Mark Brokaw directs. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 8, Sun. at 2 and 7. Through 6/13. *Public Theater, 425 Lafayette St. (239-6200).*

Vicki Sue Robinson . . . Behind the Beat—A gaudy, energetic bio-musical starring the former disco diva; may she turn the beat around. $40. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 7/4. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Wit—Can a play be made out of the last hours of a professor of literature dying of ovarian cancer? A play that hinges on a close reading of Donne's *Holy Sonnets*? That, without slighting its seriousness, sees the comedy in dying? No? Think again: Margaret Edson, with her firstling effort, has managed it, and more. It is a dazzling and humane play you will remember till your dying day, and especially then, thanks also to a near-flawless production. First, Kathleen Chalfant, a Vivian Bearing of power and vulnerability, commanding intelligence and compelling irony. Add a supporting cast in which all, and Alec Phoenix in particular, shine. And don't miss the final irony: Edson teaches elementary school in Atlanta. For this play alone, she should be handed the Harvard English department, along with her Pulitzer. (Simon: 9/28/98.) $35–$49.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

Bigsmörgasbordwünderwerk—A New York debut production from Squonk, a Pittsburgh-based group whose work is often as attention-getting as the names they choose for it. Everything they do is a multidisciplinary mishmash; so is this. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 8:30, Sat. at 8:30 and 11, Sun. at 3. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. (477-5288).*

Comedy of Errors—Done in the style of a seventies sitcom; presented by Expanded Arts, as part of their Shakespeare in the Parking Lot series. Free. Wed.–Sat. at 8. Through 6/26. *Municipal Parking Lot at Broome and Ludlow Sts. Call 253-1813 for tickets and details.*

Crush—Gabrielle Lansner's dance-theater work about infatuation and other intractable human emotions. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/13. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).*

Goofballs—A weekly variety series from the NY-Goofs, a Gotham clown troupe that does both circusy and non-circusy things. $5–$10. Thurs. at 10. Through 6/24. *Flea Theater, 41 White St. (226-0051).*

Hamlet—Richard Schechner probably takes more liberties in his production than were ever dreamt of in the philosophies of Horatio, William Shakespeare, and Joseph Papp combined: He mixes quarto and folio versions of the text, juxtaposes familiar and unfamiliar lines, and tosses in pop-cultural references as if they were alarums and exeunts. Here's hoping there's method in his madness. $12. Wed.–Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30 and 7:30. Through 6/20. *Performing Garage, 33 Wooster St. (966-3651).*

Happy Days—One of Samuel Beckett's final plays, which also celebrates nothing and nothingness, this time through Winnie, its protagonist, who lies buried in a mound up to her waist (and then her neck). Cocteau Rep. presents. $12–$30. Tues. at 7, Wed.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 6/20. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery (677-0060).*

Henry V—As interpreted by actor turned director Alexander Harrington. $12. Thurs.–Sat. at 7, Sun. at 2. Through 6/13. *La MaMa E.T.C., 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

Jodie's Body—Aviva Jane Carlin's acclaimed one-woman show about art, femininity, and South Africa. $35. Sat. at 9:30, Sun. at 2, Mon. and Tues. at 8. *ArcLight Theatre, 152 W. 71st St. (595-0355).*

Kosher Franks—An evening of one-act comedies by playwright and pop lyricist Sid Frank. $30. Mon. and Tues. at 8. *Studio Theater, 416 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

Lick—An insider comedy about the music industry by Catherine Celesia Allen. $12. Fri.–Sun. at 8. Through 6/27. *78th Street Theatre Lab, 236 W. 78th St. (873-9050).*

Marathon '99—Ensemble Studio Theatre's annual spring salad of new and daring one-acts from established and emerging playwrights, including Romulus Linney, Michael Louis Wells, and Edward Allan Baker. $15. Mon., Wed.–Sat. at 7:30, Sun. at 3. Through 6/13. *Ensemble Studio Theatre, 549 W. 52nd St. (247-4982).*

Monday Night Magic—Internationally known magicians munch on glass, puncture flailing assistants with swords, yank rabbits from hats, etc., all in an intimate setting. $20–$27.50. Mon. at 8. *Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St. (307-4100).*

Murdered by the Mob—When this family gets together, it's murder. *Heh heh heh.* One of two interactive mob comedies now running Off Broadway; a four-course meal is included, plus take-home gifts and fake Academy Awards to the audience's best actors. $55. Fri. at 7:30 and Sat. at 7. *Steak Brokers Club, 393 Eighth Ave., bet. 29th and 30th Sts. (800-MURDERINC).*

Noah's Archives—Noah reappears, this time as a barkeep on Canal Street. Written by Stephen Spoonamore; proceeds from the production will go to Riverkeepers, an organization devoted to protecting the ecological integrity of the Hudson. Wed–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Through 6/26. $25. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. (501-4246).*

Offending the Audience—Handke's provocative attack on the theater, as interpreted by the Bat Theater Company. $10. Fri. and Sat. at 10. Through 6/26. *Flea Theatre, 41 White St. (226-0051).*

Revenge in the Mob—When this family gets together, it's *also* murder. A four-course meal is included, so we'll assume the carnage isn't graphic. $60. Fri. and Sat. at 8. *Arno Ristorante, 141 W. 38th St. (888-MOB-BOYS).*

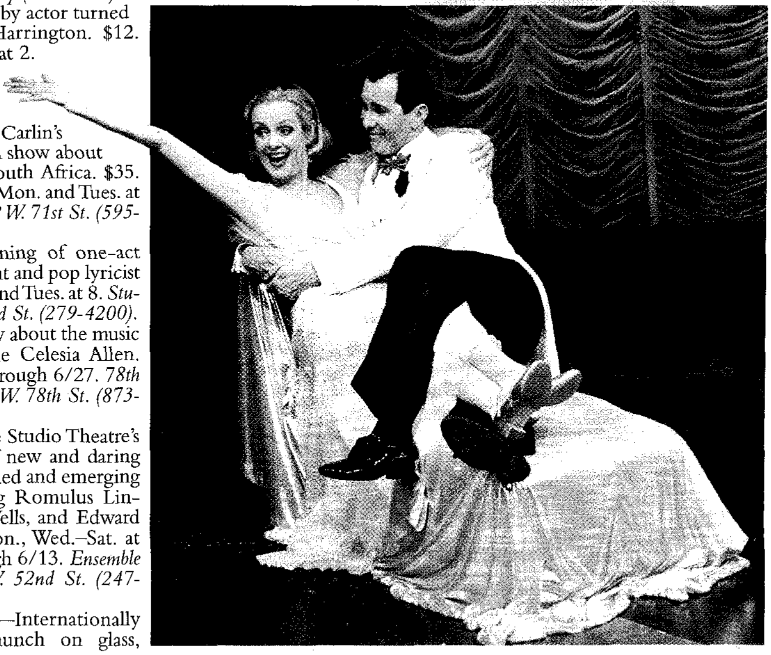
Symphonie Fantastique—Puppeteer Basil Twist dances his fanciful creations around a 500-gallon tank. $25. Tues.–Fri. at 7, Sat. at 2 and 10:30, Sun. at 5. *HERE, 145 Sixth Ave., at Dominick St. (647-0202).*

You Shouldn't Have Told—Anne Thompson-Stretching's long-running drama about what happens to an African-American family when the daughters reveal that they have been sexually molested by their mother's boyfriend. $30. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 8, Sun. at 3. *Chernuchin Theatre, 314 W. 54th St. (279-4200).*

Opening

Blithe Spirits

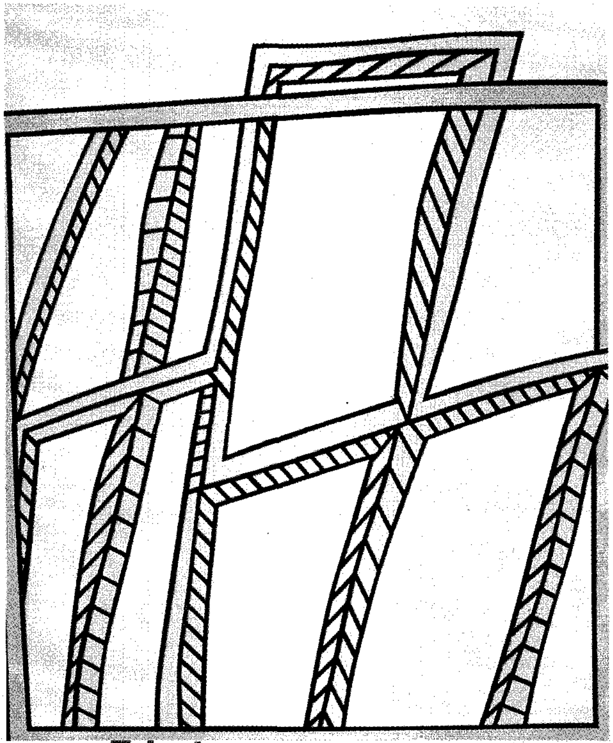
The formidable challenge in doing a musical comedy about Noël Coward and Gertrude Lawrence—or any matched pair of wits, for that matter—is that it has to be as droll as they were. Here's hoping Sheridan Morley and Leigh Lawson pull it off in *If Love Were All*, stitched together from Coward's works and songs. Twiggy and Harry Groener star; opens June 10 at the Lucille Lortel Theatre.



Photograph by Mark Higashino.

art

Nicholas Krushenick...*Matisse: Father & Son*



Talent
Nick's Knack

This month, the quirky Pop-geometric paintings of Nicholas Krushenick, who died in January, are getting the attention they deserve: in Exit Art's group show "The Stroke" (548 Broadway; through July 2) and in a solo exhibition of early works from the sixties as well as more recent pieces (above, 'Skyscape,' 1998) at Mitchell Algus Gallery (25 Thompson Street; through June 30).

Galleries
Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Victoria Adams—Paintings of imaginary landscapes inspired by works of seventeenth-century Dutch artists and nineteenth-century European and American artists; through 7/2. Winston Wächter, 39 E. 78th St. (327-2526).

Joseph Beuys—Bronze sculptures and works on paper; through 7/9. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Biala/Daniel Brustlein—Recent paintings of domestic interiors by the 95-year-old, Paris-based artist, and paintings by her husband, who died two years ago; through 6/26. Kouros, 23 E. 73rd St. (288-5888).

Alfredo Castañeda—Thirty recent paintings and drawings on the theme of what the Mexican surrealist calls "multiple selves and collective identities"; through 6/26. Martin, 23 E. 23rd St. (288-2213).

Charles Henri Ford—Books, periodicals, and "poem posters" created, written, and/or published between 1929 and 1969 by the Mississippi-born writer and artist who was the editor and publisher of *View,* the influential art and literary magazine of the forties, and has lived and worked in New York since 1934; through 7/2. Ubu, 16 E. 78th St. (794-4444).

Adriane Herman—An environment of paintings, collages, sculptures, prints, and photographs on the subjects of food, art, and women's roles; through 7/30. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

57th Street Area

Carlos Alfonzo—Paintings, works on paper, and sculptures whose images refer to the late artist's life and his religion, Santeria; through 6/30. Adams, 41 W. 57th St. (644-5665).

Eric Fischl—Recent portraits of the artist's friends, among them his dealer Mary Boone, the artist April Gornik (who is also Fischl's wife), the actor Steve Martin, and the sculptor Bryan Hunt; through 6/26. Boone, 745 Fifth Ave. (752-2929).

John James—Paintings of the façades of English storefronts, pubs, and theaters; through 7/3. McGrath, 20 W. 57th St. (956-3366).

Norman Lewis—Abstractions on paper made between 1945 and 1975 by this artist (1909–79) whose work is currently the subject of a traveling exhibition organized by the Studio Museum in Harlem; through 8/13. Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St. (247-0082).

Alice Trumbull Mason—Abstract paintings ranging in date from the thirties through the sixties; through 6/25. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

John McLaughlin—A survey of the artist's geometric abstract paintings dating from 1952 to 1973; through 7/30. Ameringer Howard, 41 E. 57th St. (935-1110).

Tomás Sánchez—New paintings and works on paper depicting lush tropical landscapes; through 6/26. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

May Stevens—Recent drawings and prints that depict mysterious images of boats and rowers; through 8/30. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Jim Touchton—Expressionistic, vividly colored paintings and watercolors of Hamptons landscapes, flowers in the artist's rooftop garden in Manhattan, and parrots; through 6/26. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Eduardo Abaroa—Installations that suggest adult toys by a young artist from Mexico City; through 7/3. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Sara Garden Armstrong—Large-scale drawings inspired by the rocks of the Brittany coast and by lines left by the tides of the Atlantic Ocean on the Long Island shoreline; through 6/30. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1192).

Barton Lidice Benes—Box constructions in which objects are displayed and identified; through 7/30. Lennon, Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Ashley Bickerton—Recent paintings that depict dysfunctional characters, Stone Age natives, and sophisticated monkeys in a place that time forgot; through 7/30. Sonnabend, 420 W. Broadway (966-6160).

Daniel Bruggeman/Thomas Vinton—Recent paintings of landscapes by both; through 6/26. Bridgewater/Lustberg & Blumenfeld, 560 Broadway (941-6355).

Helmut Dorner—New paintings; through 6/26. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Julie Evans—Abstract paintings whose skinlike surfaces incorporate block-printed dots; through 6/26. Pelavin, 13 Jay St. (925-9424).

Gregory Raymond Halili—Miniature gouaches and watercolors depicting different species of butterflies; through 6/30. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Vanessa Haney—Paintings on circular and oval supports that combine abstraction and figuration; through 6/26. Donahue/Sosinski, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Teun Hocks/Miguel Branco—Painted photographs of the artist that depict him as a hapless everyman combating the absurdities of everyday life/Oil paintings of dogs that on close examination appear to be blind. Through 7/2. P.P.O.W., 476 Broome St. (941-8642).

Michael Joo—Sculptures that engage the potential of various materials, images, and substances in a chain of associations; through 6/26. Kern, 558 Broadway (965-1706).

Toba Khedoori—New large-scale drawings in oil and wax on paper; through 7/9. Zwirner, 43 Greene St. (966-4952).

Nicholas Krushenick—Early paintings from 1962 and paintings from 1998 by the artist, who died in January; through 6/30. Algus, 25 Thompson St. (966-1758).

George Maciunas—An exhibition commemorating the early days of SoHo through documents relating to and objects created by the Fluxus artist drawn from the archives of the filmmaker Jonas Mekas; through 6/26. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Antoine Pevsner—120 drawings made by the Russian Constructivist sculptor between 1912 and 1956; through 7/10. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Martin Ramirez—Sixteen drawings that have not been previously exhibited, by the Mexican-born artist (1895–1963) who was diagnosed with paranoid schizophrenia and spent more than 30 years, until his death, in a California state mental hospital; through 8/30. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200).

Kenny Schachter/John Corbin—Products from the artist's *Shovelware* brand, among them silverware, mugs, floor coverings, wallpaper, tools, and a portrait machine/A re-creation of a set that was used in two scenes in the independent film *Joey's Practice* that were eventually edited out. Through 7/2. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Michael West—Abstract Expressionist paintings from the forties by this artist (1908–91) who changed

Photograph courtesy of Mitchell Algus Gallery.

her name from Corinne to Michael so as not to be judged as a woman artist; through 7/10. 123 Watts, 123 Watts St. (219-1482).

Michael Zwack—Recent paintings of seascapes and mountainous landscapes; 6/9–7/9. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Chelsea

Jose Bedia—Recent paintings and an installation by the Cuban-born artist; through 7/3. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695).

Linda Burnham—New paintings on fabric of motifs reminiscent of Eastern patterning; through 6/25. Fredericks, 504 W. 22nd St. (633-6555).

Saint Clair Cemin—New white-marble sculptures; 6/8–7/31. Cheim & Read, 521 W. 23rd St. (242-7727).

Sandro Cinto—Sculptural objects set in environments that correspond to a particular aspect of the gallery's architecture, by a Brazilian artist; through 7/2. Bonakdar Jancou, 521 W. 21st St. (414-4144).

Elizabeth Crawford/Robert Guillot—Small-scale paintings that elevate common objects to iconic status/A salon-style installation of more than 100 drawings made between 1979 and 1999. Through 6/26. Shainman, 513 W. 20th St. (645-1701).

Bill De Lottie/Cary Smith—Loose geometric compositions of intensely colored fabric/Drawings that comprise microscopic graphite lines and biomorphic forms painted in watercolor. Through 6/26. Eller, 529 W. 20th St. (206-6411).

Jason Glasser—Paintings and decals on glass; through 6/26. Martz, 529 W. 20th St. (206-3686).

Katsumi Hayakawa—Large-scale monochromatic paintings; through 6/25. Silverstein, 520 W. 21st St. (929-4300).

David Humphrey—New sculpture, an iris print, and a video work; through 6/26. Golden, 529 W. 20th St. (414-8456).

Young Sun Lim—An installation of suspended glass jars containing organically shaped silicone forms that appear to be alive; through 6/26. Liebmann Magnan, 552 W. 24th St. (255-3225).

Jill Nathanson/Cindy Poorbaugh—Abstract paintings that suggest cityscapes from multiple perspectives/An installation of a floor drawing cut out of nylon organza. Through 7/1. Harris, 529 W. 20th St. (463-9666).

Michelle Rollman—A sculpture installation, graphite drawings on paper, and engravings on metal that explore a complex repertoire of morphed human and animal forms in sadomasochistic scenarios; through 6/26. Clementine, 526 W. 26th St. (243-5937).

Tony Smith—An installation of two 1968 sculptures, *Stinger* and *Trap*, and drawings related to both; through 6/30. Cooper, 534 W. 21st St. (255-1105).

Marisa Tellería Díez—Modular sculptures in fiberglass and hydrostone and drawings; through 6/30. Baumgartner, 418 W. 15th St. (633-2276).

Terry Winters—New large-scale paintings and hand-colored woodcuts; through 6/25. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200).

Hiro Yamagata—Recent paintings of human lips transformed into sexual landscapes; through 6/25. Marlborough, 211 W. 19th St. (463-8634).

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Wildenstein—19 E. 64th St. (879-0500). "Snow Scenes," paintings and photographs by Brandt, Callahan, Monet, Seurat, Stieglitz; through 7/30.

57th Street Area

Rubin/Van Doren—730 Fifth Ave. (445-0444). "Another Country: The Constructed Landscape," a multi-venue exhibit of landscape drawings and paintings by Bright, Ellis, Kahlhamer, Lundsager, Rockman, Wolf, others; 6/9–7/9 (also at Sikkema, 530 W. 22nd St., 941-6210; through 7/3).

Schmidt-Bingham—41 E. 57th St. (888-1122). "A Fishing Trip: Six Men in a Canoe," paintings, photography, prints, and drawings by six friends who have made sixteen annual fishing trips to Spencer Pond in Maine; through 7/16.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Exit Art—548 Broadway (966-7745). "The Stroke," paintings by contemporary stars Bleckner, Dunham, Gallagher, McClelland, Marshal, Murray, Pittman, Reed, Sikander; through 7/2.

Golden—38 Wooster St. (274-0080). "Systemantics," drawings by Mayer, wood-block arrangements by Powers, and works on graph paper by Simonson; through 6/25.

Kaplan—48 Greene St. (226-6131). "Ain't Ordinarily So," with works by young European artists Bäckström, Höller, Jakobsen, Rehberger; through 7/3.

Kent—67 Prince St. (966-4500). "Dream Architecture," works by Adams, Bennett, Brill, Erlich, Jess, Laffoley, Tanaka; through 7/23.

Marcus—578 Broadway (226-3200). New paintings by Abbott, Collins, Saveri, Smith, Tsao; through 7/9.

Swiss Institute—495 Broadway (925-2040). Drawings and works on paper by Bourgeois, Oppenheim, Weber; through 7/3.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "After the Gold Rush," with works by Los Angeles–based artists Brooke, Burdin, Hansen, Lutz, Min, Tse; through 7/1.

Chelsea

Luhring Augustine—531 W. 24th St. (206-9100). "Kill All Lies," video work by Birnbaum, small paintings by DiBenedetto, color photographs by Flynt, installations by Gonzales, monochrome paintings by Mosset; through 7/30.

Coploff—526 W. 26th St. (741-1149). "A Transatlantic Affair," a joint exhibition held with Galerie du Tableau of Marseille, featuring works from the French gallery; through 6/26.

Sikkema—530 W. 22nd St. (941-6210). "Another Country: The Constructed Landscape," a multi-venue exhibit of landscape drawings and paintings by Bright, Ellis, Kahlhamer, Lundsager, Rockman, Wolf, others; through 7/3 (also at Rubin/Van Doren, 730 Fifth Ave., 445-0444; 6/9–7/9).

Tibet House—130 Greene St. (343-0290). "Worlds of Compassion: Tibetan Art of Wisdom and Compassion." Works from the collection of Shelley and Donald Rubin, including masterworks from the twelfth to the twentieth century; through 8/28.

Urbach Architecture—526 W. 26th St. (627-0974). "Luster," photographs of sex clubs by Bosse, iconographic urns by deFazio, heat-sensitive paintings by Hermann, and Levittown wallpaper by Liu, with works by Diller, Scofidio, Day, Sanders; through 7/16.

Other

Forbes—60 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (620-2200). "200 Years of American Art," works from the *Forbes* Magazine Collection; through 9/5.

Photography

Merry Alpern—Recent photographs from the photographer's "Shopping" series, taken with a miniature surveillance camera; through 7/1. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Sasha Bezzubov/August Sander—Photographs of middle-class Western tourists in developing countries/Photographic portraits taken in Weimar Germany. Through 7/20. Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. (570-1223).

Anton Corbijn—Early black-and-white documentary images from the seventies and eighties and portraiture from the eighties and nineties; through 7/1. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Sidney Felsen—Photographs of artists like Hockney, Rauschenberg, and Serra who have participated in the Los Angeles graphics workshop Gemini G.E.L.; through 6/30. Weyl, 375 W. Broadway (219-1446).

Frank Gohlke/Stuart Klipper—A photographic meditation on the life and length of the Sudbury River in Massachusetts/Panoramas of polar regions. Through 6/30. Dorsky, 379 W. Broadway (966-6170).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. (860-1777), Tues.–Thurs. 10–5, Fri. 10–8 (voluntary contribution 5–8), Sat. and Sun. 10–6; $6, $4 students and seniors. "Sea Change," contemporary photographs of seascapes by Adams, Cooper, Flick, Klipper, Stewart, West, Yamazaki, others; and "Myths, Dreams, and Realities in Contemporary Argentine Photography," with works by Casaballe, Díaz, Gil, Lestido, Valansi, Zout, others; 6/12–9/26.

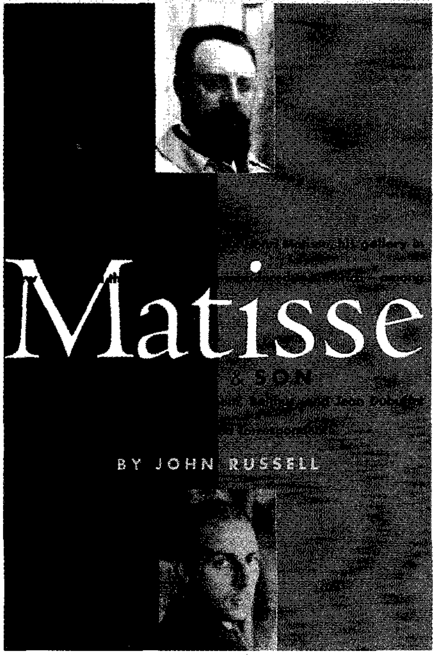
Klotz—22 E. 72nd St. (327-2211). "Down From Up," photographs executed with elevated cameras; through 7/9.

David LaChapelle—Photographs by artist whose commercial work has been seen in the campaigns of Jean Paul Gaultier, Giorgio Armani, MTV, Pepsi, and Levis; through 9/15. Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. (274-9300).

Marks—522 W. 22nd St. (243-0200). Photographs of the suburban United States from 1968 to 1978 by iconic American photographers Adams, Owens, Wessel; through 7/16.

Ray K. Metzker/Cath Pearson—Fifty black-and-white urban photographs from 1958 to 1983; through 8/13/Thirteen aerial photographs of people

In Print **Conventional wisdom holds that Henri Matisse and his son Pierre, the owner of the Pierre Matisse Gallery in New York (he died in 1989), were not close—that, among other things, the father was dead set against his son's becoming an art dealer. Not so, says art critic John Russell, who knew the younger Matisse well and whose fascinating new book, *Matisse: Father & Son* (Abrams; $39.95), is the first to publish the intimate correspondence between father and son. Russell, who was given access to the Pierre Matisse archives as well as to the letters of other family members, gallery artists, and collectors, also reveals the inner workings of the 57th Street gallery, which was responsible in the thirties for the first New York exhibitions of Alberto Giacometti, Joan Miró, Balthus, and Jean Dubuffet.**



sleeping in their beds. Through 7/2. Miller, 20 W. 57th St. (397-3930).

Andrea Modica—Recent platinum-palladium prints; through 6/26. Houk, 745 Fifth Ave. (750-7070).

Tina Modotti and Edward Weston—Images from the photographers' twenties documentary collaboration in Mexico; through 7/17. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

William Mortensen—Vintage photographs by a former rival of Ansel Adams and Edward Weston, whose controversial Mortensen School of Photographs and book *Monsters and Madonnas* profoundly aggravated mainstream mid-twentieth-century photography; through 6/26. Ricco/Maresca, 529 W. 20th St. (627-4819).

Jean-Luc Mylayne/Jan Dibbets—A survey of the artist's photographs from the past twenty years that document the daily habits of birds/Photographs depicting images of a landscape or cityscape as seen through a silhouetted window frame. Through 6/25. Gladstone, 515 W. 24th St. (206-9300).

John O'Reilly—Photomontages from 1967to 1999; through 7/2. Saul, 560 Broadway (431-0747).

Bill Phelps—Recent staged photographs that pair models with mechanical objects; through 6/27. Rice, 325 W. 11th St. (366-6660).

Cindy Sherman—New black-and-white photographs that depict harsh sexual imagery; through 6/26. Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. (206-7100).

Shickler—560 Broadway (431-6363). Vintage space photographs taken by American astronauts; through 6/30.

Susan Unterberg—New color photographs of horses; through 7/2. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Tenesh Webber—Recent black-and-white photographs of created objects and altered ready-mades; through 6/26. Thatcher, 529 W. 20th St. (675-0222).

Witkin—415 W. Broadway (925-5510). "Clothes Off," photographs ranging from Andre Kertesz's distorted nudes to Edward Muybridge's motion photographs of a nude man on a horse, with works by Alvarez Bravo, Boubat, Ronis, Weston, others; through 7/2.

Museums

American Craft Museum—"Brooching It Diplomatically: A Tribute to Madeline K. Albright." Brooches by artists from around the world that were created as a tribute to the secretary of State and were commissioned by the collector and jewelry authority Helen Drutt English; through 8/8. . . . "Stop Asking, We Exist: 25 Contemporary African-American Craft Artists"; through 8/8. . . . "The Spirit of Cloth: African-American Quilts Today." Fiber art works by more than 30 African-American artists from the Women of Color Quilters' Network; through 10/10. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 10–6, Thurs. till 8 (pay as you wish 6–8); $5, $2.50 students and seniors.

American Museum of Natural History—"The *Endurance:* Shackleton's Legendary Antarctic Expedition." More than 150 photographs by ship photographer Frank Hurley documenting Sir Ernest Shackleton's voyage to the Antarctic in 1914; through 10/11. . . . "Epidemic! The World of Infectious Disease." Dioramas, three-dimensional models, videos, films, interactive computer systems, and photographs; through 9/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $8 suggested contribution, $6 students and seniors, $4.50 children.

Asia Society—"Bamboo Masterworks: Japanese Baskets From the Lloyd Cotsen Collection"; through 6/27. . . . "Fire Over Earth: Ceramics From the Collection of the Asia Society"; through 8/29. 725 Park Ave., at 70th St. (517-ASIA), Tues.–Sat. 11–6, Sun. 12–5, Thurs. 11–8 (6–8 free admission); $4, $2 students and seniors.

Brooklyn Museum of Art—"Impressionists in Winter." Paintings of winter scenes by Monet, Renoir, Pissarro, Sisley, Caillebotte, and Gauguin; through 8/29. . . . "Mariko Mori: Empty Dream." Multimedia installations that feature large-scale computer-generated photographs of the artist in futuristic scenes; through 8/15. . . . "Working in Brooklyn: Domestic Transformations." Works by the Brooklyn-based artists Ann Agee, Ron Baron, Jean Blackburn, and Andy Yoder; through 6/13. . . . "A Voice of Conscience: The Prints of Jack Levine." Sixty-nine prints by the New York artist that have never been shown together; through 6/20. . . . "The Matthew Scott Sloan Collection of American Furniture"; through 9/30. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. 11–6 (till 11 P.M. on the first Saturday of every month), Sun. 11–6; $4, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, Smithsonian Institution—"The Huguenot Legacy: English Silver 1680–1760." Examples of silver produced by Huguenot silversmiths working in London in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, from the collection of Alan and Simone Hartman; through 8/8. 2 E. 91st St. (849-8300), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 12–5, Tues. 10–9 (free admission 5–9); $5, $3 seniors and students.

Dahesh Museum—"Revealing the Holy Land." Photographs of Jerusalem and the Sinai Desert taken between 1850 and 1880 by the French writer Maxime du Camp, the Alsatian photographer Auguste Salzmann, and Sergeant James McDonald of the Royal Engineers; through 8/28. 601 Fifth Ave., at 49th St. (759-0606), Tues.–Sat. 11–6; free.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Stan Douglas and Douglas Gordon: Double Vision." New site-specific installations by the Canadian artist Stan Douglas and the Scottish artist Douglas Gordon; through 6/13. . . . "Andy Warhol: Shadows." A work made in 1978 composed of more than 100 silk-screened and hand-painted panels; through 6/13. . . . "Thomas Schütte: Scenewright." Early installations, small-scale modeled figures, proposals for monuments, watercolors, and photographs by the German artist; through 6/13. . . . "Joseph Beuys: Drawings After the Codices Madrid of Leonardo da Vinci, and Sculpture." Works from Dia's permanent collection, including 96 drawings made in response to two sketchbooks by Leonardo da Vinci, and sculptures; through 6/13. . . . "Robert Irwin: *Excursus: Homage to the Square 3*." The second part of a site-specific installation by the California artist; through 6/13. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5566), Wed.–Sun. 12–6; $6, $3 students and seniors.

Drawing Center—"Drawn From Artists' Collections." Drawings from the collections of Georg Baselitz, Eric Fischl, Helen Frankenthaler, Helen and Brice Marden, and other artists; through 6/12. 35 Wooster St. (219-2166), Tues.–Fri. 10–6, Sat. 11–6; donation suggested.

Frick Collection—""The Medieval Housebook: A Fifteenth-Century View of Life." The first American exhibition of the legendary illustrated book offering a view of life in a princely court at the end of the late Middle Ages; through 7/25. . . . "From the National Gallery of Art to the Frick Collection: Manet's *The Dead Toreador* and *The Bullfight*—Fragments of a Lost Salon Painting Reunited." The first exhibition of two fragments of a painting that was originally titled *Incident in a Bullfight* and was cut into pieces by the artist after he exhibited it at the Paris Salon in 1864; through 8/22. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $7, $5 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Grey Art Gallery—"When Time Began to Rant and Rage: Figurative Painting From Twentieth-Century Ireland." Paintings from public and private collections in Ireland, by Sir John Lavery, Paul Henry, Jack B. Yeats, Mary Swanzy, and others; through 7/24. New York University, 100 Washington Square East (998-6780), Tues., Thurs.–Fri. 11–6, Wed. 11–8, Sat. 11–5; donation suggested.

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum—"Surrealism: Two Private Eyes, The Nesuhi Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi Collections." Approximately 700 works from the collections of Daniel Filipacchi and the late Nesuhi Ertegun, longtime friends who assembled two of the most important private holdings of Surrealist art; through 9/12. . . . "A Year With Children." Three-dimensional constructions, murals, paintings, quilts, masks, and other works by elementary-school students who participated in Learning Through Art/The Guggenheim Museum Children's Program; through 6/20. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 9–6, Fri. and Sat. 9–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $12, $7 seniors and students.

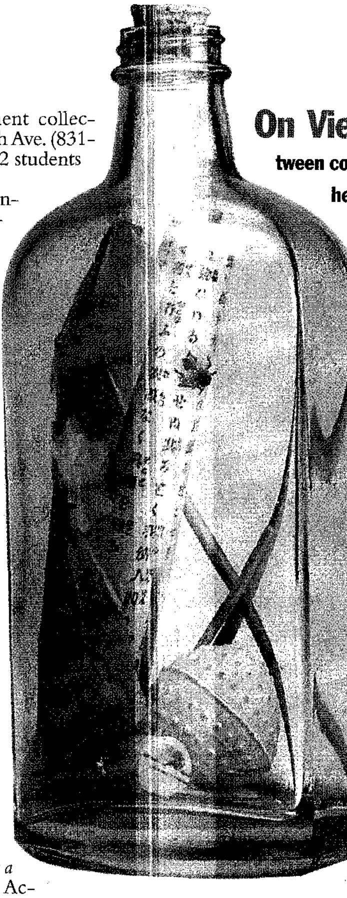
Jewish Museum—"Sigmund Freud: Conflict and Culture." An exhibition organized by the library of Congress examining the life and work of the psychoanalyst through vintage photographs, prints, films, manuscripts, letters, and documents from the library's collection; through 9/9. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8 (Tues. after 5, free); $8, $5.50 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Gustave Moreau: Between Epic and Dream." A retrospective of paintings, watercolors, and drawings by the French Symbolist painter (1826-1898); through 8/22. . . . "Cézanne to Van Gogh: The Collection of Doctor Gachet." Works by Van Gogh, Cézanne, Pissarro, Renoir, Sisley, and others that originally were in the collection of Dr. Paul-Ferdinand Gache (1828–1909), among them some 50 paintings and drawings that have never before been lent by the Musée d'Orsay, Paris; through 8/15. . . . "Prayer Book for a Queen: The Hours of Jeanne d'Evreux." A display of the pages from the medieval prayer book, whose depictions of the Christmas and Easter stories and the life of the crusader king Saint Louis are among the most evocative paintings of the Gothic era; through 8/29. . . . "Our New Clothes: Acquisitions of the 1990s." Fashion masterworks by Geoffrey Beene, Calvin Klein, Giorgio Sant'Angelo, and other designers acquired by the museum's Costume Institute over the past decade; through 8/22. . . . "Hans Hofmann at the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings by the abstract artist and influential teacher from the museum's collection, including nine paintings of "The Renate Series"; through 10/17. . . . "Magdalena Abakanowicz on the Roof." A selection of the artist's sculptures on display on the museum's rooftop; through 10/30. . . . "The Nature of Islamic Ornament, Part III: Geometric Patterns." The third exhibition in a four-part series covering designs in Islamic ornamentation; through 7/18. . . . "The Treasury of Saint Francis of Assisi." Approximately 70 masterpieces of medieval and Renaissance panel painting, goldsmiths' works, textiles, and manuscript illuminations from Assisi as well as works from European and American collections; through 6/27. . . . "Mirror of the Medieval World." Jewelry, manuscripts, sculptures, and other works acquired by the museum since 1977; through 7/15. . . . "American Folk Art in the Metropolitan Museum of Art." Paintings, watercolors, drawings, and portrait miniatures by Rufus Hathaway, Edward Hicks, Joshua Johnson, Ammi Phillips, and others working within naïve and provincial traditions in the United States during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries; through 9/5. . . . "Treasures of Early Photography From the Rubel Collection." Works by William Henry Fox Talbot, David Octavius Hill, Robert Adamson, Roger Fenton, and Julia Margaret Cameron; through 9/19. . . . "Late-16th Century to Early-19th Century Indian Drawings"; through 7/5. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $8 contribution, $4 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September); $8, $4 seniors and students.

El Museo del Barrio—"Cinema Kinesis." A life-size motorized pop-up movie theater by Uruguayan artist Marta Chilindrón; through 6/30. . . . "The S-Files." Works by 23 emerging New York–based Latino artists and U.S.-born artists of Latin American descent who have submitted work to the museum; through 6/30. . . . "Puerto Rican Santos de Palo: Sculptures Between Heaven and Earth." Forty-five carved wooden saint and holy figures

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.



On View You'd think a friendship between collectors could easily be soured by head-to-head competition, but the rivalry between Daniel Filipacchi (chairman of Hachette Filipacchi) and the late Nesuhi Ertegun (co-founder with his brother, Ahmet, of Atlantic Records), both avid hunters of Surrealist art, never got ugly. "It was a race to see who would find the rare pearl," Filipacchi explains in an interview with art historian David Sylvester. Those "pearls," now on exhibit in the Guggenheim's "Surrealism: Two Private Eyes—The Nesuhi Ertegun and Daniel Filipacchi Collections," include some 700 rarely seen masterworks—by Max Ernst, René Magritte, Joseph Cornell (left, *Untitled [Chinese Bottle]*, 1933), and others.

Photograph courtesy of Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, NY.

from the museum's permanent collection; through 6/30. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272), Wed.–Sun. 11–5; $4, $2 students and seniors.

Museum for African Art—"A Congo Chronicle: Patrice Lumumba in Urban Art." Paintings from the Congolese Urban Art movement, which began in the early twenties and is still extant, and by one of its best-known members, Tshibumba Kanda-Matulu, whose work depicts the rise and fall of Patrice Lumumba, the hero of Congolese independence who, in 1960, became the nation's first freely elected prime minister; through 8/15. 593 Broadway (966-1313), Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5:30, Sat. and Sun.12–6; $5, $2.50 seniors, students, and children.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Beyond the Square: Color and Design in Amish Quilts." Twenty masterpieces from the museum's collection; through 11/7. Lincoln Square (595-9533), Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Ellsworth Kelly: *Sculpture for a Large Wall* and Other Recent Acquisitions." MOMA's first showing of the artist's monumental sculpture acquired by the museum last fall and of early drawings and paintings recently given to the museum by the artist; through 7/6. . . . "Sigmar Polke: Works on Paper, 1963–1974." The first in-depth American examination of the German artist's early works on paper; through 6/16. . . . "Collecting in Depth: Drawings by Grosz, Schwitters, Ernst, and Klee." Works by these four artists, who were active in Germany from 1910 through the thirties; through 7/20. . . . "Mary Lucier: Floodsongs." A video and audio installation presenting portraits of residents of Grand Forks, North Dakota, and their reflections on the flood that ravaged their town in the spring of 1997; through 6/20. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 10:30–6, Thurs. 10:30–6, Fri. 10:30–8:30 (4:30–8:30 pay what you wish), closed Wed.; $9.50, $6.50 students and seniors.

Museum of the City of New York—"New New York Views: Recent Acquisitions." Recently acquired paintings of New York City by Moses Soyer, Tom Christopher, Sharon Florin, Daniel Hauben, and others; through 9/5. . . . "Paul Robeson: Artist and Citizen." A multimedia celebration of the life of the actor, singer, and human-rights activist; through 9/5. . . . "The Astor Place Riot: Looking Back 150 Years." A look at the causes behind the infamous riot that occurred when the English actor William Macready appeared in *Macbeth* at the Astor Place Opera House in 1849; through 10/24. . . . "Gotham Comes of Age: New York Through the Lens of the Byron Company." Photographs documenting New York City life from the late 1890s to 1942 that were donated to the museum after the 1942 closing of New York's preeminent photography studio; through 9/26. . . . "Washington's New York." Paintings, costumes, maps, furniture, documents, and relics relating to George Washington's experiences in New York City as a military commander and political leader; through 7/4. . . . "Landscapes of Hope: Rebuilding New York City's Neighborhoods." Photographs by Larry Racioppo documenting the rebuilding of various New York City neighborhoods; through 6/27. 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672), Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5 suggested contribution, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design and School of Fine Arts—"Men Without Women: Paul Cadmus as Curator." An exhibition organized by Cadmus of paintings, works on paper, and sculptures that depict men, by Robert Rauschenberg, George Tooker, Kenyon, Cox, N.C. Wyeth, and others; through 8/29. . . . "Recent Acquisitions 1997–1998." Paintings, prints, drawings, and sculptures given to the academy last year by newly elected members; through 7/4. 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. (369-4880), Wed., Thurs., Sat., Sun. 12–5, Fri.10–6; $8, $5 seniors and students.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Fever: The Art of David Wojnarowicz." The first retrospective of the work of the East Village artist, who died of AIDS in 1992; through 6/20. . . . "Open House: Michael Smith and Joshua White." An installation of a SoHo loft space that belongs to an imaginary middle-aged artist who is using an open-house event as an opportunity to show his art to real-estate agents; through 6/27. 583 Broadway (219-1222), Wed. and Sun. 12–6, Thurs., Fri., and Sat. 12–8, (free Thurs. 6–8); $5, $3 students, artists, and seniors, free for youths 18 and under.

New York Public Library—"Netherlandish Prints From the New York Public Library." Prints and books from the Library's Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints, and Photographs; through 6/26. . . . "Nabokov Under Glass." An exhibition drawn from the Vladimir Nabokov Archive of the Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection of English and American Literature, presented on the occasion of the centennial of the writer's birth; through 8/21. . . . "Inventing the American Past: The Art of F. O. C. Darley." A selection of drawings and sketches by the American illustrator (1821–1888) of such literary classics as *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* and *The Old Curiosity Shop* drawn primarily from the library's Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art; through 6/26. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10–6, Tues.–Wed. 11–6, Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

New-York Historical Society—"Uncle Sam: The Face of a Nation"; through 8/21. . . . "Yadda, Yadda, Yadda: Quotations About New York"; through 8/21. . . . "Refuge: The Newest New Yorkers." Photographs by Mel Rosenthal documenting the lives of refugees in communities across New York State; through 6/20. . . . "The Celebrated Hatter." An exhibition of hats, advertisements, newspaper articles, and other objects and ephemera relating to the life of John N. Genin, the nineteenth-century New Yorker whose lower-Broadway store, Genin's Hat Emporium, made him a household name; through 6/13. . . . "Dance for a City: Fifty Years of the New York City Ballert." Costumes, musical scores, handbills, photographs, dancers' scrapbooks, and other ephemera; through 8/15. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Tues.–Sun. 11–5; $5, $3 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"New York Collects: Drawings and Watercolors, 1900–1950." Works on paper drawn from 73 collections in and around New York; through 8/29. . . . "Pierpont Morgan: Banker and Collector." An exhibition on the life and times of the turn-of-the-century financier, whose collection formed the basis of the Morgan Library; through 8/8. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008), Tues.–Thurs. 10:30–5, Fri. 10–8, Sat. 10:30–6; Sun. 12–6; $7; $5 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Global Conceptualism: Points of Origin, 1950s–1980s." The history of conceptual art as seen through the works of more than 135 artists; through 8/29. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Smithsonian National Museum of the American Indian—"Pomo Indian Basket Weavers." More than 100 masterworks created in the early-twentieth century by 40 artists of the Pomo peoples of Northern California; through 8/15. 1 Bowling Green (514-3712), 10–5 daily; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"To Conserve a Legacy: American Art From Historically Black Colleges and Universities." Works of art drawn from the collections of Clark Atlanta University, Fisk University, Hampton University, Howard University, North Carolina Central University, and Tuskegee University; through 7/11. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500), Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students (free on the first Sat. of every month).

Whitney Museum of American Art—"The American Century: Art & Culture 1900–2000." The first part of a two-part exhibition exploring this century's art and culture, covering the years 1900 to 1950 and comprising works drawn from the museum's collection and from public and private institutions across the country; through 8/22. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8 (6–8 pay what you wish on the first Thurs. of every month); $12.50, $10.50 students, seniors, and groups of fifteen or more. Timed tickets may be purchased in advance for a $2 service charge by calling 877-WHITNEY or ordering online at www.whitney.org.

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Whitney Philip Morris: Wall Drawings by Byron Kim." Several large-scale, site-specific geometric wall drawings created with dust and dirt collected from the Philip Morris Companies Building, in which the gallery is located; through 7/16. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550), Mon.–Fri. 11–6 (Thurs. till 7:30); free.

Auctions

Christie's—20 Rockefeller Plaza (636-2000). 6/9 at 10 and 2: "Printed Books and Manuscripts." On view from 6/3. 6/10 at 10 and 2: "Fine Jewelry." On view from 6/5. 6/11: "20th Century Decorative Arts." On view from 6/5. 6/14 at 10: "Important Watches and Wristwatches." On view from 6/11.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 6/9 and 6/10 at 10: "Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, and Coins." On view from 6/5.

Sotheby's—1334 York Ave., at 72nd St. (606-7000). 6/9 at 10:15 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 6/4. 6/10 at 10:15 and 2 and 6/11 at 10:15: "Art Deco." On view from 6/6. 6/11 at 2: "Single Owner." On view from 6/6. 6/12 at 10:15 and 2: "Collectibles." On view from 6/6. 6/14 at 10:15 and 2: "Russian Works of Art." On view from 6/11. 6/15 at 10:15 and 2: "Watches." On view from 6/11.

Swann Galleries—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 6/10 at 10:30: "Modern Literature. On view from 6/5.

restaurants

A Passage to India...Five Points...Rosehill

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Park—Sophisticated seafood preparations and wonderful water views merit a special trip to the southern tip of Manhattan. In warm weather, outdoor seating is ideal for cocktails and light bites from the raw bar, but even in winter, walls of glass windows remind us that this is a coastal town, after all. Catering available. *Opposite 17 State St., Battery Park, next to Ferry Terminal (809-5508). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. *131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Deanna's—Owner and recording artist Deanna Kirk sings nightly at her relocated supper club, now on the Lower East Side, where surprise guests drop in for impromptu performances. Silk lampshades and candlelight transform a space built in the twenties as a Yiddish theater, and an alumnus of the kitchens of Le Cirque and Bouley turns out American bistro fare. *107 Rivington St. (420-2258). (I) ($).*

Divine Bar—The jewel-toned Financial District branch of the popular Turtle Bay bar and lounge serves the same extensive selection of wine and beer, and a similar menu of appetizer-size plates they call "international tapas." Typically creative selections include a barbecued-buffalo sandwich, shrimp satay with hoisin sauce, and a wild-mushroom quesadilla. *55 Liberty St., second fl. (791-WINE). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ecco—A beacon in the wilderness that is Chambers Street. Old-world charm and an excellent seasonal antipasto offering. The very cozy narrow booths line the east wall, and tile floors take you back to the Gilded Age. *124 Chambers St., nr. Sixth Ave. (227-7074). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. *323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Layla—A Middle Eastern feast, complete with gyrating belly dancer, brought to you by Drew Nieporent and his TriBeCa production team. Menu highlights include crabmeat phyllo, cinnamon-braised lamb shank with okra, and toasted couscous and almond ice milk. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (431-0700). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, Zeppole at the TriBakery, and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Namaskaar—Billing itself as an "Indian bistro," this SoHo newcomer offers all the tikka, tandoori, and vindaloo you'd expect, plus some you might not. Try the house Biryani (a layered casserole of shrimp, lamb, chicken, and vegetables), popcorn crawfish in yogurt sauce, chicken-tikka Caesar salad, or—to satisfy a gargantuan curry craving—the all-you-can-eat $8.95 Sunday brunch. *337A W. Broadway (625-1112). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *109 Spring St. (274-8883). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Pierino—An Italian dining room full of businesspeople and city politicians for lunch and dinner for the bankers on their way uptown offering meta-traditional dishes like lobster and steak. Yes, that was Peter Vallone. *107 Reade St. (513-0610). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

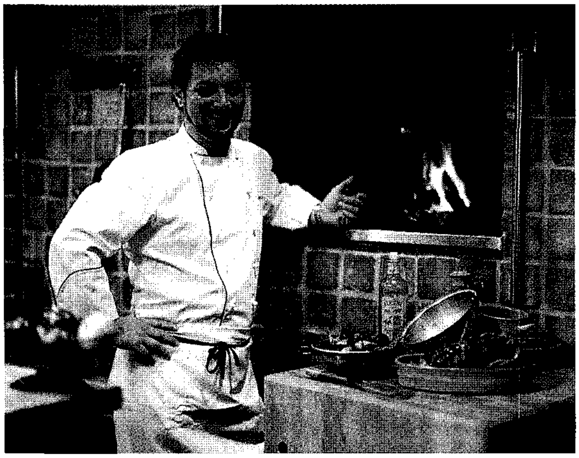
Provence—Lots of people have got engaged in the charming garden at this authentic country French restaurant; even more have sampled the bourride, bouillabaisse, and bass flambé. If you can't actually make it to the Côte d'Azur, this is the next best thing. *38 MacDougal St. (475-7500). (M–E) AE.*

Opening

Close to His Hearth

Think of it as the un-bistro: Waldy Malouf's Beacon restaurant, bar, and bakery offers the heartiness, but not the heaviness, of the most Calvados-besotted brasserie, yet it is not French. What it is, is Waldy. Has any chef ever had a more comfortable-sounding name? It's a name for a home-team first-baseman, an honest auto repairman, the cook in a firehouse. Malouf, who has come back to ground level after a sojourn in the clouds at the Rainbow Room, has built a restaurant around that most homey of appurtenances—the fireplace. Made of terra-cotta tile, the wood-fired hearth and its companion grill (whose flame is assisted by flavor-enhancing wood chips) anchor a room that uses its spare Arts and Crafts accents to lead every eye to the cooking line.

The food—according to Malouf—"is what I serve at home, stuff I have found all over the world." A trip to Argentina gave birth to a grilled rib-eye steak with a powerful red-onion-and-parsley relish instead of the traditional chimichurri sauce. An afternoon in San Sebastián in a hole-in-the-wall bar with four seats inspired a deceptively light sourdough toast and egg-garlic broth. With most of his dishes, Malouf resorts to fresh herbs, aromatic spices, lemon, and garlic to brighten the otherwise overpowering tastes of wood smoke and slow braising. Oven-roasted wild striped bass with verjuice and lemon pulp is typical of the Malouf approach—not one but two tangy ingredients. Particularly summery is a cold yellow-tomato-and-cilantro soup. Heretofore I would have thought a light pork shank to be paradigmatically oxymoronic, but Malouf's—cured in salt and braised overnight in the wood-burning oven as it cools down—is topped with crunchy toasted mustard seeds and served in a clear braising liquid without the interposition of butter or heavy reductions. No complicated sauces here—just meat, fire, salt, and herbs. (25 West 56th Street; 332-0500.) **PETER KAMINSKY**



Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place. Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, MC = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—A far cry from the curry canteens of 6th Street, this Indian restaurant is a good alternative to TriBeCa's medley of French and Italian standbys. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. Regional specialties from all corners of the country include dahi batata poori from Bombay, khaman dhokla from Gujarat, and lamb pasanda from Kashmir. *317 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—This 1807 landmark farmhouse serves up huge portions of smoked chicken and grilled ribs, plus regional appetizers and desserts. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for a $17.95 all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. *375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Windows on the World—Chef and TV personality Michael Lomonaco supervises the kitchens of this landmark restaurant known for what may be the most spectacular view of Manhattan Island. His menu focuses on sophisticated renditions of American food, including stout-braised black Angus short ribs with Maytag blue cheese, and lobster potpie with truffle cream, spinach leaves, and a chive biscuit. Be sure to take advantage of the restaurant's 60,000-bottle wine cellar. *1 World Trade Center, 107th floor (524-7000). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. *12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Haveli—Haveli distinguishes itself from the Sixth Street strip, for its food as much as its upscale décor. Possibly the only East Village restaurant with an *intentionally* shattered windowpane. *100 Second Ave., nr. 6th St. (982-0533). (I–M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steakhouse with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Miracle Grill—One of the earliest pioneers on the East Village dining scene, this comfortable Mexican cantina is especially welcoming in warm weather, when the garden is a serene urban oasis. The grilled-vegetable plate surpasses most. *112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

Osso Buco—Popular Italian restaurant on a much-traveled Village corridor serving family-style por-

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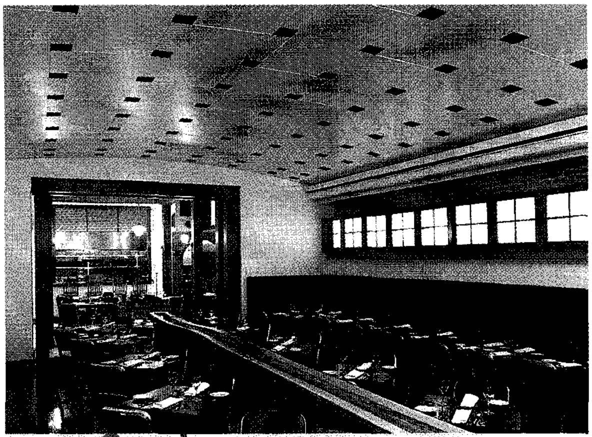


Opening

Tree House

Besides being ensconced together within the subterranean confines of the short-lived Vix Café—where Marc Meyer met and was hired by his future wife, Vicki Freeman—these two restaurant vets have spent their respective careers accumulating varied experience on both coasts, from mentors as eclectic as Larry Forgione, Jonathan Waxman, and even, in Freeman's case, Bob's Big Boy. This week, they—along with partner Maureen Meehan—open Five Points, an airy, skylit space big on wood (maple basket-weave ceiling, treated-oak tables and floor), Mission accents, and such soothing organic touches as a stream of water running the length of the dining room through a hollowed-out oak log. From the wood-burning oven in the open kitchen, Meyer and chef Aaron Bashy, late of Alva, turn out Mediterranean-influenced American fare like citrus-and-chili-marinated chicken with tomato salad; baked lamb casserole with artichokes, black olives, and preserved lemon; and house-cured pork chops with fennel purée, wildflower honey, and lime. (31 Great Jones Street; 253-5700.)

tions of the eponymous house specialty, Caesar salad, fried calamari, and T-bone steak. *88 University Pl., nr. 11th St. (645-4525). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Bar Cichetti—Modeled after a typical bar in Venice, where patrons gather for a glass of wine—choose here among 50—and small snacks called *cichetti* (think Italian tapas). Sample among appetizer-size portions of rice balls, fried meatballs, frittatas, and crostini, or, should these snacks merely whet the appetite, have a full meal of pasta, chicken, fish, or beef. Perfect for pre- or post–Film Forum noshing. Live opera performances on Sunday nights. *220 W. Houston St. (229-0314). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Bar Pitti—This Tuscan trattoria, with tables spilling out onto the sidewalk, has simpler, cheaper food than Da Silvano next door, but it's just as good a spot to sip an espresso and watch the Village foot traffic. Great fettunta. *268 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-3300). (I–M) ($).*

Bombay City—This Indian newcomer offers the regular roster of subcontinental specialties, plus more offbeat tandoori preparations of steak and rabbit. The spacious premises are available for private parties; there's even room for a dance floor. *29 Seventh Ave. S., nr. Bedford St. (414-0931). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Da Silvano—Trattoria with tables out front converts this thoroughfare into a people promenade. Great food and views of the local color. Yes, that was Anna Wintour. *260 Sixth Ave., nr. Bleecker St. (982-2343). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Greenwich Cafe—This Village café, with its plush antique wing chairs and rococo mirrors, has a loungy feel and is open around the clock with a menu that crosses every border. Representative items include crab cakes with lobster sauce and fennel tempura, grilled salmon with jasmine rice, and a veggie burger with minted couscous. No cover for the jazz brunch. *75 Greenwich Ave. (255-5489). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Gus' Place—This welcoming Greek taverna in the West Village offers authentic Mediterranean meze and entrées; French doors open out onto warm evenings. The orzo with Gulf shrimp and the lamb-shank stifado are house specialties. *149 Waverly Pl. (645-8511). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

LeGans Bistro & Bar—Those romantic, cobblestone-paved streets of the meatpacking district seem a perfect setting for a French bistro like this new one, offering a menu of staples like bass, rack of lamb, and cod, all finished with a Provençal-ish flourish. *46 Gansevoort St. (675-5224). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Mono—The chef at this West Village bistro derives intense flavors from herbs, spices, and flavored oils, keeping butter and cream to a minimum. You couldn't tell by the taste of dishes like star-anise-cured salmon tartare with lentil pancake, vanilla-roasted spring vegetables, and chamomile-steamed wild striped bass. Each of three tasting menus—market, vegetarian, and seafood—is paired with appropriate wines. *342 W. 11th St. (645-9009). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

One if by Land, Two if by Sea—Elegant Village restaurant situated within an eighteenth-century carriage house previously owned by Aaron Burr. Four fireplaces and nightly piano music enhance a fine menu of American specialties like beef Wellington. *17 Barrow St. (228-0822). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tio Pepe—A reliably festive spot for classic Mexican and Spanish fare, from tapas to paella Valenciana, with an enclosed sidewalk café and skylit garden room. *168 W. 4th St. (242-9338). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

Bellew—The hand-carved dark woods, chandeliers, and cozy booths of this Murray Hill duplex are meant to evoke classic New York, as is the seasonal American menu of wood-grilled seafood, steaks, and chops. But the kitchen shows contemporary creativity with dishes like chestnut-honey-braised-duck salad, and shellfish-saffron chowder with Maine periwinkles. *167 E. 33rd St. (685-1466). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Pee-wee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like oven-roasted mushrooms with goat cheese and chili oil as well as paella with curried shellfish and chicken. We *love* the white-peach sangría. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Campagna—The *Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that . . . ? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Strausman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, dependable establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. *325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, V.*

Gramercy Tavern—As a second act to Danny Meyer's much-loved Union Square Cafe, this Flatiron American standout doesn't disappoint. The main dining room manages to be both impressive and cozy, the service superlative, and Tom Colicchio's food inspired. For lesser appetites and lower budgets, the bar menu in the Tavern Room is equally delicious. Orchestrate your own cheese course and sample the varied selection of wines by the glass. *42 E. 20th St. (477-0777). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

i Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. *122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak-frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., bet. 28th and 29th Sts. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, plundering the ingredients of the American Southwest for such mouthwatering creations as roasted-garlic shrimp tamales and ancho-honey-glazed salmon. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun, especially for those partaking of the house drink, a cactus-pear margarita. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Novitá—A beautiful Flatiron restaurant with upscale, nouvelle Italian. Try, especially, the handmade pastas, which seem to have only beneficial effects on all the fashion types and Elite models who've made this room their home away from home. *102 E. 22nd St. (677-2222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Osteria Laguna—A stone's throw from Grand Central, this rustic Italian restaurant features mostly Venetian fare. Risotto and pizza are particularly popular. *209 E. 42nd St. (557-0001). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Oyster Bar—When a fire temporarily shuttered this Manhattan landmark, its long-faithful clientele were bereft, unsure of what to do with themselves at lunchtime. The doors have reopened, the vaulted ceilings have been (for the most part) repaired, and the regulars are taking their places at the counter. Famous for its 25 varieties of oysters, extensive wine selection, and comprehensive seafood preparations, the restaurant is a magnet for commuters and tourists alike. *Grand Central Terminal, 42nd St. and Vanderbilt Ave. (490-6650). (M) AE, CB, DS, MC, V.*

Park Bistro—Provençal offerings prepared and served with notable agility in an intimate—sometimes crowded—setting. *414 Park Ave. at 28th St. (689-1360). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami

Photograph by Steven Freeman.

via a childhood in New York. Really. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—This elegant split-level restaurant offers Northern Italian cuisine and live music nightly. Chef Gilberto specializes in seafood, and private parties are easily accommodated. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Water Club—This romantic spot overlooking the East River is a favorite for formal affairs, but even your average demanding New York diner would be happy with the American menu and the airy, yacht club–like setting. As to be expected in this nautical environment, there's a heavy emphasis on seafood like lobster and soft-shell crabs, and a massive spread for Sunday brunch. Jackets suggested in the main dining room. *F.D.R. Drive via 23rd St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Ben's Kosher Delicatessen—This casual delicatessen—the Art Deco–ish Manhattan offshoot of a Long Island chain—brings a full roster of pastrami, corned beef, sour pickles, potato latkes, and other highlights of kosher cooking to the garment district. All baking is done on the premises, and for those who hanker for something a little stronger than Dr. Brown's, there's a full bar. *209 W. 38th St. (398-2367). (I) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. *216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I–M) ($).*

Caffe Bondí Ristorante—Popular with the photographers who work in the Flatiron district and foodies from all over who fill the garden in warm weather. Specializes in Sicilian dishes like coniglio alla stimparata, pasta con sarde, and cassata Siciliana. Open seven days a week, including weekend brunch. *7 W. 20th St. (691-8136). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro–New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. *107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only.*

Le Madri—This Chelsea mainstay has long enjoyed a reputation for informality and flavorful Italian fare. The garden is a wonderful warm-weather spot for a light lunch of salad and pasta or a more substantial repast like osso buco with gremolata or risotto with lemon and zucchini. *168 W. 18th St. (727-8022). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner, which could be a hearty serving of filet mignon or Chilean sea bass, topped off with cheesecake, our city's major contribution to the confectionery world. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten, during which time you'll dine and dance to the music of a live band. Jacket required. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Bice—It's always buzzing at this midtown Italian hot spot, where the fashionable crowd takes a hiatus from air-kissing to partake of dishes like crispy crab cakes, smoked-mozzarella risotto, and veal chop Milanese. *7 E. 54th St. (688-1999). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Caviar Russe—The owners of this caviar bar and boutique are also importers, which means that you're getting your Beluga—and golden Osetra, and Sevruga—right from the source. The petite restaurant ensconced in a midtown townhouse will gladly feed you a spoonful or a more substantial meal, like a foie gras sandwich with Armagnac-soaked figs, or steak tartare with baby-beet-and-black-truffle salad. Afternoon tea and prix fixe menus also available. *538 Madison Ave., nr. 54th St. (980-5908). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cucina & Co.—This market-style takeout shop and café is ideally situated in the lobby of the MetLife Building to catch the crush of commuters passing through Grand Central. Breakfast pastries, specialty sandwiches, baked pastas, steak-frites, and "Dinners for Two" keep the worker bees fueled throughout the day. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (682-2700). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Private dining rooms are perfect for special occasions, business meetings or mini-banquets. *219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Naples 45 Ristorante e Pizzeria—This new, sprawling Italian restaurant and carry-out in the MetLife building serves authentic Neapolitan cuisine, including excellent thin-crust pizzas, baked to order by experienced pizza masters imported directly from Italy. Also try the twice-baked sandwiches and the wide array of wines by the glass. *200 Park Ave., at 45th St. (972-7001). (I–M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Peacock Alley—Under talented chef Laurent Gras, the Waldorf's posh dining room has become reinvigorated. Known for his long association with French national hero Alain Ducasse, Gras has a special touch with foie gras and handles seasonal American ingredients with a classical Gallic touch. This is one of midtown's secret pleasures. Jackets required; harpist performs nightly. *301 Park Ave., in the Waldorf-Astoria (872-4895). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, cherubs, jazz onstage, and New American cuisine. Executive chef Neil Becker serves up such sophisticated fare as crispy sea scallops with rock shrimp, lobster, and shellfish cream; rack of lamb with Parmesan bread pudding; and a white-and-dark-chocolate-mousse parfait. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Turtle Bay Grill & Lounge—The kind of place where you kick back, light a stogie, and watch the game. Should hunger develop, there's sesame-seared tuna, Dijon-grilled salmon, shrimp pizza, and the like. *987 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (223-4224). (I–M) AE, MC, V.*

ASK GAEL

How far will you go for rumored perfection?

Our hired wheels flew across the George Washington Bridge and hit Ridgewood in twenty minutes. Not far at all. Expecting "some of the best Indian food in the metropolitan area," as Indian pals had promised, we are charmed at once by sconces patterned after Indian kites, bangles glittering on the walls, and Rajasthan puppets levitating at Mela. A sweetly obliging waiter trundles enough food for ten though we're just a greedy five. Elegantly tasty samosa (not greasy at all) and crunchy bhel puri and chat puri with yogurt and tamarind launch the feast. Then marvelously moist ginger-chicken kabobs (dark meat only, we specify), fiery lamb vindaloo, and a sampling of breads (cheese nan and a whole-wheat balloon puri are the favorites). For the vegetarians: fragrant stews of cauliflower, eggplant, chickpeas, achari potatoes. Only the hardiest can do justice to rich carrot halwa and sweet gulab jamun. (About $38 per person with tip; bring your own beer, or shop down the street.) (47 East Ridgewood Avenue; 201-445-6060.)

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—After extensive renovations, the elegant American restaurant in this posh midtown hotel reopens with a new look and a new, sophisticated menu. A few of the more notable entrées include a grilled turbot "chop" with cèpe jus, organic chicken en cocotte with morels and fava beans, and coriander-and-black-pepper-crusted rack of lamb from Jameson Farms. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula (903-3918). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ben Benson's Steak House—This rollicking steakhouse has long fed hordes of hungry, beef-eating businessmen and the people who love them. The festive air gets pretty thick by the bar, where cigars prevail, but the dining room is entirely devoted to the consumption of standards like lobsters, crab cakes, veal, and four cuts of steak. Free validated parking available. *123 W. 52nd St. (581-8888). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe Steakhouse—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steakhouse serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Discount dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M–E) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Christer's—Famous for its spectacular selection of salmon, this Scandinavian-inspired restaurant, designed by David Rockwell to resemble a colorful, cozy mountain lodge, is a great choice for contemporary renditions of seafood. Open Sundays. *145 W. 55th St. (974-7224). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dillon's—An Irish-American pub and restaurant with the requisite hospitable welcome, chatty bartenders, and a separate dining room serving American dishes like filet mignon, herb-crusted Atlantic salmon, corned beef and cabbage, Maryland crab cakes, and beef stew. *245 W. 54th St. (307-9797). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops, and pasta. Italian brunch available Saturday and Sunday, $15.95 prix fixe. Free parking (with dinner) from 5 P.M. to 1 A.M. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and post-theater dining, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and, of course, multiple variations of the house drink. *810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Nakagawa—By virtue of its very location—about two avenues east of the heart of the theater district—this casual Japanese restaurant is a sensible spot for supper before the curtain. Sushi, shabu-shabu, salmon steak, and beef Negimaki are examples of the pretheater offerings. *7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—This is midtown's notion of an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Redeye Grill—Just what the Carnegie Hall neighborhood needed: a huge room with nudes on the pillars and all manner of smoked fish on the bar. The signature dish, dancing shrimp, is great for sharing. And don't leave without sampling the banana-cream pie. *888 Seventh Ave., at 56th St. (541-9000). (M–E) AE, DS, MC, V.*

René Pujol—This theater-district oasis offers fine provincial French cooking in a sweet country-inn atmosphere. The conventionally familiar menu includes such specials as pan-seared duck breast with fruit chutney, steamed cod with coriander and ginger vinaigrette, and a salad of warm lobster, mesclun, and julienned vegetables. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak—and, for iconoclasts, the inevitable chops, chicken, and lobster—served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. Serious wines, too. *148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sitar Indian Cuisine—This casual restaurant attracts office workers and midtown's ever-growing hordes of tourists, who come for house specialties like ginger chicken, lamb shaslik, onion bhajia, and the always-popular chicken tikka masala. *58 W. 56th St. (581-1155). (I–M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Tapika—Chef David Walzog's spicy cooking has transformed a formerly subdued space into a lively canteen with his version of haute Southwestern. Try the black-bean purée with chorizo and garlic flatbread or the grilled rabbit loin with cilantro oil and habanero sauce. The bar has its own snack menu and a super selection of microbrews and tequilas. *950 Eighth Ave., at 56th St. (397-3737). (M–E) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Tennessee Mountain Restaurant & Saloon—The midtown offshoot of a SoHo rib joint, this much larger duplex restaurant serves an extensive southern barbecue menu, which is also available for on-and-off-premises catering. Cigar smokers even have their own designated space in which to unmolestedly exhale: The barbecued and hickory-smoked ribs have already made a major impression on Manhattan meat-lovers. *121 W. 45th St. (869-4545). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Via Brasil—This casual, lively Brazilian restaurant serves generous portions of feijoada, the national ode to meat, plus other assorted poultry and seafood specialties like vatapa, a fish dish with coconut-milk sauce. Live music Wednesday through Saturday keeps things hopping. *34 W. 46th St. (997-1158). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—A venerable neighborhood haunt with tropical flair. Try the Cuban sandwich or the roast suckling pork. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home in I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. *57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. *1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. *240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Campagnola—This comfortable Italian spot has been a neighborhood favorite for over a dozen years, thanks in part to host Salvatore's warm welcome. Of course, the flavorful country-style food—Italian bouillabaisse with lobster, double-cut veal chops with wild mushrooms, antipasto—is equally endearing. *1382 First Ave., at 74th St. (861-1102). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. *1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

540 Park @ The Regency Hotel—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a clubby, comfortable atmosphere. The regional, eclectic menu ranges from seared-tuna spring roll and chicken-fried lobster to barbecued duck and black-

Photograph by James Baigrie.

Opening

Three Who Are Without Sin Sin

The East Village corner that used to house the raucous Svoboda has become home to Sin Sin, pronounced *shin shin,* which means "That's that" in Gaelic. The trio of Irish lads who've opened the place show great restraint in limiting their native culinary influence to its proper place, a full-fledged Irish breakfast on weekends. The rest of the week, the menu falls into the increasingly catchall category of global American. Appetizers (black-bean soup with lobster-and-avocado timbale, slow-roasted-sweet-onion-and-bacon tart) run $4.95 to $14.95; entrées like herb-braised poussin with melted leeks and orzo, and roulade of Dover sole with white-bean salad and Niçoise-olive tapenade, range from $12.95 to $23.95. (85 Second Avenue; 253-2222.)

bean quesadilla. If the term "power breakfast" didn't originate here, it should have. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4050). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. *1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American café for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the haute neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. *100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Park View at the Boathouse—This Central Park landmark has been renovated and updated with an Asian-influenced menu from chef John Villa. Technical improvements have made it possible to keep the restaurant on the lake open all year round, though those who miss visiting it during the summer months do so at their own peril. Choose among new menu items like Gulf shrimp in rice paper roll, and Indian-spiced salmon tartare with mango and cucumber. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *1596 Second Ave., nr. 83rd St. (585-3838). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Primavera—This elegant uptown restaurant serves sophisticated renditions of Northern Italian food, like baby eels with oil and garlic, and roasted baby goat. The comfortable wood-paneled room, lit with antique fixtures and filled with fresh flowers, brings a touch of luxury to the neighborhood. *1578 First Ave., nr. 82nd St. (861-8608). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sel & Poivre—Stanching the flow downtown for bistro fare. Regulars find what they are looking for in this quaint, countrified space. The country-French cuisine includes specialties like steak au poivre, bouillabaisse, and roasted chicken, and the prix fixe menus are a bargain. *853 Lexington Ave., nr. 64th St. (517-5780). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sesumi—The neighborhood relies on this comfortable, brick-walled sushi parlor to satisfy all raw-fish cravings. Try one of the combo boxes. *1649 Second Ave., nr. 85th St. (879-1024). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Brasserie Americaine—This unpretentious spot opposite Lincoln Center is convenient for a drink, a snack, or a full meal along the lines of steak-frites, duck confit, cassoulet, or the rest of the roster of French-American food that's so popular right now. *51 W. 64th St. (721-3322). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Vela—A comfortable, unpretentious spot for Northern Italian food. Worth sampling are the zuppa di pesce, the risotto, and the wild-mushroom, black-olive, and goat-cheese pasta. *373 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 77th St. (877-7818). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Penang—This Malaysian mini-dynasty began in Queens and has sprouted multiple Manhattan locations. Sample such exotic offerings as roti canai, beef rendang, and sarang burung in environs that strive to evoke the tropics. *240 Columbus Ave., at 71st St. (769-3988). (M–E) AE, MC, V.*

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant 222—Cozy and romantic, with the feel of a townhouse, Frank Valenza's top-rated New American West Sider is a luxurious surprise in a neighborhood nearly bereft of them. The menu is full of high-ticket items like Beluga caviar, Kobe steak, truffles, and foie gras, which makes the $29.95 pretheater dinner, available from 5 to 6:30, a great deal. And now, lunch is served Tuesday through Friday. *222 W. 79th St. (799-0400). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouthwatering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. *423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Peter Luger—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($).*

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. *255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) ($).*

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. *24–01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) ($).*

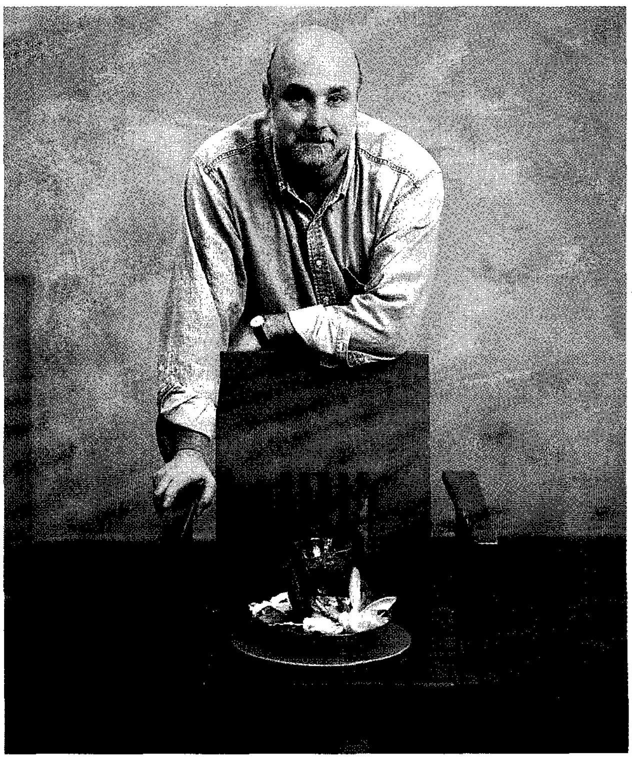
Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. *1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Opening

Middle-aged Man and the Sea

Now that the hyperkinetic Larry Forgione is moving his esteemed An American Place and its flag-waving menu to the new Benjamin hotel next week, he's got some vacant real estate in midtown that he's just quietly converted into the more affordable Rosehill—or, as he's informally billing it, A Neighborhood Place. He's added a raw bar, a terrific list of around 60 wines available by the bottle, half-bottle, and glass, and a straightforward, seafood-centric menu that lists catches of the day like Key West shrimp, Dungeness crab, Ipswich clams, and Hudson Valley trout by cooking method (classic pan roasts, salads, grills, and fries). The Casco Bay codfish and chips and Rosehill lobster roll read like Maine vacations on a plate. (2 Park Avenue, at 32nd Street; 684-2122.)



Photograph by Joseph Scafuro.

in concert

Pushkin Birthday Celebrations at Carnegie

Classical Music

Tuesday, June 8

Narciso Figueroa, Violin—Performs works by Schubert, Brahms, R. Strauss, and others, with pianist Cullan Bryant. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $20.*

New Amsterdam Singers—Perform works by Perera, Ranjbaran, Levi, and others. Merkin Hall, 126 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $15.

New York Philharmonic—Performs Tan Dun's Concerto for Water Percussion and Orchestra in Memory of Toru Takemitsu, with percussionist Christopher Lamb; Still's *Romance* for Trombone and Orchestra; and R. Strauss's Oboe Concerto and *Till Eulenspiegel. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $17–$73.*

Wednesday, June 9

Friends and Enemies of New Music—Perform "Fury of Bloom," a program of new songs by David Del Tredici and Tom Cipullo. With mezzo Miriam Abramowitsch and baritone Chris Pedro Trakas, accompanied by the composers on piano. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15.*

Gay Gotham Chorus—Performs "Celebrating Stonewall," a program of works by Gordon, Bernstein, Johnson, and Rorem. *Merkin Hall, 126 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 8; $20.*

Thursday, June 10

New York Philharmonic—Performs Shostakovich's Piano Concerto No. 2, with pianist Helen Huang, and Mahler's Symphony No. 1, *Titan.* Kurt Masur, conductor. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $17–$73.*

Richard Vallis, Piano—Performs works by Mozart, Beethoven, Brahms, and Liszt. *Weill Recital Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15.*

Friday, June 11

Bachanalia Chamber Orchestra—Performs works by Bach, Bolcom, Schnittke, and Jobim/Yakub. *Saint Peter's Church at Citicorp Center, 619 Lexington Ave., at 54th St. (914-375-4676), at 8; $20.*

New York Philharmonic—See 6/10.

Saturday, June 12

New York Philharmonic—See 6/10.

Pushkin 200—A gala performance event celebrating the author's 200th birthday, featuring readings of his work by Ralph Fiennes and Keith David, and performances by members of the Metropolitan Opera of works by Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninov, Glinka, and other Russian composers. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 7; $15–$75.*

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public outdoor performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Sunday, June 13

New England Symphonic Ensemble—Performs Williams's *Dona Nobis Pacem* and Haydn's Mass No. 9 in D minor, with soprano Fatinah Tilfah, mezzo Leah Creek, tenor Christopher Pfund, baritone Richard Hobson, and guest choruses; Robert Moody and Edgar J. Thompson, conductors. Also, the Lakeland Chorale performs works by Schumann, Fauré, Rutter, and Flummerfelt. Edward J. Dalton, conductor. *Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 2; $16–$68.*

Youth Orchestra CYCNY—Performs works by Rossini, Mozart, J. S. Bach, and others. Timothy Hsu, conductor. *Merkin Hall, 126 W. 67th St. (501-3330), at 2; $15–$50.*

Monday, June 14

New York Philharmonic—See 6/10, at 7:30.

Opera

Amato Opera—Performs Lehar's book musical *The Merry Widow,* 6/12 at 7:30 and 6/13 at 2:30. *319 Bowery (228-8200); $23.*

Met in the Parks—Performances of Puccini's *La Bohème* on the Great Lawn, Central Park, 6/8 at 8 and in Cunningham Park, Queens, 6/11 at 8; and Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor* in Pelham Bay Park, the Bronx, 6/9 at 8 and in Cunningham Park, Queens, 6/12 at 8. *All performances are free; call 362-6000 for more information.*

Dance

American Ballet Theatre—Performs *Airs, Stepping Stones,* and *Push Comes to Shove,* 6/8 at 8 and 6/9 at 2 and 8; and *Anastasia,* 6/10 and 6/11 at 8, and 6/12 at 2 and 8. *Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $18–$115.*

Maher Benham and Coyote Dancers—Perform Benham's *Sipapu; Maher, It's Donald; The Dream;* and other works, 6/11–6/13 at 8. *Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448), at 8; $20.*

Trisha Brown Company—Performs Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo,* accompanied by Concerto Vocale and Collegium Vocale, 6/10–6/12 at 7:30 and 6/13 at 3. *Opera House, Brooklyn Academy of Music (718-636-4111); $25–$75.*

Monte/Brown Dance—Performs two programs of dances by Elisa Monte and David Brown, including *Hurricane Deck, Petits Pois, Run to the Rock,* and others, 6/8 at 7:30, 6/9–6/12 at 8, and 6/13 at 2 and 7:30. Through 6/20. *Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.*

New York City Ballet/Jazz at Lincoln Center—Performs Peter Martins's *Jazz (Six Syncopated Movements),* set to music by Wynton Marsalis; a new collaboration by Martins and Marsalis; and a new work set to Duke Ellington songs, 6/8 at 8. Also, a program of early Robbins works, 6/9 at 8; and new and repertory works, 6/10 and 6/11 at 8, 6/12 at 2 and 8, and 6/13 at 3. *New York State Theater, Lincoln Center (870-5570); $16–$70.*

Previews
Team Mates

Formerly Elisa Monte Dance, the company led by husband-and-wife team Monte and David Brown is now Monte/Brown Dance, in recognition of Brown's considerable creative role. The Martha Graham alums will be unveiling six new works June 8–20 at the Joyce (see "Dance").

nightlife

"Scratch" Perry . . . Cibo Matto . . . "Lyrics & Lyricists"

Concerts

Blondie—With Marvelous 3. 6/10 at 8. *Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. at 32nd St. (307-7171). $42–$52.*

"Home Before Midnight"—A short concert series with an early start time that promises to have attendees in bed before the clock strikes twelve. All shows begin at 6:30. 6/11: Joydrop. *Pier 61 at South Street Seaport (677-1795). Free.*

"Lyrics and Lyricists: The Great Hollywood Studios"—6/12–6/14 with Kitty Carlisle Hart, Billy Stritch, Carol Woods, and more. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave., at 92nd St. (966-1100). $38–$40.*

Molly Hatchet—6/10 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (307-7171). $15–$39.*

"The Ozzfest '99"—Featuring Black Sabbath, Rob Zombie, Deftones, Slayer, Primus, Godsmack, System of a Down. 6/8 and 6/10. *PNC Bank Arts Center, Holmdel, N.J. (307-7200). $45–$70.*

Van Morrison—With Taj Mahal. 6/13 at 8. *Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). $50.* 6/14 at 7:30. *Jones Beach Amphitheatre, Wantagh, Long Island (307-7171). $38–$78.*

"Volunteer Jam Tour '99"—Charlie Daniels Band, Marshall Tucker Band, and Molly Hatchet. 6/8 at 7. *Beacon Theater, 2124 Broadway, at 75th St. (307-7171). $30–$50.*

Small Stages

Arlene Grocery—6/8: Modern English; Jen Chapin; John McNeil; Us. 6/9: Jerome Rosen; Pets; Anne Klein; Wen; Cran Bones. 6/10: Seven Minds; Jam Yang; Helios; Jessy Evans and Crash; Frankenorange; Mighty John Henry. 6/11: Industrial Teepee; Standpipe; the Wobblies; the Normans; Thrill Cycle; Episonic; Pennyless Wilds. 6/12: Gentle Readers; the Solids; Nerve Generation; the 527's; Airstrip One; Dream Killers; Diva Machina. 6/13: Sunshine; Brenda Kahn; the Living; Fiesta. 6/14: Jerome Rosen; High Teen; Footprints; Punk Rock Karaoke. *95 Stanton St. (358-1633). $.*

Bottom Line—6/9: Elliott Murphy and Syd Straw. 6/10: Jeffrey Gaines and Lezlee Peterzell. 6/11: Brave Combo. 6/12: Buster Poindexter and His Spanish Rocketship Band. 6/13: "On a Summer Night," with John Gorka, Patty Larkin, Cheryl Wheeler, and Cliff Eberhardt. *15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).*

Bowery Ballroom—6/8: Cibo Matto; Rob Swift of the X-ecutioners. 6/9: Cibo Matto; Sean Lennon; the Arsonists. 6/10: Cibo Matto; Thurston Moore; D.J. Spooky. 6/11: Cibo Matto; Dusty Trails. 6/12: Lunachicks. *6 Delancey St. (533-2111).*

Bridgeview Theatre—6/11: Martha Reeves; Harold Melvin's Blue Notes. *80 Waterfront Blvd., Island Park, Long Island (516-568-6199). $20.*

"Central Park SummerStage"—SummerStage's 1999 lineup, which includes everything from techno to hip-hop to Brazilian Tropicalia, could very well be the most impressive in the series' history. 6/12: "CBS Oldies": Tommy James; Ronnie Spector. *Central Park SummerStage, Rumsey Playfield, 72nd St., mid-park (360-CPSS). Free.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—6/8: Seth Orkrend. 6/9: Chesterfield's. 6/10: Johnnie Johnson. 6/11: Christine Santellie. 6/12: Bobby Kyle. 6/13: Mason Casey. 6/14: Dave Mackay. *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

Coney Island High—6/10: Flying Neutrinos. 6/11: Hotwater Music. 6/12: Limp. *15 St. Marks Pl. (674-7959).*

Fez—Sundays: Jackie Beat. Thursdays: Mingus Big Band. 6/9: The 1999 Toyota Comedy Festival Presents: Sklar Brothers Underground. 6/11–6/12: Loser's Lounge Tribute to ABBA. 6/14: Elysian Fields. *Time Cafe, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—6/9–6/10: Echo & the Bunnymen. 6/11: Mercury Rev; Sparklehorse. 6/14: Biohazard. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—6/8: Charlie Haden; Geri Allen; Mark Dresser Trio. 6/9: Charles Lloyd Quartet; Mario Pavone's Nu Trio. 6/10: Odean Pope Trio; David S. Ware Quartet; Jazz Pioneers. 6/11: Jackson/Reid/Gibbs; William Hooker; Lee Ranaldo. 6/12: Roy Nathanson; Anthony Coleman; Marc Ribot; Bill Frisell; Joe Morris Quartet. 6/13: Dave Douglas Quartet and Sextet; Charms of the Night Sky. *74 Leonard St. (219-3055). $.*

Manitoba's—Shows at 10. No cover. 6/8: Hot Water. 6/8: Amanda Thorpe. 6/12: Adam Thorpe. 6/13: Vida Loca. 6/14: Beat Rodeo. *99 Ave. B (982-2511). $.*

Maxwell's—6/9: Joydrop; Novakseen. 6/10: Scarnella; the Gunga Din; Knoxville Girls; Crib. 6/11: The Pietasters; the Woggles. 6/12: Adrian Belew. *1039 Washington St., Hoboken, N.J. (201-653-1703).*

Mercury Lounge—6/8: Robert Forster and Grant McLennan. 6/11: 764-Hero; Radio Four. 6/12: Marshall Crenshaw. 6/13: Francis Dunnery; Mike Errico. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

S.O.B.'s—Most nights, sets at 10 and midnight. 6/8: Gregory Isaacs. 6/10: Joi. 6/11: The Mighty Sparrow. 6/15: Baba Olatunji. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Tramps—6/10: Those Bastard Souls; Richard Buckner. 6/11: The Derailers. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—Mondays: D.J. Logic. Tuesdays: Illuminati. Thursdays: Groove Collective. 6/8: Magma. 6/10: God Street Wine. 6/13: Mephiskapheles; Inspecter 7. 6/14: Lee "Scratch" Perry. *161 Hudson St. (966-5244). $.*

Clubland

Baktun—A small way-way-west venue that's host to some of the city's most relaxed, unpretentious club nights, like the bi-weekly deep-house-themed "N'Ice," the friendly, long-running house-music party "Bang the Party," a nifty trip-hop night called "Nice & Easy," and "Direct Drive," a strict-

Performance

Genius of Dub

Before the Beastie Boys crowned him the king of cool, before trip-hop acts like Massive Attack and Tricky modernized his spacious dubs, before junglists snagged his gut-wrenching sub-bass, and before Island Records gave him a long overdue boxed-set treatment with 1997's three-CD *Arkology,* Jamaican producer-mixer Lee "Scratch" Perry was punching holes in the sonic atmosphere with the echoing, sound-effect-heavy crazy cousin of reggae called dub. At his Black Ark studios near Kingston, Perry made off-kilter dub masterpieces like *Roast Fish, Collie Weed, and Corn Bread* and, most astounding of all, *Blackboard Jungle Dub,* whose layered panoply of sounds prefigured electronica's soundtrack-to-life-isms. Furthering his renegade status, in the late seventies Perry produced the Clash's great "Complete Control" and even recorded his own paean to the U.K. anarchists called "Punky Reggae Party." Since then, he's toured erratically and collaborated with artist-fans like the Beastie Boys, with whom he recorded "Dr. Lee, PhD" on *Hello Nasty.* His numerous Wetlands appearances, where an improbable mix of hippies, B-boys, Rastafarians, and electronica heads cram into the tiny TriBeCa space, are part Lee Perry fan convention, part meeting of the tribes. But as adoring as Perry's followers can be, it's hard to imagine a moment when his music will evoke nostalgia. After all, Perry's always been unimaginably far ahead of his time: The rock crits who went gaga when Timbaland sampled a baby cooing on Aaliyah's "Are You That Somebody" probably had no idea that Perry pulled off a similar trick decades earlier on the Upsetters' "People Funny Boy." But then again, critics (or the public, for that matter) have never fully grasped the genius of Afro-futurists like George Clinton, Prince, Mantronix, Larry Levan, Juan Atkins, or Sun Ra, a tradition of which Perry is very much a part. (See "Small Stages.") **Ethan Brown**

Photograph by Alan Glazier/Retna.

ly drum-'n'-bass night with D.J.'s Lion, Seoul, Cassien, Reid Speed, and Chris Thomas. Log on to www.baktun.com for schedule. *418 W. 14th St. (206-1590).*

China Club—Having moved out of its Upper West Side basement and into a second-floor Hell's Kitchen location, the eighties' most infamous den of iniquity has gone more or less legit, with a swanky restaurant, cigars aplenty, and bathroom attendants to keep the stalls nice and, er, clean. 6/12: Blue Saracens. *268 W. 47th St. (398-3800).*

Cream—With nights like "Uptown Sucks Saturdays," this Upper West Side nightspot proves that it has a good sense of humor about its uncool locale. *246 Columbus Ave., at 72nd St. (579-9463).*

Izzy Bar—Like Orchard Bar, Izzy Bar is less a watering hole than a place to chill out and hear some cutting-edge tunes. Neil Aline, host of NYU's ultra-hip "BPM" radio show, hosts "Rendez-vous" every Tuesday. It's a strictly "no D.J.'s" party where media folk, artists, and others take their shot on the wheels of steel. Saturdays, things get funky with the hip-hop-and-soul dominated "Say It Loud." *166 First Ave. (228-0444). $.*

Life—Okay, we give. It is the only hip place on Bleecker Street, even if the doormen can get a little tough on those they deem unworthy. What bouncers don't? Wednesday night's "On!" offers a mod-influenced, *Austin Powers*–esque midweek romp. Also on Wednesday (in the club's lounge) is "Legends," a soulful house party hosted by "Body & Soul" mastermind John Davis. Thursday night's "Get a Life!" is a glammy hoot, thanks to D.J.'s Jackie Christie, Lady Bunny, and David Holland. "Flash Fridays" belong to none other than legendary D.J. Grandmaster Flash, who spins surprisingly mainstream, Hot 97–ready hip-hop. Every Sunday night, "Flick6ix," whose hosts show campy films and stage appropriately themed live entertainment, takes over. *158 Bleecker St. (420-1999).*

Limelight—Its club-kid heyday long gone, the new, sobered-up House of Gatien makes a stab at good-neighbor-dom with substantive nights like Alan Sanctuary's Wednesday-night party "Heaven or Las Vegas," performance-art-oriented Thursdays, Fridays promoted by "Beige" mastermind Erich Conrad, and all-inclusive Saturdays featuring D.J.'s spinning everything from rock to reggae to hip-hop. *660 Sixth Ave., at 20th St. (677-1717).*

The Roxy—The cavernous Chelsea institution's deeply entertaining and mysteriously underattended Tuesday- and Wednesday-night roller-skating jam keeps boogie queens' wheels spinning till the wee hours. Promoters Marc Berkley and John Blair host the still thriving (and very, very Chelsea-boy) Saturdays, and "Big Fridays" offer house music for a straitlaced date crowd. *515 W. 18th St. (627-0404). $.*

Swing 46—Another theater-district retro house that draws zoot-suited big-band, jump-blues, and swing-revival fanatics. Is it jazz? Not really. Is it fun? You betcha. Most nights, sets at 10; free dance lessons at 7 and 9. $7–$12 cover; two-drink minimum. Tuesdays: Nick Palumbo & the Flipped Fedoras. Wednesdays: The Delegates. Alternating Thursdays: George Gee & His Make-Believe Ballroom Orchestra or the Harlem Renaissance Orchestra. *349 W. 46th St. (262-9554).*

Tunnel—Drug-bust drama aside, Peter Gatien's massive West Chelsea space hasn't made much of an impact on the New York club scene. Promoters seem to come and go on a weekly basis, Danny Tenaglia recently decamped to Vinyl, and Gatien hasn't even bothered to compete with Twilo's marquee Friday nights. If (as Howard Safir promises) the Tunnel is shut down, most clubbers will hardly shed a tear. But if you feel compelled to make the trip to Twelfth Avenue anyway, know that Fridays belong to hard-house D.J. Eddie Baez, Saturdays play host to the progressive-house night "Detour" and the fairly enjoyable gay party "Kurfew," and Funkmaster Flex presides over the thugged-out Sundays. *220 Twelfth Ave., at 27th St. (695-4682).*

Twilo—Twilo is the superclub of the moment, thanks to a revolving lineup of dance music's biggest marquee attractions. Fridays, world-class D.J.'s like Carl Cox, Sasha and Digweed, and Cassius play for a mixed crowd of drag divas and on-the-prowl straights; Saturdays belong to aging club king D.J. Junior Vasquez and his bare-chested Chelsea-boy following. 6/11: Paul Van Dyk. *530 W. 27th St. (268-1600).*

Vinyl—Stripped of its liquor license, this once-hedonistic downtown space is now a dance-music purist's paradise. Fridays are hosted by deep-house D.J. Danny Tenaglia, Saturdays are taken over by Timmy Regisford's fantastic house-music party "Shelter," and Sundays, which belong to François K's legendary afternoon party "Body & Soul," provide plenty of musical uplift for the city's groove-hungry denizens. 6/9: "Sunset Ritual," with D.J. "Little Louie" Vega. Performances from Hardrive, featuring Lynae, and the Sunkids, featuring Chance. *6 Hubert St. (343-1379).*

Jazz

"The Bell Atlantic Jazz Festival"—Featuring Ravi Coltrane, Don Byron, Pharoah Sanders, G Love & Special Sauce, Sonic Youth, Grover Washington Jr., Talvin Singh, Morphine, Bela Fleck & the Flecktones, Olu Dara, the Boredoms, William Hooker, Bill Frissell, the New York Art Quartet, and much more. Through 6/13. *Venues include Dharma, the Knitting Factory, and the South Street Seaport Atrium. Ticket prices vary by event and venue. Call 343-8805 or 307-7171.*

"Jazz Insights"—Informal lectures hosted by Arnold Jay Smith. 6/8: Lew Soloff, Carnegie Hall Jazz Band. *The New School, 66 W. 12th St. (229-5873). Free.*

"Oris Spirit of Jazz Series"—6/8: Donald Harrison Quartet. *The Tourneau TimeMachine Atrium, 57th St. and Madison Ave. Free.*

"The Music Never Stops: A Betty Carter Tribute"—Featuring Geri Allen, Jack DeJohnette, Dave Holland, Don Braden, Curtis Lundy, and Marc Cary. 6/12 at 8. *The Majestic Theater, 651 Fulton St., Brooklyn (718-636-4100). $20–$35.*

Birdland—Proof that jazz is alive and well in midtown, this classy boîte serves up some fine southern cuisine along with its first-rate lineup. Every Sunday night, Chico O'Farrill's smoking Afro-Cuban Jazz Orchestra. Every Monday night, the Toshiko Akiyoshi Jazz Orchestra. Every Tuesday, the Mingus Orchestra. Every Friday, the Lew Anderson Big Band swings from 5:30 to 7:30. $15–$20 cover; $10 minimum. Sets at 9 and 11. 6/9–6/12: Holly Hofman Quartet. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Blue Note—With a first-rate sound system and a decent view from every seat in the house, the "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 6/8–6/13: Diane Schuur. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Caviarteria SoHo—This newly launched (and somewhat oddly named) little venue at the SoHo Grand features jazz and Latin acts. 6/10: Circle Chant, featuring Miri Benari, Helio Alves, Paulo Braga, and special guest Santi Debriano. 6/11–6/12: Barry Altschul with Dave Kikoski. 6/13: Ron Afif and Charene Dawn Band. *310 W. Broadway (925-5515).*

Detour—With no cover and top-notch young players, this cozy, tiled East Village joint packs 'em in every night of the week. Sundays: Mike Magilligan. 6/9: David Bixler Quartet. 6/10: Mike Fahn Quintet. 6/11: Tom Beckham Quartet. 6/12: Ben Allison and Medicine Wheel. 6/14: Swing Set, featuring Julie Wilder, Dave Shaich, Kerry Politzer, and Matt Kane. *349 E. 13th St. (533-6212).*

Dharma—An elegant little gem of a club, serving sounds from funky bop to "out" experimentalism on the historic shopping thoroughfare—just don't pay retail. Sets at 7 and 10. 6/8: Greg Tuohey Quartet. 6/9: Jazzheads. 6/10: Myron Walden Quartet. 6/11: Bill Ware's Y2K Quartet. 6/12: David Gilmore Quartet. 6/13: Jay Rodriguez Latin Soul. 6/14: Mika Pohjola Quartet. *174 Orchard St. (780-0313).*

Guggenheim Museum—Fridays and Saturdays from 5 to 8, some genuinely happening players hit the lobby for jazz in the round. Through October, flutist Jamie Baum fills the rotunda with trilling tones. *1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500). Free with museum admission.*

Iridium—In the cozily surreal basement across from Lincoln center, you'll find formidable jazz comers and the occasional legend. Thoughtful table place-

Performance
Movie Magic

As part of its "Lyrics & Lyricists" series, the 92nd Street Y presents "The MGM Musicals," a program running from June 12 to 14 that will highlight great songs from the studio's productions like *Singin' in the Rain, High Society,* and *The Wizard of Oz.* Kitty Carlisle Hart will host, and cabaret stars Billy Stritch and Carol Woods will contribute their unique vocal stylings. (See "Concerts.")

Illustration by Eliza Gran.

ment minimizes a couple of structural columns' potentially disastrous effects on sight lines. Monday nights, the Les Paul Trio holds office hours. 6/8–6/13: Christian McBride Quartet. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30 Sun.–Thurs., with extra midnight set Fri. and Sat. *44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).*

Jazz at Noon—East midtown's long-running Friday-afternoon jam session—where Dizzy Gillespie, Clark Terry, and Elvin Jones have all been visiting scholars—returns for its thirty-third season, with the usual high-caliber house band. Noon–2:30 P.M. $5 cover. 6/11: Ron Cuber. *San Martin Restaurant, 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888).*

The Jazz Standard—A sprawling room with terrific sound and the best club menu in the city, the Jazz Standard offers a fresh mix of estimable hard-boppers, living legends, and hungry young comers. Mon., Tues., and Fri. at 5:30 and Sat. at 7 , guitarist David O'Rourke swings in the upstairs 27 Standard bar. Sets Wed.–Thurs. at 8 and 10, Fri. and Sat. at 8, 10:30, and midnight, Sun. at 7 and 9. $15–$25 cover; $10 minimum. 6/9–6/13: Vanessa Rubin. *116 E. 27th St. (576-2232).*

Museum of Modern Art—Fridays, in addition to throwing its doors open for pay-what-you-wish night, MOMA also transforms its cafeteria into a (sort of) swinging jazz club. All shows at 5:30. 6/11: Enrique Fernandez & the Enriquillo Winds. *11 W. 53rd St. (708-0480).*

Small's—Extremely cozy and open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post–Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. Shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Soha—6/8: Euforia. 6/9: Les Sans Culottes. 6/13: Benedetti-Gil Quartet. *988 Amsterdam Ave., at 109th St. (678-0098).*

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern now offers the occasional pianist in its "Crystal Room." Like a trip to Vegas—without the airfare! Four-hour sets begin at 6:30 weeknights, at 7 on weekends. Pianists Scott Gordon, Michael Ferreri, Rich Siegel, Paul Katz, and Michael Favata entertain diners weekdays. No cover; no minimum. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Tonic—Yet another impeccably hip Lower East Side avant-jazzerie, Tonic has its sights set on the Knitting Factory crowd. Sunday: Klezmer Sundays. 6/10: N'Neng; Yasunao Tone; Sex Mob. 6/11: Aiko Shimada; Eyvind Kang; Robert Musso; Ted Reichman. 6/12: William Parker; Brad Jones; Dougie Bowne; Scarnella. 6/13: Carmaig de Forest; Amy Rigby. *107 Norfolk St. (358-7503). $.*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Study the photos of jazz icons, dig the curtains Miles Davis once played to, and sneak a glance inside the kitchen, an Algonquin Round Table for the bop age. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30, with a late 1 A.M. set Fri. and Sat. 6/8–6/13: Joe Lovano and Gerg Osby with Jason Moran, Cameron Brown, and Idris Muhammad. *178 Seventh Ave. So. (255-4037). $.*

Zinno—This pretty Italian restaurant has good sight lines from most of the tables (but largely obscured ones from the bar), and enough top-flight players to make it a serious jazz spot. Every Sunday: Jazz Tap Brunch with Barbara Duffy and Bob Kindred Trio. *126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).*

Comedy

"The 1999 Toyota Comedy Festival Presents: An Evening With Alan King"—With special guest Mal Z. Lawrence. 6/11–6/12 at 8. *Westbury Music Fair (307-7171). $35.*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

"The 1999 Toyota Comedy Festival Presents: An Evening With Ray Romano"—6/9 at 8. *Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (247-7800). $30, $40, $50.*

"The 1999 Toyota Comedy Festival Presents: An Evening With Steven Wright"—6/10 at 8. *Westbury Music Fair (307-7171). $32.*

"The 1999 Toyota Comedy Festival Presents: Comedy in Bryant Bark"—At 12:30. 6/8: John Joseph, Marc Maron, and Keith Robinson. 6/9: Julie Barr, Greg Geraldo, and William Stephenson. 6/10: Lewis Black, Cory Kahaney, Eric Kornfeld, and Wanda Sykes. 6/11: Dave Attell, Louis C. K., and Randy and Jason Sklar. *Bryant Park, 42nd St. and Sixth Ave. Free.*

"The 1999 Toyota Comedy Festival Presents: Comedy on the High Seas"—6/11 at 7. Comedy cruise on the Hudson with Colin Quinn, Mark Cohen, Gregg Rogell, and others. Call Ticketmaster for location and info *(302-7171).*

"The 1999 Toyota Comedy Festival Presents: Funny People"—6/8: Dick Capri, Mal Z. Lawrence, Freddie Roman, Stewie Stone, and Adrienne Tolsch. 6/10: Calvin Trillin; Kate Clinton. *92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave., at 92nd St. (996-1100). $18.*

"Spin Cycle Comedy"—Comedy from Danny Cohen and Jodie Wasserman while you separate your whites and colors. Really. *King Size Laundromat, 178 Seventh Ave., at 20th St. (501-6061). Free.*

Boston Comedy Club—*Animal House* ambience and, most nights, comedy to match. Tues.–Thurs., shows at 9:30; Fri.–Sat., shows at 8,10, and midnight. Jim Norton, D. C. Benny, Jim Gaffigan, Robert Kelly, Jordan Rubin, Nick Swardson & Macio. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Carolines on Broadway—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show, Carolines hosts big names and talented up-and-comers in its wide, elegant, TV-studio-like basement. $12.50–$24.50; two-drink minimum. Mondays, "New Talent Night," hosted by Eddie Brill. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11; Sat. at 8:30, 10:15, and midnight; and Sun.–Thurs. at 9. Through 6/13: Mark Cohen; Mitch Hedberg; Gregg Rogell; Wanda Sykes; Jeff Ross; Sherrod Small. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Shows Fri. at 9 and 11:15; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M.; Sun.–Thurs., continuous from 8:45. Cover is $15 Fri. and Sat., $12.50 on weeknights; no minimum. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

Gotham—A trendy comedy spot in the Flatiron district. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 8:30; Fri. and Sat. at 8:30 and 10:30. Cover is $12 Fri. and Sat., $8 on weeknights; two-drink minimum. 6/8: New Faces 200, hosted by Sue Costello. 6/9: Baby Boomer Humor. 6/10: Break-up Girl Live, starring Lynn Harris. 6/11–6/12: An Evening With Lewis Black. *34 W. 22nd St. (367-9000).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. Shows Sun.–Thurs. at 7 and 9; Fri. at 7, 9, and 11:30; Sat. at 8, 10, and midnight. Cover is $7–$12. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

Photograph by Michael Lavine.

Performance
Delicious Dish

Cutie-pie Japanese experimentalists Cibo Matto (whose culinary obsession rises to new heights with "Sci-fi Wasabi," from their new album 'Stereotype A') take over the Bowery Ballroom June 8 to 11. Joining them will be a slew of intriguing opening acts, including D.J. Rob Swift of turntablist crew the X-ecutioners, Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore, and New York underground hip-hop heavies the Arsonists. (See "Small Stages.")

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Fresh from a major overhaul, the Oak Room hosts some formidable names in its cozy environs. Early shows Tues.–Sat., late shows Fri. and Sat. Through 6/19: Maureen McGovern. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—Every Monday, Woody Allen swings through the early set with Eddy Davis & His New Orleans Jazz Band. Sets at 8:45 and 10:45. $50 ($25 for Davis's late, Woody-free set); no minimum. Through 6/26: Bobby Short and His Orchestra. *Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).*

Danny's Skylight Room—$20, plus $15 minimum. Weekends in June: Claiborne Cary in "Claiborne Cary Alive!" *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—What better way to wind down after an evening of overwrought Broadway fare than some understated cabaret? $12 cover; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788). $.*

Judy's—Newly relocated to Chelsea, this cozy and friendly piano bar features two performance spaces, a fine menu, and a weekly gig by Judy herself. 6/8: Kelly McGee with Steven Wilkins. 6/9: Eastern Standard Time in "The Time Is Now . . . The Songs Are Timeless." 6/10: Valerie di Lorenzo and Denise Whelan with Richard Danley. 6/11: Elaine St. George in "The Girl I Marry," with Paul Katz and Frank Wagner. 6/11: James Beaman in "Black Market Marlene." 6/12: Judy Kreston and David Lahm in "I'm Talking Rainbows." 6/13: Arthur Kirson with Jay Kerr. 6/14: Marta Heflin. *169 Eighth Ave., bet. 18th and 19th Sts. (929-5410).*

the mix

Museum Mile Festival...Calvin Trillin

John Leonard's TV Notes

Assault on Death Mountain (6/8; 8 to 10 P.M.; TNT) sends "The Extreme Team" of ex–Navy SEALS ("Hulk" Hogan, Carl Weathers, Mike White) and former DEA and/or CIA operatives (Shannon Tweed and Martin Kove) first to Austria, where they rescue a kidnapped child from a megalomaniacal industrialist, his paramilitaries, and his cable cars; thence to a Mideast desert, where they shoot up a terrorist bivouac but lose one of their own to "The Death Merchant"; and finally to Vancouver, where they have five minutes to save Seattle from a poison-gas attack. Only Martin Kove seems to be enjoying himself, and he's obviously crazy.

Free Speech for Sale (6/8; 9 to 10 P.M.; Channel 13) is a powerful Bill Moyers sermon against the corporate purchase of opinion and legislation in our garage-sale of a democracy—the buying, for instance, not only of media time and space, and therefore of politicians and elections, by Big Tobacco, but the buying of the media themselves, with special attention being paid to the Telecommunications Act of 1996 that gave away $70 billion–worth of the digital spectrum to corporate broadcasters whose own network news programs almost wholly ignored the story as it unfolded. Moyers asks grand old populist questions about "a plutocracy in which money talks."

Crusade (6/9; 10 to 11 P.M.; TNT), hard on the heels of an "encore" presentation of *A Call to Arms*—the postapocalyptic *Babylon 5* movie in which Bruce Boxleitner saved Earth from an invasion of buggy, red-eyed Drakh with "shadow technology" but failed to stop the release of a biogenetic plague that will kill everybody anyway in five years—is the first episode of a new thirteen-part series sending Gary Cole, Tracy Scoggins, and the usual progressive-preschool mix of pigments and ethnicities in a warship called *Excalibur* to the deepest reaches of the surprising galaxy in search of ancient and/or alien wisdom that might amount to a reprieve or a cure. Cole, always interesting to watch, is of course furious again.

Silent Predators (6/13; 8 to 10 P.M.; TBS) pits new small-town fire chief Harry Hamlin against real-estate mogul Jack Scalia over whether Scalia's new housing tract should be shut down just until they do something about an overrun of 25,000 poisonous snakes (a hybrid of local and tropical rattlers 50 times more toxic than California's used to), with Shannon Sturges as the blonde who must choose between these contending male worldviews. While the dialogue seems to have been written by a cereal box, the hazy, red-eyed point of view of the rattler as he's about to strike during, say, a Little League game is as scary as it needs to be.

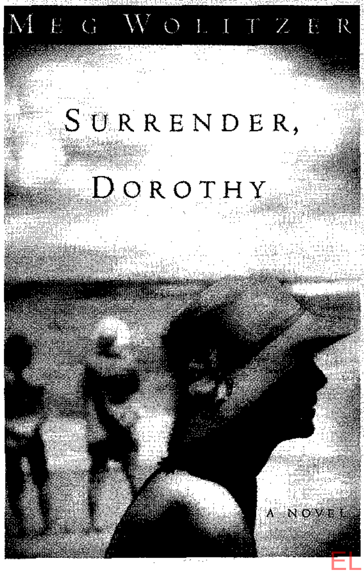
Showgirl Stories (6/13; 9 to 11 P.M.; TLC) is a surprisingly affecting two-hour ramble by filmmaker Agnieszka Piotrowska through the twentieth-century history of indecent exposure, from burlesque to the Ziegfeld Follies to Parisian Bluebells to topless Vegas chorus girls to lap dancing at London's Cabaret of Angels, with the women telling their own stories in and around vintage clips of the Moulin Rouge, the Crazy Horse, and the Lido. Anjelica Huston narrates.

Jackie's Back (6/14; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime), a "mockumentary" by Robert Townsend, goes on far too long about a pop diva making one more comeback from who-cares. But with the talented over-the-top Jenifer Lewis as Jackie, Tim Curry as the documentarian who follows her around with embarrassing questions, Whoopi Goldberg as her bitterly resentful sister, David Hyde Pierce as her deaf rehearsal pianist, and JoBeth Williams as her lunatic voice coach, plus cameo appearances by Bette Midler, Liza Minnelli, Rosie O'Donnell, Diahann Carroll, Melissa Etheridge, Eva Marie Saint, Chris Rock, Dolly Parton, and Grace Slick, it's never exactly boring. And the family reunion in the alley outside the theater from which Jackie's been ejected actually ends up seeming more genuine than anything we just saw in *Double Platinum*.

In Print

Love and Death on Long Island

Meg Wolitzer is practically grinning as she clicks her chopsticks over a plate of California rolls and proclaims, "Today is my 40th birthday." Women are supposed to dread these momentous transitions, or so I hear, but aging and life stages are a subject of cheerful fascination for this novelist. In Wolitzer's latest, *Surrender, Dorothy,* a co-ed gaggle of friends, all about 30 years old, gather for the summer at a dilapidated beach house in the Hamptons—a setup that falls somewhere between sleep-away camp and *The Big Chill.* "I wanted to write about 30 as a resting place between your first family and your final family," she says. "It's this sort of indefinable period when your friends really replace family. Personally, I spent a lot of time with gay men." The vacation is rocked by a car crash that kills the prettiest woman in the group, perpetual grad student Sara Swerdlow. "Killing off a character just to make people cry is dumb and cruel," she reflects, "but this is really about what the death sets in motion for the others." For Sara's mother, it triggers a comical if unnerving attachment to her dead daughter's friends. "I like writing about mothers because all the women I know have an interesting relationship with theirs, for better or worse," says Wolitzer, who wrote about the blurred boundaries between a formidable mom and her daughters in her previous novel *This Is Your Life.* "Also, mothers have always liked me—I'm a good influence." Though Wolitzer is herself a married mother of two, she will be discussing wanton singlehood with Melissa Bank and British invader Helen Fielding at the 92nd Street Y on June 15 at 8:15 P.M. ARIEL LEVY



The Written Word

Melissa Bank—6/7 at 7:30: Reading from her new book *The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing.* Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl. (420-1322); free.

David Gates, Paul LaFarge, Sylvia Brownrigg, and Amanda Davis—6/8 at 8 P.M.: Reading from *Wonders of the Invisible World, Artist of the Missing, The Metaphysical Touch,* and "Circling the Drain," respectively. National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park South (475-3424); free.

Amanda Filipacchi, David Gates, A. M. Homes—6/9 at 7 P.M.: Reading from recent work at the Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. (219-2166); $5.

Michael Lassell—6/9 at 7 P.M.: Reading from *Certain Ecstasies.* A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Paul Auster—6/9 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Timbuktu.* Barnes & Noble Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (253-0810); free.

Barry Yourgrau—6/10 at 7:30 P.M.: Reading from *Haunted Traveller.* Barnes & Noble Brooklyn, 267 Seventh Ave., Park Slope (718-832-9066); free.

"Selected Shorts Celebrates the American Century"—6/10 at 7 P.M.: In conjunction with the Whitney's exhibition "The American Century: Art & Culture, 1900–2000," readings from the short fiction and poetry of Langston Hughes, Carl Sandburg, E. B. White, and others by Judith Ivey, Joe Morton, and Joseph Wiseman. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway (864-1414); $17.

"The Chinese Family Between the Pages"—6/11 at 7 P.M.: Lan Samantha Chang, Alvin Eng, Sussy Komala, and Andrea Louie read. China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181); $10.

"Letters From the Peace Corps"—6/16 at 6 P.M.: Readings by Hilary Liftin and Kate Montgomery from their book *Dear Exile,* and by John Coyne, the oldest living Peace Corps volunteer and the regional manager of the New York Office of the Peace Corps, from his letters. New York Public Library, 455 Fifth Ave., at 40th St. (930-0800); free.

Happening Readmore

As if Bill Murray (having a bad-hat day, below) weren't contributing enough to the world of letters with his new book 'Cinderella Story: My Life in Golf,' he will join poets like Galway Kinnell, Yusef Komunyakaa, and Kate Rushin for a walk across the Brooklyn Bridge and an evening of readings and supper on the Barge at Fulton Ferry Landing to benefit Poets House. See listings.

Lectures and Panels

"The Art and Films of Terry Gilliam"—6/8 at 7 P.M.: The auteur behind *Monty Python, Brazil,* and *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas* talks with Bob McCabe, author of the forthcoming *Dark Nights and Holy Fools.* The Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.(423-3587); $10.

The 100 Best Lesbian and Gay Novels—6/10 at 7 P.M.: Join the judges Dorothy Allison, Allan Gurganus, Barbara Smith, Dabid Bergman, and Lillian Faderman for a discussion of what constitutes a lesbian or gay novel now. Mercantile Library, 17 E. 47th St. (755-6710); $5.

Calvin Trillin and Kate Clinton—6/10 at 8 P.M.: In conjunction with the Toyota Comedy Festival, a conversation between the two political humorists. 92nd St. Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5450); $18.

"Traditions, Tensions, and Togetherness"—6/12: A day-long conference on the state of the Chinese-American family. China Institute, 125 E. 65th St. (744-8181); $25.

"Pokémon Mania"—6/12 at 2 P.M.: Explore the world of the "pocket monster" with a screening of choice episodes like "I Choose You! Pikachu!" Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-3015); $5.

"Stay Tuned: Conversations With TV Comedy Writers"—6/14 at 8 P.M.: Jonathan Aibel of *King of the Hill,* Amy Cohen of *Spin City,* David Steven Cohen of *Living Single,* and Bill Persky, a veteran of *Kate & Allie, The Dick Van Dyke Show,* and *That Girl,* share clips and dish. Moderated by *Daily News* film critic Jami Bernard. The Jewish Museum, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3224); $15.

Tours

"Fame After Photography"—6/12 at 6 P.M.: A guided tour of the Museum of Modern Art's photography collection, followed by a sampling of wines from South Africa and Australia. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9403); $39.

"Historic Jackson Heights Garden Tour"—6/12 at noon: Visit eight block-long, parklike private gardens that are off-limits to the public all the rest of the year. Call 439-8784 for information; $8.

"Historic District Walking Tour"—6/13 at 1 P.M.: Visit the John Jay Park, the Webster Library, the former East Side Settlement House, and the Shively Sanitary Tenements (the Cherokee Flats) on this free tour, followed by a slide show at 3 P.M. Meet at the City & Suburban Homes Archive Room, 515 E. 78th St. (388-0883); free.

Benefits

"An Evening of Heart"—6/14 at 7 P.M.: CREA Life International hosts a silent auction of artwork, theater tickets, and restaurant packages, followed by performances by Lori Chase of *Cats;* the Bucket Drummers (Larry Wright, Darrell Dove Jr., and Raymond King, formerly from *Bring In 'da Noise, Bring In 'da Funk* and now in *Keep Bangin');* folk-rockers Susannah Keith and John Coster of the Medicine Band; Tim Hunter from *The Lion King;* Bill Szobody from *Cabaret;* and many others, to benefit Kosovar Albanian refugees. The China Club, Eighth Ave. and 47th St.. (972-2099); $30–$40.

Boathouse Rock 8—6/14 at 8 P.M.: The annual bash to benefit the American Foundation for AIDS Research features an auction of high-profile smooches from such stars as Madonna, John Travolta, Kelly Preston, Neve Campbell, Liv Tyler, and Christian Slater. Also up for bids are a Lenny Kravitz autographed Flying V guitar, a lock of Michael Douglas's hair, Harry Winston jewelry, Concord watches, Carnival Cruise vacations, and autographed movie scripts and posters from Arnold Schwarzenegger, Robert DeNiro, Billy Crystal, and Rene Russo. Everywhere Girl DJ Samantha Ronson spins; dinner from Daniel; Osteria del Circo; Café Boulud; One If by Land, Two If by Sea; Alison on Dominick Street; Nobu Next Door; China Grill; Restaurant 147; and Lucky Cheng's. Loeb Boathouse Café, in Central Park near 72nd St. at Fifth Ave. (806-1600); $150–$250.

Poetry Walk Across the Brooklyn Bridge—6/14 at 6:30 P.M.: Join Bill Murray, Karen Swenson, Kate Rushin, Galway Kinnell, and Stanley Kunitz for a celebration of poetry and our city's waterfront. Meet at the Municipal Building on the Manhattan side of the bridge for a twilight walk across to the Fulton Ferry Landing, where a buffet supper will be served and the works of Hart Crane, Langston Hughes, Marianne Moore, and Walt Whitman will be revisited (431-7920); $100 and up.

Events

Museum Mile Festival—6/8 at 6 P.M.: For the twenty-first year in a row, New Yorkers (and tourists) can visit nine of the city's finest cultural institutions that lie on the famous stretch between 82nd and 104th Sts.: El Museo del Barrio, the Museum of the City of New York, International Center of Photography, the Jewish Museum, Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, National Academy of Design, the Guggenheim, Goethe-Institut New York, and the Metropolitan Museum of Art, at Fifth Ave. and 82nd St., where the opening festival takes place at 5:45 (606-2296); free.

Vintage Fashion and Antique Textile Show—6/11–6/13: Browse the aisles for summer styles from John Galliano, Jill Stuart, Anna Sui, Donna Karan, and everybody else along with fashions from the 1700s, Pucci bikinis, an Andy Warhol "Jell-O"-print dress, vintage corsets, and beaded gowns from the twenties. Metropolitan Pavilion, 110 W. 19th St. (575-4545); $5.

Welcome Back to Brooklyn—6/13 at noon: The seventeenth annual festival crowns Tony Danza homecoming king and treats around 250,000 people to three stages of entertainment, international art and cuisine, and appearances by John Turturro, Rosie Perez, and the bellicose Judge Judy. Grand Army Plaza vicinity, along Eastern Parkway and Flatbush Ave. (718-855-7882, ext. 54); free.

Exhibitions

"Sweatshop"—Through 6/20: Surprisingly strong political works of art by New York public-high-school students, sponsored by the labor-arts coalition Bread and Roses. Gallery, 310 W. 43rd St. (631-4565); free.

"Aerosol Resistance"—Through 6/23: Famed Bronx graffiti artists Tats Cru are now somewhat reformed and work regularly for companies like Coca-Cola and Reebok. So instead of tagging stained-glass windows with spray paint, they've hung photographs and several hundred feet of painted canvases from the walls of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, 112th St. and Amsterdam Ave. (316-7540); free.

"Media Bites: The Cruel History of the Ben Stiller Show"—Through 7/18: Revisit the show that set the tone for hip on-air comedy in the nineties with stars Janeane Garofalo, Andy Dick, Bob Odenkirk, David Cross, and, of course, Ben Stiller. Museum of Television & Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $3–$6.

Online

New York Magazine on the Web—"Stephanie's Surf Report" (in the "Today" section of www.newyorkmag.com) visits a new Website each weekday. This week: a literary 'zine with a southern drawl; live Web cameras focused on African wildlife; a way to take your housing woes straight to the source; the best way to save on chic shades; and a site that helps you find the best price on anything anywhere. And while you're visiting us at www.nymag.com, stick around and check out all our other great features, like selected articles from

GAME WEEK

HOME ● AWAY ●

	MON	TUE	WED	THUR	FRI	SAT	SUN
YANKEES	PHI MSG 7:30PM	PHI MSG 7:30PM	PHI MSG 7:30PM		FLA FOX 7:00PM	FLA MSG 7:00PM	FLA FOX 4:00PM
METS	TOR FSNY 7PM	TOR FSNY 7PM	TOR 7PM		BOS WB 8PM	BOS FOX 1:15PM	BOS WB 2PM
METROSTARS						COL TBD 7PM	
LIBERTY				CLE TBD 7:30PM		CHA TBD 7:30PM	
	6/7	6/8	6/9	6/10	6/11	6/12	6/13

Photograph by Henry McGee/Globe Photos.

Smith *continued from page 38*

tan," Malkmus adds, gazing across New York Harbor at the giant Colgate clock, "we're about Stockton and . . . Jersey City."

Self-deprecating and unintentionally wistful, the statement is textbook Pavement. Whereas the Clash made themselves the Only Band that Matters by fiat—through aggression, attitude, and savvy self-promotion—Pavement may well have done the same two decades later (though they're much too modest ever to make the claim themselves) through far more subtle but no less effective means.

Slanted and Enchanted established the band as the darling of the critics-and-college-students set—from a commercial standpoint, an all-but-certain guarantee of failure. Still, even before the album's 1992 release, Pavement was caught up in the same feeding frenzy that in 1991 propelled Cobain & Co. from indie-scale stardom to genuine-hit status. Feverishly courted by the majors, Pavement stuck with indie Matador Records, which had signed the band a few years after the label was founded. The decision to stay small rankled original drummer Gary Young, a middle-aged engineer from Stockton who wanted out of the frenetic indie life as quickly as possible. Young's modestly materialistic ambitions (not to mention his raging alcoholism) didn't sit well with the rest of the band—who at the time were still in their twenties, working day jobs as museum guards, and inclined to talk unironically about "art for art's sake." Young, who still runs a recording studio in Stockton, was replaced by Nastanovich's high-school buddy Steve West.

Malkmus and West put in a two-and-a-half-year stint together at the Whitney. "It was sort of the negation of work," says the singer. "We were paid to do nothing except trip out in Zen-like states." Well, not *nothing*: "We both got to be night guards a couple times," he adds. "It's just you and the engineer there, saving the building from being robbed. It would have been pretty easy—I mean, I know how to, I'm not going to, but it would be very easy to rob that place."

Malkmus seems just as happy to have left his ten-dollar-an-hour day job behind, but to hear him tell it, the small time suits him fine. "Maybe our idea of what's good is too—I don't want to say *sophisticated,* cause that's snobby," he says. "Or *advanced* . . . *Quirky* is a terrible adjective . . . *Idiosyncratic—that's* a nice word." In fact, anachronistic may be more accurate.

A wandering, contemplative poet-journalist, Malkmus is a modernist of the turn-of-the-century variety, chronicling his world moment by moment, fragment by evocative fragment, image by perfect image. Pavement's appeal can be slippery, in part because of a deep ambivalence that pervades nearly every aspect of Malkmus's songwriting. Sentimental enough to open *Terror Twilight* with a mushy, mid-tempo ballad, he's also sufficiently misanthropic to have named the tune "Spit on a Stranger" and rounded it out with lines like "Honey I'm a prize and you're a catch and we're a perfect match, like two bitter strangers."

On 1994's *Crooked Rain, Crooked Rain,* the band's second album, rock was the explicit object of Malkmus's mixed feelings. Alt-rock colleagues like the Stone Temple Pilots and Smashing Pumpkins were not-so-gently ridiculed; bands in general didn't fare much better.

Now, three albums later, Malkmus looks to be coming to terms with his inner rocker. Always a reluctantly gifted musician—the dissonance of his guitar solos stemmed more from an avant-garde-jazz enthusiast's desire to "take it out" than from technical shortcomings—Malkmus plays leads on *Terror Twilight* that can only be described as smoking. "I've always wanted to do that," he confesses of the kick-out-the-jams chorus in the otherwise sedate "Platform Blues." But the second time the song hits that bluesy, power-rock section, it crumbles into a silly, singsong coda worthy of the Shaggs.

FROM A MUSICAL POINT OF VIEW, NASTANOVICH does the least in the band. Which makes him, according to Malkmus's somewhat perverse reasoning, the most important member. "Bob doesn't play too much on the records," he says. "But I wouldn't do this band anymore if he wasn't in it." ("My talents are not music-based at all," Nastanovich cheerfully acknowledges.)

Though they aren't quite Luddites, the members of Pavement are almost obsessively distrustful of the cult of the new. Malkmus, however, admits to dabbling in a little off-duty cut-and-paste experimentation. "I have a bunch of loops that I played for the band," he says. "They could probably be hits if I went to the Dust Brothers and spent a year making a record with them. But it would be an artistic sellout. It would be jumping on some kind of post-Beck bandwagon. I mean, John Ashbery"—to whom Malkmus has been compared—"shouldn't try to write a novel. Or a script for *Friends.*"

Still, the singer is living in something of a terror-twilight state himself. "I feel really lucky that records can still be made of our caliber of art for art's sake," he says, sounding very sincere. "You feel like you're part of this fin de siècle decadence." ■

On View **Hey, we'd keep going back to the American Museum of Natural History just for the damn whale and all those hairy naked Neanderthals, but it's nice to know that as of June 12 we can also check out ice-core samples from Greenland, towering sulfide chimneys from the ocean floor, and 168 rock specimens from 25 countries at the brand-new Gottesman Hall of Planet Earth.**

the current issue and an expanded "Cue" section, plus Web exclusives like "First Words" for bibliophiles, serialized picks from "Best of New York," our helpful Subscriber Service Center, and a daily New York trivia contest.

Sports

New York Road Runners Club—Museum fun run, 6/9 at 7:14 P.M.: Sponsored by the NYRRC and TDI Media, the run starts at East Park Drive and 86th Street and circles the upper end of the park, finishing at the Engineer's Gate at 90th Street and Fifth Avenue. Entry fee is $17 for nonmembers or $22 on the day of the race, and prizes will be awarded to the top three male and female finishers. Additional Metropolitan Museum of Art gifts will be awarded as raffle prizes. Reservoir Run, 6/12 at 8:30 A.M.: a five-mile race to raise money for maintenance of the reservoir path, starting and finishing at East Drive and 97th Street. Registration is $22, and prizes will be awarded in all NYRRC categories. For further information on either of these events, please call the NYRRC at 860-4455.

City Sports for Kids—Starting 6/7 and running through 7/26, the New York Road Runners Club is sponsoring seven evenings of skill training in track and field events for children born between 1986 and 1993. Led by fitness experts Bob Glover and Shelly-lynn Florence, the evenings will take place from 6 to 8 P.M. in the East Meadow of Central Park and will emphasize noncompetitive instruction in events such as sprints, hurdles, long jump, and javelin. Entry fee is $20. For further information, call Robert H. Glover & Associates at 914-366-4175.

The Rundown—Not so long ago, if the Knicks were knocked out of the playoffs early—a fate they might just avoid this season—this was the time of year New Yorkers entered that long, hot sports drought of summer. But that was back when baseball was boring and the WNBA was just a bright idea. The Liberty open their season at home against Cleveland this Thursday with a new leader, former NBA head coach Richie Adubato. In baseball, it's interleague time, and both the Yankees and the Mets are in heated battles for first place. The Yankees play Philly and the Marlins this week, while the Mets get their crack at the Red Sox, who are having their best start since 1986, a year all Mets fans remember—and all Sox fans want to forget.

Photograph courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.

kids

Psyche...Pokémon

Children's Events

Once Upon a Time—Diane Wolkstein tells an ancient story at the Statue of Hans Christian Andersen in **CENTRAL PARK**, 6/12 at 11. Near 72nd St. and Fifth Ave., Saturday mornings at 11 through 9/25, rain or shine. ●

Meme—Parents resigned to the little characters currently lodged inside their children's brains until the next fad sweeps through may be willing to take obsessed progeny to "Pokémon Mania" at the **JAPAN SOCIETY**. Episodes not seen yet in this country will be shown. 6/12 at 2 P.M. 333 E. 47th St. (725-3015). Adult admission is $5, children free. ●

Larger Than Life—There'll be photo ops galore (your child hugging Big Bird, arm in arm with Bugs Bunny, nose to nose with Thomas the Tank Engine—you get the idea) at "Children's Day," a sing-along, play-along free festival at the World Trade Center's **TWIN TOWERS PLAZA**. 5/12, noon to 4 P.M. Rain date 6/13. ●●

Pedal, Pedal, Pedal Your Boat—Seemingly untippable boats can be rented at the **KATE WOLLMAN RINK**. Open noon to 6 P.M. Boats seat four; children must be accompanied by an adult. $10 per hour with a $10 deposit.

Nature Nurture—At **WAVE HILL**'s "Garden of Shapes," sketch shapes in the natural world, then add your handiwork to a larger mixed-media garden collage. 6/13 and 6/14 from 1 to 4 P.M. Admission is $4, $2 for seniors and students; children under 6 are free. 675 W. 252nd St., Bronx (718-549-3200). ●

Riverboat Cirque— Red Hook's Waterfront Museum and Showboat Barge are back for their fourth season. A circus features professional performers, specialty acts, humor, and eccentrics. Free transportation is provided by the Con Edison Bus Shuttle, which leaves from Park Slope, Brooklyn Heights, Cobble Hill, Carroll Gardens, and Red Hook. Call for show times. Seating is free; first come, first served. Donations encouraged. Ringside reservations are available for $5. The **HUDSON WATERFRONT MUSEUM**, 290 Conover St. Garden, Pier 45, Brooklyn (718-624-4719).

Scouts on Skates—The **JUNIOR SAFETY PATROL**—a worthy organization whose members volunteer their time for all of our safety—teaches basic skating skills on flats, hills, and loops. Saturdays from 3 to 4 P.M. Call 486-1919 for further information.

School's Out—**KIDSDAY**, a festival of games, drawing, science, and a little local history, was invented by several cooperating cultural institutions in Brooklyn Heights as something to deal with Brooklyn-Queens day. (It's a school vacation in those two boroughs; no one knows why.) June 10 from 11 A.M. to 4 P.M. Activities, all of them free, will be held at the following locations: Borough Hall, 209 Joralemon St.; Brooklyn Historical Society, 128 Pierrepont St.; Brooklyn Public Library, Brooklyn Heights Branch, 280 Cadman Plaza West; Rotunda Gallery, 33 Clinton St.; the New York Transit Museum, Boerum Pl. at Schermerhorn St. **KIDSART**

Ground Rules:

● = free

● = now or never (one-shot deal or final week)

EXHIBITION 1999, the Rotunda Gallery's annual exhibition of children's art, includes drawings, paintings, sculptures, and collages. The exhibit opens with a reception of cookies and juice. 6/10 through 6/26, 4 to 5 P.M. on the 10th. 33 Clinton St., Brooklyn Heights.

All the Better To . . . "Robot Zoo" at **LIBERTY SCIENCE CENTER** lets kids try out the long teeth, the fast tongue, and the sonar detector creatures use to catch their prey and avoid becoming another animal's lunch. (Through 1/9/00.) Liberty State Park (Exit 14B off the New Jersey Turnpike), Jersey City (201-451-0006); $9.50 adults, $8.50 students and seniors, $6.50 children ages 2 to 12. ●●

Diaspora—At **THE JEWISH MUSEUM**, kids dress up to participate in two late-nineteenth-century Jewish households in very different parts of the world—a Lower East Side tenement and a Persian home—at the same time. "Pickles and Pomegranates: Jewish Homes Near and Far" will remain on view through 10/00. 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3200). Admission: $8, $5.50 for seniors and students, free to children under 12; on Tuesday evenings from 5 to 8, admission is free to all.

Blood and Guts—"Body Odyssey" allows visitors to romp through their innards, squirting acids to digest those food morsels, and compare heartbeats with one another. **CHILDREN'S MUSEUM OF MANHATTAN**, 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Admission is $5, $2.50 for seniors.

Free to Be You and Me—**NEW YORK YOUTH THEATER** stages the musical that practically invented political correctness—and you can't help but find it moving now that you have kids. Through 6/20. Central Presbyterian Church, 593 Park Ave., at 64th St., sixth floor (888-0696). $10.

cue

Ethan Brown
Nightlife

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Patricia Falvo
Movies

John Leonard
Television

Ariel Levy
Books
Events
Radio

Nick Meyer
In Concert
Sports

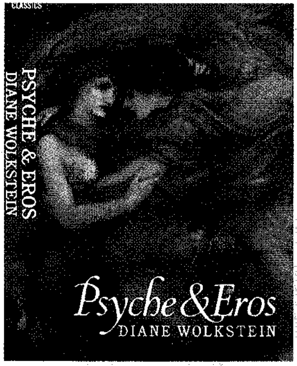
Edith Newhall
Art

Robin Raisfeld
Restaurants

Stephanie Saulmon
Online

Jennifer Senior
Theater

Running Time
Wish Fulfillment



Alma Dahlerup might have met Hans Christian Andersen once upon a time, but it would have been when she was just a baby, living in Denmark, and he an old man. Alma loved his stories all her life and kept them in her mind as her own life story unfolded. She became a baroness, and came to New York City aboard an ocean liner. Married, she had a daughter, and organized efforts to help compatriots back in Denmark when the country was occupied by Nazi Germany during World War II. Through it all, Hans Christian Andersen's birthday remained a kind of private holiday for her. For many years, she'd read Andersen stories live on a New York radio station on that day. As an elderly lady, Baroness Dahlerup decided New York needed a bronze statue of her countryman. Children enthusiastically sent nickels—and øre from Denmark—to help pay for it. And Parks Commissioner Robert Moses found just the right spot in Central Park—next to a pond called Conservatory Water, where children often congregate to sail toy boats and watch grown-ups race miniature yachts. Grabbing onto parts that always stay polished, you could climb onto the statue and even sit on its lap. Which could have been a happy end of the story. But Ida-Gro Dahlerup, the baroness's daughter, wasn't quite finished. She interviewed storytellers, to select the best to tell stories next to the statue. And so people would have a more comfortable place to sit and listen, Moses shifted the ground a bit to make a gentle slope. Stories at the Statue are told on Saturday mornings, just in from Fifth Avenue at 74th Street. You can usually find a chair or a good spot to lay a picnic blanket. This week, storyteller Diane Wolkstein, who's been at it long enough to see some of the children in her audience become parents, relates the myth of Psyche and Eros June 12 at 11 A.M.

BARBARA ENSOR

Photograph by Rachael C. Zucker.

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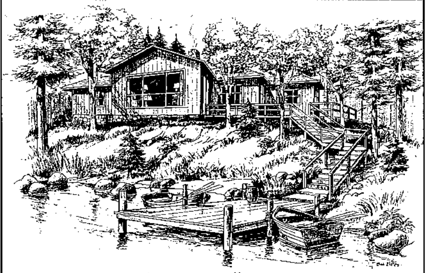

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Continued from previous page.

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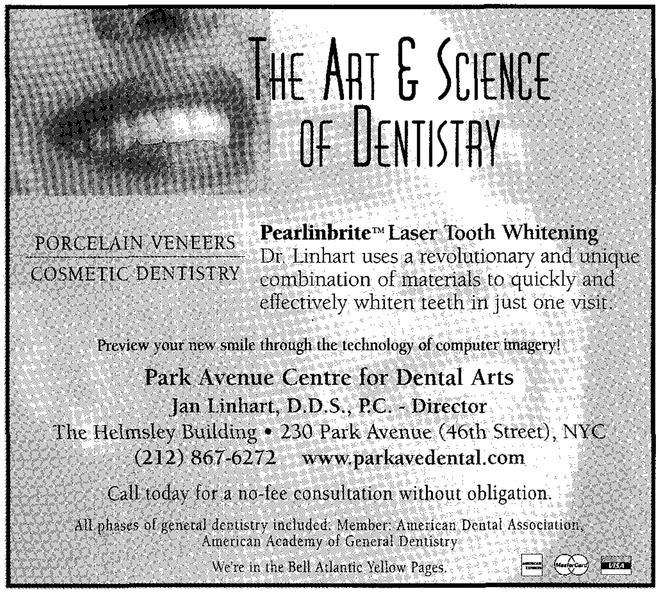

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Best and Worst Things to Do on a First Date...

Tammy Korol

Best thing: Give great eye contact, be an attentive listener and enjoy yourself!

Amy Israel

Best thing: Show interest in the other person's life. Ask questions and let them answer.

Nancy Kirsch

Worst thing: commenting, "Oh, you weren't at all what I was expecting."

Michelle Brown

Worst thing: Eating spaghetti or a Long Island duck!

Heather Smith

Best thing: Always carry your business cards and never say, "I'm in the book!"

Lisa D'Alessio

Best thing: Act as comfortable as possible even if you are not! Never act nervous.

Victoria Dunphy

Best thing: Read the newspaper that day and converse.

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Worst thing: Using a coupon when paying, forgetting your wallet, leaving your cell phone on, bringing a buddy.

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Handsome, Jewish—42, 6'4" and big guy, looking for good lady. Note and photo, please. 8620 ✉ ☎

10 Handicap Looking For Her Match—I am a 33-year-old, Jewish, very cute, down-to-earth, thin, athletic female who enjoys the quiet things in life. I prefer golf, tennis and a barbecue at the country club to wild times in the Hamptons. Family, friends, movies, running in the park and, of course, golf are a few of my passions. If you are a 33-40-year-old, handsome, athletic (golf, tennis), kind, gentle and financially successful man who enjoys similar things, then I look forward to hearing from you. Note/photo/phone. 8607 ✉

Spiritual, Successful Surgeon—Supportive, communicative, handsome, old-fashioned romantic, nice guy, 5'10", lean, 43 - passion for staying fit, travel, fun. Seeks sincere, bright woman under 37, for forever. Note/photo a must. 8616 ✉☎

Healthy, Somewhat Wealthy—And sincere, single white male who is attractive (some even think real handsome), successful NYC business owner, 6'3", 205 lbs, youthful early 50s, great shape, nonsmoker, athletic, divorced, emotionally open, playful, adventurous, mischievous and huggable, who appreciates the finer things in life. Seeking someone special to share real quality time in a giving/receiving long-term relationship. Please be at least 5'2"/32-42 with a fabulous figure, similar to Demi Moore, Pamela or Loni Anderson, Victoria Principal, Carmen Electra, or be one of them, who is also pretty, open, warm, caring, passionate, communicative, sensitive, unencumbered and still believes in fairy tales (love). Photo and phone a must or no reply. 8617 ✉

Single Jewish Female—44, warm, honest, sensitive, young-looking, in search of single Jewish male with sense of humor, for friendship first. I love animals, laughing, going on long walks, traveling and movies. 8588 ✉ ☎

Gay, Super-Successful—Good-looking, 60, in-shape, wishes to meet 40s, sophisticated, well-educated man, prefer European, to share special lifestyle. Photo/letter. Serious replies only. 8625✉

Fore!—White professional male, 55, with three handicap, needs golfing partner for upstate NY/western MA areas. Easy on the eyes, successful, nonsmoking gourmet with taste for better things in life, looking for woman with love of the game, social grace and femininity. I provide the golf courses, lunches, laughs, SPAC/Tanglewood tickets and more. You get yourself, your game and your integrity to the first tee on time. Hurry! So many courses, so little time. 8593 ✉☎

Bonjour—Parisienne presently living in New York, petite, charming, fit blond, 50s, no children, independent means, seeking elegant man with resources, for globetrotting, skiing, golfing from NY to Montecarlo. A bientot. Photo. 8611 ✉

You're Nobody Until...—Somebody loves you. I'm female, 40. Photo/letter. 8624✉

Sunset In The Hamptons—With you by my side. Extremely successful business owner, 36, seeking truly exceptional woman to share romance by the water and under the stars, for this summer and beyond. You are beautiful, classy, sweet and intelligent, with a passion for living and an appreciation for the finer things in life. I am tall, fit, handsome and Jewish (nonreligious), with a zest for life and a desire to share it with someone truly special. Together, let us explore all that life has to offer - starting with glorious summer in the Hamptons. Note/photo (will exchange). 8606 ✉

Hey, Ya Never Know...—One-of-a-kind, effervescent female, 29, with universal appeal, seeks great guy under 40, with sense of humor and adventurous spirit. Those who know me love me, and so will you if you are kind, considerate, and willing to explore the possibility of Manhattan days and nights. Note/photo/phone. 8634 ✉

Looking For Mr. Right—Not Mr. Tonight. This attractive, successful, fun-loving, New Jersey professional woman in her 30s, seeks her perfect man. I love the beach, great conversations, hanging with friends... You're tall, dark and handsome (of course), love to travel (as do I), are funny, outgoing, kind, honest, intelligent, successful, active, Jewish, fun-loving and smart. Dazzle me with your words of wit! Photo too, please! 8637 ✉

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3 And Never Been Kissed - Really!—ingle, white Jewish male, nonsmoker, ery willing to learn, seeks tutor. landsome, bright, intelligent, nutty, has ve, wants children - your current offspring future baby sitters? 8612 ✉ ☎

oised, Attractive Brunette—Intelligent, lim, 40-something, well-traveled, film uff, theater-goer, skier - seeks attractive, ultivated, financially secure Jewish male, 3-52, with similar interests and wit. hoto. 8586 ✉

olf, Skiing, Sailing, Tennis—Traveling, the beach, museums, art shows, ourmet food, classical music and opera re among my *interests, and I would love* share and enjoy them with a wonderful artner. I am a successful entrepreneur, andsome, 5'8", 162 lbs, blond, nonmoker, loyal, considerate, honest, generus, well-educated, great sense of humor. you are very beautiful, 40-45 years old, etite, *without small dependents,* please end me a note and photo. 8599 ✉

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m Looking For A Jewish Princess—eautiful, intelligent with a great personaly, who loves being female (age about 40, ive or take). I'm a Jewish prince, a phycian, psychiatrist and Renaissance man ho loves NY. Note/phone/photo. 8613 ✉

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oxy, Elegant Lady—Curvaceous and ltured, seeks a 65-plus gentleman, arming, attractive and financially secure, become her one-and-only. 8600 ✉☎

Spirited, Cultured—(914) woman, 51, slightly mischievous, seeks witty, caring, perceptive, accomplished, delightful man. 8618 ✉ ☎

Handsome And Wall Street Successful—44, 5'10", ready for love and marriage. *You're a blond or redhead that turns* heads, 27-38 only. Photo/note. 8605 ✉ ☎

Sincere—Where have all the good men gone? Black female seeks male counterpart for life's journey, 39-49. Race not important. 8610 ✉ ☎

Tall, Slender, Sexy—Vital, verbal, active and attractive female seeks white male, 60-65. 8603 ✉

Hot Fun In The Summertime—This 48-year-old, 5'7", Italian-born, good-looking, educated, funny, fun-loving, financially secure business owner residing and working in northwestern New Jersey, is ready to settle down with the right woman. My computer is always nearby, but I also enjoy the outdoors, travel, fine restaurants, movies, canoeing... Seeking caring, attractive, active, family-oriented, independent yet traditional woman, 30s-40s, ready to begin a future filled with love, laughter and children. Make me (and my mother) happy - send a note/photo to: 8635 ✉

Hungarian/American—Pretty, Jewish, divorced, early 50s, fun-loving, enjoys classic rock and traveling, with sense of humor, Manhattan resident - interested in same in a gentleman. 8602 ✉

Looking For Your Summer Sweetie?—If you would like to share warm summer nights with a beautiful, sweet, sexy blond, 29, then respond if you are Jewish, 30-37, *intelligent, ambitious* (MBA/MD type) and kind. 8619 ✉☎

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Teachers Do It With Class!—Single Jewish female seeking male counterpart, 35-45, for romance. Note/photo. 8589 ✉

Attractive, Wealthy, Athletic—Harvard MBA, banker, white male, 31, seeks white or Asian female. Likes dining out, movies, exercise, museums and travel. 8626 ✉

A Picture Is Worth 1,000 Words—But the real thing is better! I am an adventurous, warm health-care professional, 45, Jewish (you need not be), who lives in the country and works in the city. You are a compassionate, active, self-assured, self-made man, 40s-50s, looking for me. Animal lover a must. 8590 ✉ ☎

Handsome European—Entrepreneur, single dad, 6'3", 190, multicultural, fluent in French, with a passion for travel, books, ski, foreign films, seeks sexy, slim and sharp soul mate, 30s. 8622 ✉

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Very Pretty, Athletic Woman—40s, loves skiing, biking, travel, crossword puzzles, interesting conversation. Seeks acquaintance of smart, caring, compassionate man for companionship and more. 8592 ✉ ☎

***Indifferent**—To moonlit beaches, candle*lit dinners. Pretty/trim/50 years, soccer mom, successful biz writer, seeks funny, smart, big-hearted guy to watch games, eat pizza, explore city and more. Words matter. 8609 ✉

Eternal Optimist—Great single white female, MBA, 36, 5'9", lean, blond, fun. Seeks a great man who is in good shape, successful and fun, for lasting relationship. 8596 ✉ ☎

A Rare Find—Romantic, sensual, bright, pretty, slim and shapely, 40s, formerly married Manhattanite, cultural and outdoor interests, seeks sexy, down-to-earth, warm, smart, adventurous, unique soul mate. Note/photo. 8591 ✉

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Strictly Personals

NYMessage

Dear Tommy,
Happy Birthday from
your baby sister Treesa!

To Brittany M.
(star of stage & *(soon)* film!)
Congratulations graduate!
You go girl!
Love you - Denise & Ash

Happy Birthday Carla
Love,
Manny & Vani

Dear Daddy -
You're the Best!

Happy Birthday June 13th AND
Happy Father's Day on June 20th
I love you - Ally

Let's Celebrate 2000—Looking for a warm, sensitive, caring woman, 28-35, to share white picket fence on the water in the 'burbs. I'm a single, 40-year-old trader, 5'9", 185, never married, looking to share a great life with a great girl. Phone/photo. 8601 🖂

Let's Take It Nice And Easy—Pretty, 5'3", 44, slim, smart, Ivy, witty writer, musician, mom - searching for a good-looking, super-smart, successful, funny guy who knows: 1.) how to connect, and 2.) a good woman when he hears her. Photo a must; will reciprocate. 8615 🖂☎

Athletic MD/Executive—43, 6', 170 lbs, with brown hair, hazel eyes, swimmer's physique and rugged good looks. I am an outdoorsman (surfing, tennis, skiing) with city and beach homes, a tough-minded "man's man", but also very verbal/nurturing. Seek late 20s-early 30s, athletic, sophisticated and adventurous woman for long term/family. 8632 🖂 ☎

Unique Multifaceted Gentleman—Handsome, 53, 5'8", looks 45, romantic, successful, educated, artistic, varied interests, charismatic, with sincerity and integrity. Seeks woman, 35-48, beautiful inside and out, for monogamous relationship. No answer without photo/phone number. 8604 🖂 ☎

Unclaimed Treasure—Attractive, compassionate, petite, professional, non-smoker, Jewish female, 31, 5'2", 102 lbs. Seeks single male counterpart. Note/photo. 8608 🖂

The Search Continues—39, attractive, slim, (201), female journalist. Values kindness, brains, principles and humor. Enjoys reading, walking, talking, listening, dancing, discovering. Seeks a good man who is impressed by substance, not shine. Shall we journey through life together? Photo appreciated. 8623 🖂

SEND
A WRITTEN RESPONSE
Here's How:

STRICTLY PERSONALS
New York Magazine, Box # ______
P.O. Box 4600
New York, New York 10163-4600

Pianist—43, into karate, the beach and laughing. Seeks female. Photo. 8597🖂☎

Handsome MD, 35—White, latin descent, well traveled and well read. I love NYC... its art, eats and architecture and also enjoy photography, antiques, beaches, sports, nature, animals and children. I'm seeking a successful, bright, upbeat, professional female for a lifetime of lively conversation and tender moments. 8631🖂 ☎

Beach Man—Romantic, affectionate and loving, with a great sense of humor, young 40s, 6', 175, athletic body, cute face, tan bald head, caring heart, marriage-minded healthy lifestyle, loves boating, sports, dining and more. Please, photo a must. 8627 🖂 ☎

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*Sources:
1999 Spring MRI; 1998 Summer MRI

MARY ANN MADDEN #944
NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Joan Collins: ". . . but I haven't a thing to wear."

"Me, Clavdivs."

Mike Wallace: "The gynecologist refused our repeated requests for an interview."

Above, Famous First Words. Competitors are invited to devise one sample, please, for attribution to a well-known person of fiction or fact.

Results of Competition 941, in which you were asked to invent titles (and perhaps cast) for summer movies.

Report: Someone who actually writes these promo ads for movies called to ask what it was we wanted. Whimsy, we replied. And a kind of recognition. The sort of inevitable title that sounds like studiospeak. Bankable stars in: Big movies. Small, touching movies. Romantic comedies. Gross-out comedies. Sci-fi and FX movies. Scary movies. Family fare. Generally, the revisited and renamed. The antic teaming of actors inhabiting these types of films. Lots of work for Sean Connery here. And Adam Sandler. (Separate story lines.) You did brilliantly. Thanks, happy summering. Love your hat. And don't forget about Thursday.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Sean Connery
PONCE DE LEON
David I. Warren, Chagrin Falls, Ohio

Leonardo DiCaprio as Alyosha
Edward Norton as Dmitri
Matt Damon as Ivan
Someone murdered their father. But when you're young and hip, all things are lawful.
THE BROTHERS K
With Courtney Love as Grushenka
Joe Cosenza, Flushing, N.Y.

Robert De Niro Al Pacino
CASTELLANO
Thomas Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to *New York* to:

Kevin Bacon and Christina Ricci take . . .
THE LOW ROAD
Demetra Voyadgis, Washington, D.C.

Rhea Perlman Danny DeVito
MRS. TICKLEFEATHER AND HER PUFFIN
Susan Moloney, West Milford, N.J.

Brad Pitt and Joseph Fiennes are
SIEGFRIED AND ROY
The MAGIC begins June 11
Barry S. Gillman, East Brunswick, N.J.

And Honorable Mention to:

Mel Brooks Gene Wilder
WHAT AM I TALKING . . . *SWAHILI?*
Steven Gattullo, Staten Island

Sharon Stone Sean Connery
MACBETH
Mark S. Greenberg, Bronx

Joe Pesci in FROGGY
Ed Eriksson, Port Jefferson, N.Y.

Adam Sandler as THE SOUS-CHEF
Mitchell A. Kopnick, Janesville, Wisc.
similarly: Robert Goldman, New Rochelle, N.Y.; Paul Cobb, Omaha, Neb.

REBEL WITH A CAUSE
Johnny Depp as John Wilkes Booth
Gerald R. Williams, San Antonio, Tex.

Tim Robbins James Caan Kyra Sedgwick
SERVE THE LAW
Elena Lewnes, Brooklyn

BABY COP
Looks like someone's getting cranky.
Andy Gordon, Los Angeles, Calif.

Lyle Lovett
THE WATCHER
A Robert Altman Film
Gene Schinto, Shelburne, Vt.

You'll Scream
Jack Nicholson
THE ICE CREAM MAN
Al Pine, Jersey City, N.J.

Sean "Puffy" Combs Lauryn Hill
HIP-HOP HIGH
Richard Fried, Brooklyn

Gwyneth Paltrow George Clooney
MY ROMANCE
Barbara Duffy, Bonita Springs, Fla.

Leonardo DiCaprio is
RICHARD III!
Iris Bass, Brooklyn

Mark Wahlberg Kathy Bates Jennifer Lopez
When talking the talk isn't enough . . .
WALK THE WALK
Alex Wang, N.Y.C.

It was there before they knew it . . .
Viggo Mortensen Kirsten Dunst
SUDDEN SUMMER!
Larry Snyder, N.Y.C.

Walt Disney's Modern Animated Classic
THEBES CARNIVAL
With the Voice of Ralph Fiennes
as Oedipus the Platypus
Mark Paladini, Sherman Oaks, Calif.

Julia Roberts
SMILE FROM THE GRAVE
"Will she be back?"
Andy Ritch, Kerrville, Tex.

She lived three doors away.
It took them nine years to meet.
Meg Ryan and Tom Hanks in
DÉJÀ VU
Ann Steiner, West Orange, N.J.
Jackie Kerner Bright, Los Angeles, Calif.

DUNE BUGGIES
The new animated film from Disney.
Bring your uncles . . . and your ants.
Bruce Karp, Hackensack, N.J.

Bela Lugosi
YOU'RE DEAD. STAY DEAD.
Cameo by digitized Alfred Hitchcock
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

Michael Douglas Jennifer Love Hewitt
BETA BLOCK
David Rozenson, Newton, Mass.

Beneath the raccoon hat beats the heart of a lion . . .
Edward Norton
in
ED NORTON
Jeff Brawer, Brookline, Mass.

Hulk Hogan is
GUV
C. Olds, Freeport, Me.

Global warming has arrived.
Schwarzenegger and Willis
MELTDOWN
Christopher Filippi, N.Y.C.

Sean Connery Christina Ricci
SEPTEMBER SONG
M. E. Colby, Metuchen, N.J.

Janeane Garofalo John Malkovich
THE NAGGING
Coeli Carr, N.Y.C.

Ben Stiller Jennifer Aniston
BLAME IT ON BURBANK
Tom Witte, Gaithersburg, Md.

It Links Us to the Sharks
CORDATA
Charles Smith, Whiting, N.J.

Antonio Banderas Jennifer Lopez
TIJUANA HEAT
Can you stand it?
Kitty Thuermer, Washington, D.C.

GROSS-OUT
David Spade and Pauly Shore
Anthony Gray, Closter, N.J.

Mary, Rhoda, Mr. Grant—better than ever.
LOVE IS ALL AROUND
An animated film by Pixar
Bob Sorensen, Herndon, Va.

Sometimes Terror Can Be Awfully Funny.
Adam Sandler
BLOOD SIMPLETON
Theodore Zavales, Bergenfield, N.J.
sp. ment.: Karl Levett, N.Y.C.

Gerard Depardieu Juliette Binoche
Molly Ringwald
BASTILLE DAY
Opens July14
Margaret Scollard, Rockville, Md.

MOTHERBOARD!
On July 4
Jim Carrey will give you the works!
Shirley Sealy, N.Y.C.

They Didn't Ask.
He Didn't Tell.
Keanu Reeves is FLYBOY
Jenny Lynn Misch, Ormond Beach, Fla.

When Families Disagree . . .
Ben Affleck
Jennifer Lopez
Liam Neeson
Mia Farrow
MURDERING MRS. WRIGHT
Shelley Harken, Eureka, Kans.

Jodie Foster
DEFINING THE LAW
Jane Nubacher, Montpelier, Vt.

Randy Quaid Bette Midler
THE HACKERSONS
K. Eriksson, Port Jefferson, N.Y.

Jackie Chan is
Jackie Chan in
THE JACKIE CHAN STORY
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: Jean Duffy, Bonita Springs, Fla.;
William L. Bennett, Muskegon, Mich.

Anthony Hopkins is
THE POPE
Opening Jvly IX
Norman Charles, N.Y.C.

BEDROOM FARCE
Roberto Begnini Anthony Hopkins Cher
and Judi Dench as Queen Elizabeth
Unsigned, N.Y.C.

When the Category Is Death, How Much
Do You Wager?
Bruce Willis in
FINAL JEOPARDY!
Unsigned, N.Y.C.

Ioan Gruffudd, Handsome Star of
Unpronounceable
Returns to the Screen in
SPELL ME
Bob Salias, Naples, N.Y.

Rules: Postcards, please, typed if possible. **ONE ENTRY ONLY** to Competition Number 944, *New York* Magazine, 444 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022-6999. E-mail to 104700.2563@compuserve.com, **WITH STREET ADDRESS.** Entries must be received by June 18. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of *New York*. Results and winners' names will appear in the July 12 issue.

Smart City

continued from page 51

any dialect or by any name—including "spleen sandwich with horse cheese!"—is an acquired taste. "You gotta fell in love with disa kinda taste," says Buffa, and unless you look like you spend a lot of time in the park playing boccie, the restaurant's well-intentioned waitresses will steer you away from the organ meat on a bun. Panelle—deliciously nutty deep-fried chickpea-flour fritters—are another story. Buffa serves his traditional "panelle special" ($3.50) slathered with fresh, buttery ricotta and salty pecorino romano shavings on an excellent, toasty house-baked semolina roll. Comfort-food libertines and carbo-loaders request the works, the "panelle and potato special" ($4), which adds a couple of mind-bendingly tasty potato croquettes to the mix, a combination more satisfying than any other in the sandwich world. "Anybody try the panelle or the potato, they gonna come back for sure, that's 99¾ percent," says Buffa. The killjoy quarter of a percent who abstain must be die-hard Zone Dieters.

Terramare Café (22 East 65th Street; 570-9222)

Terramare Café, a sunny, relatively inexpensive refuge around the corner from the big-ticket French bistros lining Madison Avenue, bills itself, with typical Italian aplomb, as serving "New York's best espresso." This may or may not be the case. To be sure, the stylishly overdressed and underfed European-expat crowd from Giorgio Armani, Dolce & Gabbana, and Prada around the corner feels right at home here. But you can't have guests over without offering them a little something, especially if you happen to be, like owners Gigio Palazzo and Alessandro Corsini (from Puglia and Tuscany, respectively), the sons of Italian mothers. Among Terramare's little somethings are exceptionally tasty, snack-size sandwiches ($6.50–$11.50). The best ones (porcini and truffle cheese; artichokes and sweet pecorino; prosciutto and fresh mozzarella) are pressed between a split half of pizza bianca, the light Roman-style bread made by Sullivan Street Bakery's Jim Lahey, patron saint of sandwiches in New York City. Unlike most of Sullivan Street's wholesale clientele, who prefer his crusty ciabatta rolls or baguettes as the basic building block of their sandwiches, Terramare's sandwich press has unlocked the hidden potential of the thin, contoured pizza bianca. With a little heat and quick compression, the ingredients seem happy to make each other's acquaintance and winningly meld together, the cheese oozing out over the edge of the crust, the flattened bread and filling becoming one graceful, balanced, satisfying sum of its parts. ■

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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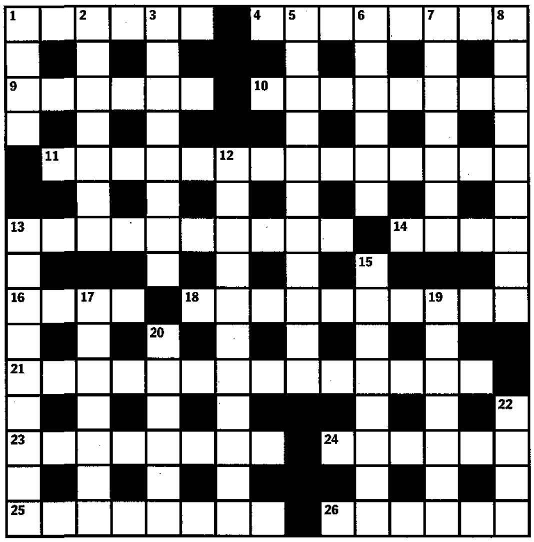
The 'Guardian' Crossword



ACROSS

1 Unambiguous guide. (6)
4 Are they the last line of defence in the kitchen? (8)
9 Doctor opposing one order to change location. (4,2)
10 Clears of misconduct in the open air. (8)
11 Angry allusion to literary aid. (5-9)
13 They are dangerous to children and kippers perhaps. (10)
14 Old Persian ally's sound reward. (4)
16 Rich dress with right decoration. (4)
18 Transposition of words in essay on team selection. (10)
21 Georgian period in 20th century USA? (4,10)
23 Name getting a mention occasionally. (8)
24 Singer with nothing to drink. (6)
25 Call to team where seconds are important. (8)
26 Tribe featured in "Points of View." (6)

DOWN

1 Allocated a mean part to titled lady. (4)
2 Venerated always in colour. (7)
3 Part of goal of irate lawyers. (8)
5 Composer's overflow vehicle. (4-7)
6 Terribly sore about car's faults. (6
7 Distinctive nature of German town church. (7)
8 Type of fruit weight watchers should enjoy. (9)
12 Acted on behalf of traveller taken ill. (11)
13 Break strain with climber's aid after losing way. (9)
15 Rate revision, at that time withou menace. (8)
17 Supporters of 21 from South Africa? (7)
19 Barbiturate on short-time loan? (7)
20 Ship carrying long spikes. (6)
22 Animals said to sleep lightly. (4)

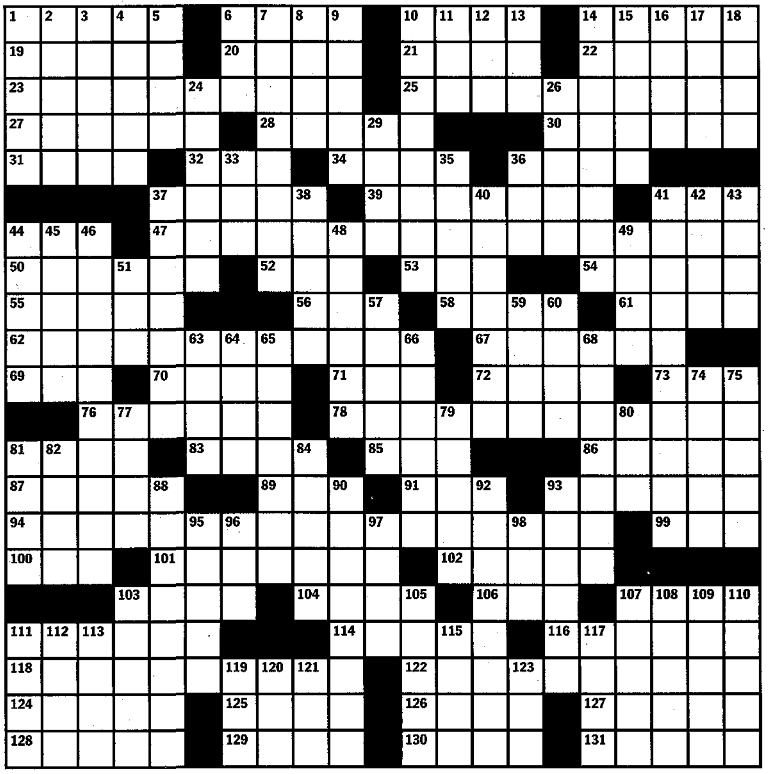
'Epitaphs': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

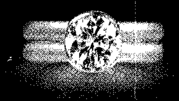
1 Popular Brazilian dance
6 East of the Urals
10 Reverberate
14 Memorable Merman
19 What Old MacDonald had
20 Egg drinks
21 Defrost
22 Biblical mother-in-law
23 Epitaph for Dr. Alzheimer?
25 Epitaph for E.T.?
27 Sexy
28 Epitaph site
30 Gizmo
31 Dispatched
32 Sci. workroom
34 Campus mil. org.
36 Cable
37 City of Light
39 Afternoon tableware
41 Two of these follow tra
44 U.S.A.F. medal
47 Epitaph for Ivan Boesky?
50 Royal dominions
52 Rap's Dr. ——
53 Coach Parseghian
54 Pronouncements
55 Occur as a result
56 Film "Contessa"
58 Chooses
61 Give the go-ahead
62 Epitaph for Eddie Rickenbacker?
67 Sauté, in a way
69 Last calendar pg.
70 "Little piggies"
71 Big Blue
72 Top sheik
73 Madrid Mrs.
76 Cast the eyes on
78 Epitaph for Bambi?
81 Pagan's worship
83 Aroma
85 Poetic preposition
86 Large fishing net
87 Lucci of soap-opera fame
89 Arith. units
91 Obtain, in Dogpatch
93 Tower of 37-Across
94 Epitaph for Yorick?
99 Lawyer's retainer
100 Composer Rorem
101 Vitamin regimen, often
102 Baptizer
103 Have —— with (enjoy favor)
104 Adding words
106 Nothing
107 Seal the cracks
111 Dead-drunk
114 Faculty bigwigs
116 —— of the guard
118 Epitaph for the Jolly Green Giant?
122 Epitaph for Dan Quayle?
124 State of India
125 Pearl Harbor's locale
126 Whale of a movie
127 Chutzpa
128 Shopper's stop
129 Golf-course hazard
130 Decays
131 Burgle

DOWN

1 Elder statesmen
2 Previous, colloquially
3 ". . . —— the flying trapeze"
4 Jeremy who played Sherlock
5 Prefix for dextrous
6 Picnic pest
7 Nightingale. e.g.
8 "Young Frankenstein" flunky
9 "—— Is Born"
10 And so forth
11 Dance-name syllable
12 "2001" computer
13 It gives a hoot
14 Signed as payee
15 Sierra Nevada lake resort
16 "Boyz N the ——"
17 Austen heroine
18 Bent the truth
24 Certain western collegians
26 Archie Bunker's wife
29 Go to the polls
33 Gallery display
35 Capital on the Nile
36 Sopping
37 Olive stuffing
38 Fergie's first name
40 Clicked the camera
41 Epitaph for Charles Luciano?
42 "Thin Man" pooch
43 Collar accessory
44 Anticipate with apprehension
45 Practice swordsmanship
46 Epitaph for Johnnie Cochran?
48 Completely lacking, with "of"
49 Saint Laurent's mentor
51 Pronoun for Pierre
57 "The Zoo Story" dramatist
59 Opposite of wild
60 Use scissors
63 "The Bridges at —— Ri," 1954 film
64 Pate
65 Neighbor of Latvia
66 Come out
68 Kelsey Grammer sitcom
74 Actress Taylor of "Th Nanny"
75 Fred Astaire's sister
77 Former king of Norway
79 Hold sway
80 N.B.A. official
81 "Truth —— the march": Zola
82 Sand configuration
84 Spanish city on a gorge
88 Midday
90 Leaves a chair
92 Cut crosswise
93 One of the Waughs
95 Kitchen tearjerker
96 Cariou or Berman
97 Jekyll's alter ego
98 "What a good boy ——!"
103 Extract from roses
105 Relish the taste of
107 Sky streaker
108 Love, Italian-style
109 Butterfly's first phase
110 Genuflect
111 Victoria's Secret buys
112 For fear that
113 —— buco
115 Fiddling emperor
117 Ages and ages
119 Kitty, in poker
120 Musician's attribute
121 Cry of discovery
123 Faux ——



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 9



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a symbol of my commitment.
But my right hand is my independence
my uncaptured spirit
that also wants to shine.

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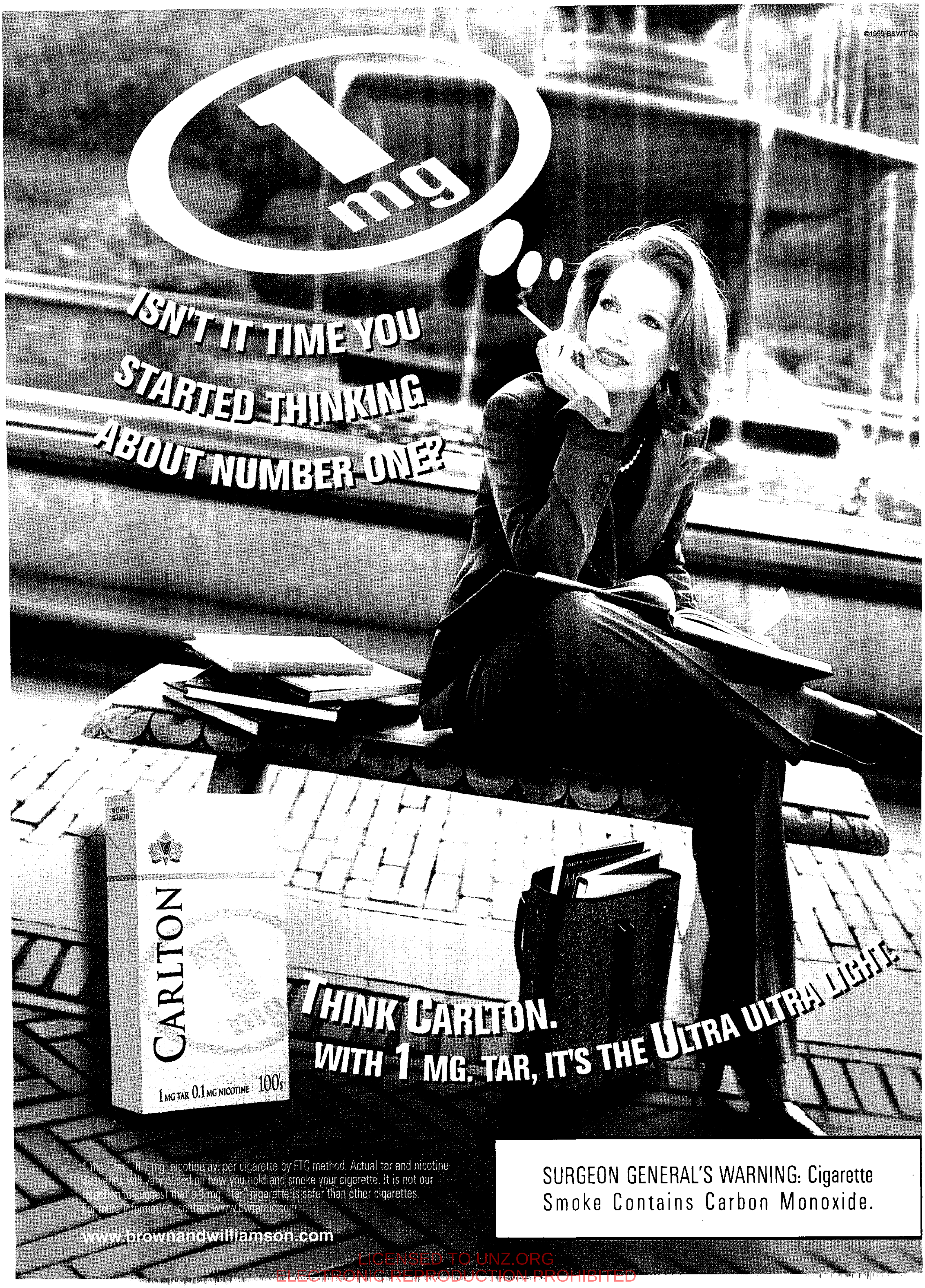
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WITH 1 MG. TAR, IT'S THE ULTRA ULTRA LIGHT.

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